



THE
FAMILY FIRESIDE BOOK,
FOR
1838.

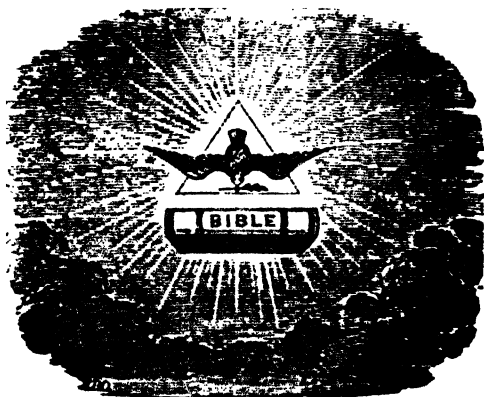
CONTAINING ORIGINAL AND SELECT MATTER

FOR

FAMILY INSTRUCTION AND ENTERTAINMENT;

EMBRACING INTERESTING TALES, DESCRIPTIONS, NARRATIVES, AND
MISCELLANY—INCULCATING THE MUTUAL DUTIES
AND OBLIGATIONS OF EACH MEMBER.

WITH SEVERAL PAGES OF MUSIC.



BY POPULAR WRITERS

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THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.]

JANUARY, 1837.

[No. I.

THE MAGAZINE AND MISCELLANY.

It is now more than three years since the original plan of the **RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE** was submitted to the public, and during the time which has since elapsed, that plan has been in a great measure developed, in the progress of three successive volumes. That the public have approved not only of the general design of the work, but of its execution also, may be inferred from the continued favor which has been extended to it. Its patrons have been already apprised, by a notice in the concluding number of the last volume, that the gentlemen by whom the work was established, and under whose direction it has ever since continued, have now retired from the editorial department. But although the employments, in which they are now engaged, do not leave them sufficient leisure to allow them longer to conduct the publication, its patrons will be happy to learn, that the occasional aid of the Messrs. **ABBOTTS** may still be expected as contributors to its pages.

It is with unaffected diffidence that the present editor ventures to assume the responsibility of conducting a work, which has hitherto been directed by gentlemen whose writings are so deservedly popular with christians of every denomination. He is aware, that he can in no way obtain the confidence of the former friends and patrons of the **Magazine**, except by strenu-

ous efforts to deserve it. Such efforts he is conscious of being prepared to make,—whether they shall be successful, it remains for the christian public to decide.

The general plan of the work will still remain the same. In attempting however to carry this plan into effect, it is obvious, that no two persons can be expected to pursue precisely the same course, and it is evidently best, that while each labors to accomplish the most desirable results, he should exert himself in that way, in which his own peculiar talents may promise the greatest success. It will be the design of the present editor to publish such a monthly periodical, as shall seem to him best adapted to promote the real piety of those families in which it shall be read, while it shall, at the same time, contribute to their entertainment and general instruction. He will not feel himself bound to exclude all articles excepting such as treat directly of religious doctrines or duties ; but while he will be solicitous to admit nothing hostile, even in the most remote degree, piety, he will endeavor to furnish such a miscellany as it shall be profitable for a christian family to peruse. For the purpose of intimating more directly our design in this respect, an addition has been made to the original title of the Magazine. For his ability to make an interesting selection of original articles it is obvious that he must depend in a great degree upon the friends and patrons of the work. Their assistance, and especially that of the Reverend Clergy, he would most respectfully solicit to this continued attempt to promote the piety of our countrymen, as well as their general improvement, by the publication of a monthly religious periodical. No pecuniary compensation can at present be offered them as an equivalent for their labors, but the hope is entertained that many will be found both able and willing to labor in a field of so abundant and permanent usefulness, with no other prospect of reward but the satisfaction of doing good. The Magazine is not intended as a vehicle for polemical discussion or sectarian warfare, but as the medium of such communications as shall tend to produce and cherish a deep, sincere, and practical piety ; and the editor

will not willingly admit any article, with whatever ability it may be written, which will, in his view, tend to unprofitable debate or irritating discussion. In publishing the communications of his correspondents, he will hold himself at liberty to make such corrections or omissions as shall appear to him expedient and useful, unless expressly requested to publish without alteration, in which case his discretion will be exercised only upon the question of admission or rejection. So far as the leisure of the editor shall permit, a prominent place will be given to notices of new publications, and especially of works of a religious character, or of a peculiarly useful moral tendency. Works of an opposite character may also sometimes be noticed, that the public may be led to understand their real character.

With these observations we commit our publication to the kindness and patronage of the christian public, satisfied that if it shall in any good degree deserve the support of the christian church, it will not be suffered by that church to fail for want of adequate support.

UPON THE CHARACTER OF BALAAM.

A friend has requested us to explain the seeming contradictions in the conduct and character of the prophet Balaam, as exhibited in the scriptures. The subject is certainly one of deep philosophical interest, nor is it less so in its practical exhibition of human character. We know not how we can better satisfy the wishes of our correspondent, than by presenting to him, and to our other patrons, the following discourse of Bishop Butler, the justly celebrated author of the "Analogy of natural and revealed religion,"—a discourse, which, so far as we know, has not been republished in this country, but which has ever been reckoned one of the happiest efforts of its distinguished author.

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.—Numbers xxiii. 10.

THESE words, taken alone, and without respect to him who spoke them, lead our thoughts immediately to the different ends of good and bad men. For though the comparison is not expressed, yet it is manifestly implied; as is also the preference

of one of these characters to the other in that last circumstance, death. And, since dying the death of the righteous or of the wicked necessarily implies men's being righteous or wicked, i. e. having lived righteously or wickedly ; a comparison of them in their lives also might come into consideration, from such a single view of the words themselves. But my present design is to consider them with a particular reference or respect to him who spoke them ; which reference, if you please to attend, you will see. And if what shall be offered to your consideration at this time be thought a discourse upon the whole history of this man, rather than upon the particular words I have read, this is of no consequence ; it is sufficient, if it afford reflection of use and service to ourselves.

The occasion of Balaam's coming out of his own country into the land of Moab. where he pronounced this solemn prayer or wish, he himself relates in the first parable or prophetic speech, of which it is the conclusion. In which is a custom referred to, proper to be taken notice of : that of devoting enemies to destruction, before the entrance upon a war with them. This custom appears to have prevailed over a great part of the world ; for we find it amongst the most distant nations. The Romans had public officers, to whom it belonged as a stated part of their office. But there was somewhat more particular in the case now before us ; Balaam being looked upon as an extraordinary person, whose blessing or curse was thought to be always effectual.

In order to engage the reader's attention to this passage, the sacred historian has enumerated the preparatory circumstances, which are these. Balaam requires the king of Moab to build him seven altars, and to prepare him the same number of oxen and of rams. The sacrifice being over, he retires alone to a solitude sacred to these occasions, there to wait the divine inspiration or answer, for which the foregoing rites were the preparation. ' And God met Balaam, and put a word in his mouth ; ' * upon receiving which, he returns back to the altars, where was the king, who had all this while attended the sacrifice, as appointed ; he and all the princes of Moab standing, big with expectation of the prophet's reply. ' And he took up his parable, and said, Balak the king of Moab hath brought me from Aram, out of the mountains of the east, saying, Come, curse me Jacob, and come, defy Israel. How shall I curse, whom

God hath not cursed ? Or how shall I defy, whom the Lord hath not defied ? For from the top of the rocks I see him, and from the hills I behold him : lo, the people shall dwell alone, and shall not be reckoned among the nations. Who can count the dust of Jacob, and the number of the fourth part of Israel ? Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.*

It is necessary, as you will see in the progress of this discourse, particularly to observe what he understood by *righteous*. And he himself is introduced in the book of Micah† explaining it ; if by *righteous* is meant *good*, as to be sure it is. ‘O my people, remember now what Balak king of Moab consulted, and what Balaam the son of Beor answered him from Shittim unto Gilgal.’ From the mention of Shittim it is manifest, that it is this very story which is here referred to, though another part of it, the account of which is not now extant ; as there are many quotations in Scripture out of books which are not come down to us. *Remember what Balaam answered, that ye may know the righteousness of the Lord ;* i. e. the righteousness which God will accept. Balak demands, ‘Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the high God ? Shall I come before him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old ? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil ? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul ?’ Balaam answers him, ‘He hath showed thee, O man, what is good : and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God ?’ Here is a good man expressly characterized, as distinct from a dishonest and a superstitious man. No words can more strongly exclude dishonesty and falseness of heart, than *doing justice*, and *loving mercy* : and both these, as well as *walking humbly with God*, are put in opposition to those ceremonial methods of recommendation, which Balak hoped might have served the turn. From hence appears what he meant by the *righteous* whose *death* he desires to die.

Whether it was his own character shall now be inquired : and in order to determine it, we must take a view of his whole behavior upon this occasion. When the elders of Moab came to him, though he appears to have been much allured with the rewards offered, yet he had such regard to the authority of God,

* Ver. 6.

† Micah vi.

as to keep the messengers in suspense until he had consulted his will. ‘And God said to him, Thou shalt not go with them, thou shalt not curse the people, for they are blessed.*’ Upon this he dismisses the ambassadors, with an absolute refusal of accompanying them back to their king. Thus far his regards to duty prevailed, neither does there any thing appear as yet amiss in his conduct. His answer being reported to the king of Moab, a more honorable embassy is immediately despatched, and greater rewards proposed. Then the iniquity of his heart began to disclose itself. A thorough honest man would without hesitation have repeated his former answer, that he could not be guilty of so infamous a prostitution of the sacred character with which he was invested, as in the name of a prophet to curse those whom he knew to be blessed. But instead of this, which was the only honest part in these circumstances that lay before him, he desires the princes of Moab to tarry that night with him also ; and for the sake of the reward deliberates, whether by some means or other he might not be able to obtain leave to curse Israel ; to do that, which had been before revealed to him to be contrary to the will of God, which yet he resolves not to do without that permission. Upon which, as when this nation afterward rejected God from reigning over them, he gave them a king in his anger ; in the same way, as appears from other parts of the narration, he gives Balaam the permission he desired ; for this is the most natural sense of the words. Arriving in the territories of Moab, and being received with particular distinction by the king, and he repeating in person the promise of the rewards he had before made to him by his ambassadors : he seeks, the text says, by *sacrifices* and *enchantments* (what these were is not to our purpose), to obtain leave of God to curse the people ; keeping still his resolution, not to do it without that permission : which not being able to obtain, he had such regard to the command of God, as to keep this resolution to the last. The supposition of his being under a supernatural restraint is a mere fiction of Philo : he is plainly represented to be under no other force or restraint, than the fear of God. However, he goes on persevering in that endeavour, after he had declared, that *God had not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither had he seen perverseness in Israel* ; † i. e. they were a people of virtue and piety, so far as not to have drawn down, by their iniquity, that curse which he was solicit-

* Chap. xxii. 12.

† Ver. 21.

ing leave to pronounce upon them. So that the state of Balaam's mind was this : he wanted to do what he knew to be very wicked, and contrary to the express command of God ; he had inward checks and restraints, which he could not entirely get over ; he therefore casts about for ways to reconcile this wickedness with his duty. How great a paradox soever this may appear, as it is indeed a contradiction in terms, it is the very account which the scripture gives us of him.

But there is a more surprising piece of iniquity yet behind. Not daring in his religious character, as a prophet, to assist the king of Moab, he considers whether there might not be found some other means of assisting him against that very people, whom he himself by the fear of God was restrained from cursing in words. One would not think it possible, that the weakness, even of religious self-deceit in its utmost excess, could have so poor a distinction, so fond an evasion, to serve itself of. But so it was : and he could think of no other method, than to betray the children of Israel to provoke his wrath, who was their only strength and defence. The temptation which he pitched upon, was that concerning which Solomon afterward observed, that it had *cast down many rounded; yea, many strong men had been slain by it*: and of which he himself was a sad example, when *his wives turned away his heart after other gods*. This succeeded: the people sin against God; and thus the prophet's counsel brought on that destruction, which he could by no means be prevailed upon to assist with the religious ceremony of execration, which the king of Moab thought would itself have effected it. Their crime and punishment are related in Deuteronomy,* and Numbers.† And from the relation repeated in Numbers,‡ it appears, that Balaam was the contriver of the whole matter. It is also ascribed to him in the Revelation,§ where he is said to have *taught Balak to cast a stumbling-block before the children of Israel*.

This was the man, this Balaam, I say, was the man who desired to *die the death of the righteous*, and that his *last end might be like his*: and this was the state of his mind, when he pronounced these words.

• So that the object we have now before us is the most astonishing in the world: a very wicked man, under a deep sense of God and religion, persisting still in his wickedness, and preferring the wages of unrighteousness, even when he had before

* Chap. iv.

† Chap. xxv.

‡ xxxi.

§ Chap. ii.

him a lively view of death, and that approaching period of his days, which should deprive him of all those advantages for which he was prostituting himself; and likewise a prospect, whether certain or uncertain, of a future state of retribution: all this joined with an explicit ardent wish, that, when he was to leave this world, he might be in the condition of a righteous man. What inconsistency, what perplexity is here! With what different views of things, with what contradictory principles of action, must such a mind be torn and distracted! It was not unthinking carelessness, by which he run on headlong in vice and folly, without ever making a stand to ask himself what he was doing: no; he acted upon the cool motives of interest and advantage. Neither was he totally hard and callous to impressions of religion, what we call abandoned; for he absolutely denied to curse Israel. When reason assumes her place, when convinced of his duty, when he owns and feels, and is actually under the influence of the divine authority; whilst he is carrying on his views to the grave, the end of all temporal greatness; under this sense of things, with the better character and more desirable state present—full before him—in his thoughts, in his wishes, voluntarily to choose the worse—what fatality is here! Or how otherwise can such a character be explained? And yet strange as it may appear, it is not altogether an uncommon one: nay, with some small alterations, and put a little lower, it is applicable to a very considerable part of the world. For if the reasonable choice be seen and acknowledged, and yet men make the unreasonable one, is not this the same contradiction; that very inconsistency, which appeared so unaccountable?

To give some little opening to such characters and behavior, it is to be observed in general, that there is no account to be given in the way of reason, of men's so strong attachments to the present world: our hopes and fears and pursuits are in degrees beyond all proportion to the known value of the things they respect. This may be said without taking into consideration religion and a future state; and when these are considered, the disproportion is infinitely heightened. Now when men go against their reason, and contradict a more important interest at a distance, for one nearer, though of less consideration; if this be the whole of the case, all that can be said is, that strong passions, some kind of brute force within, prevails over the principle of rationality. However, if this be with a clear, full, and distinct view of the truth of things, then it is doing the utmost

violence to themselves, acting in the most palpable contradiction to their very nature. But if there be any such thing in mankind as putting half-deceits upon themselves ; which there plainly is, either by avoiding reflection, or (if they do reflect) by religious equivocation, subterfuges, and palliating matters to themselves ; by these means conscience may be laid asleep, and they may go on in a course of wickedness with less disturbance. All the various turns, doubles, and intricacies in a dishonest heart, cannot be unfolded or laid open ; but that there is somewhat of that kind is manifest, be it to be called self-deceit, or by any other name. Balaam had before his eyes the authority of God, absolutely forbidding him what he, for the sake of a reward, had the strongest inclination to : he was likewise in a state of mind sober enough to consider death and his last end : by these considerations he was restrained, first from going to the king of Moab ; and after he did go, from cursing Israel. But notwithstanding this, there was great wickedness in his heart. He could not forego the rewards of unrighteousness : he therefore first seeks for indulgences ; and when these could not be obtained, he sins against the whole meaning, end, and design of the prohibition, which no consideration in the world could prevail with him to go against the letter of. And surely that impious counsel he gave to Balak against the children of Israel, was, considered in itself, a greater piece of wickedness, than if he had cursed them in words.

If it be inquired what his situation, his hopes and fears were, in respect to this his wish ; the answer must be, that consciousness of the wickedness of his heart must necessarily have destroyed all settled hopes of dying the death of the righteous : he could have no calm satisfaction in this view of his last end : yet, on the other hand, it is possible that those partial regards to his duty, now mentioned, might keep him from perfect despair.

Upon the whole, it is manifest, that Balaam had the most just and true notions of God and religion : as appears, partly from the original story itself, and more plainly from the passage in Micah ; where he explains religion to consist in real virtue and real piety, expressly distinguished from superstition, and in terms which most strongly exclude dishonesty and falseness of heart. Yet you see his behaviour : he seeks indulgences for plain wickedness ; which not being able to obtain, he glosses over the same wickedness, dresses it up in a new form, in order to make it pass off more easily with himself. That is, he

deliberately contrives to deceive and impose upon himself, in a matter which he knew to be of the utmost importance.

To bring these observations home to ourselves : it is too evident, that many persons allow themselves in very unjustifiable courses, who yet make great pretences to religion ; not to deceive the world, none can be so weak as to think this will pass in our age ; but from principles, hopes, and fears, respecting God and a future state ; and go on thus with a sort of tranquillity and quiet of mind. This cannot be upon a thorough consideration, and full resolution, that the pleasures and advantages they propose are to be pursued at all hazards, against reason, against the law of God, and though everlasting destruction is to be the consequence. This would be doing too great violence upon themselves. No, they are for making a composition with the Almighty. These of his commands they will obey : but as to others—why they will make all the atonements in their power ; the ambitious, the covetous, the dissolute man, each in a way which shall not contradict his respective pursuit. Indulgences before, which was Balaam's first attempt, though he was not so successful in it as to deceive himself, or atonements afterwards, are all the same. And here perhaps come in faint hopes that they may, and half-resolves that they will, one time or other, make a change.

Besides these, there are also persons, who, from a more just way of considering things, see the infinite absurdity of this, of substituting sacrifice instead of obedience ; there are persons far enough from superstition, and not without some real sense of God and religion upon their minds ; who yet are guilty of most unjustifiable practices, and go on with great coolness and command over themselves. The same dishonesty and unsoundness of heart discovers itself in these another way. In all common ordinary cases we see intuitively at first view what is our duty, what is the honest part. This is the ground of the observation, that the first thought is often the best. In these cases doubt and deliberation is itself dishonesty ; as it was in Balaam upon the second message. That which is called considering what is our duty in a particular case, is very often nothing but endeavoring to explain it away. Thus those courses, which, if men would fairly attend to the dictates of their own consciences, they would see to be corruption, excess, oppression, uncharitableness ; these are refined upon—things were so and so circumstantiated—great difficulties are raised about fixing bounds and degrees : and thus every moral obligation whatever may be

evaded. Here is scope, I say, for an unfair mind to explain away every moral obligation to itself. Whether men reflect again upon this internal management and artifice, and how explicit they are with themselves, is another question. There are many operations of the mind, many things pass within, which we never reflect upon again ; which a by-stander, from having frequent opportunities of observing us and our conduct, may make shrewd guesses at.

That great numbers are in this way of deceiving themselves is certain. There is scarce a man in the world, who has entirely got over all regards, hopes, and fears, concerning God and a future state ; and these apprehensions in the generality, bad as we are, prevail in considerable degrees : yet men will and can be wicked, with calmness and thought ; we see they are. There must therefore be some method of making it sit a little easy upon their minds ; which, in the superstitious, is those indulgences and atonements before mentioned, and this self-deceit of another kind in persons of another character. And both these proceed from a certain unfairness of mind, a peculiar inward dishonesty ; the direct contrary to that simplicity which our Saviour recommends, under the notion of *becoming little children*, as a necessary qualification for our entering into the kingdom of heaven.

But to conclude : How much soever men differ in the course of life they prefer, and in their ways of palliating and excusing their vices to themselves ; yet all agree in the one thing, desiring to *die the death of the righteous*. This is surely remarkable. The observation may be extended further, and put thus : Even without determining what that is which we call guilt or innocence, there is no man but would choose, after having had the pleasure or advantage of a vicious action, to be free of the guilt of it, to be in the state of an innocent man. This shows at least the disturbance and implicit dissatisfaction in vice. If we inquire into the grounds of it, we shall find it proceeds partly from an immediate sense of having done evil, and partly from an apprehension, that this inward sense shall one time or another be seconded by a higher judgment, upon which our whole being depends. Now to suspend and drown this sense, and these apprehensions, be it by the hurry of business or of pleasure, or by superstition, or moral equivocations, this is in a manner one and the same, and makes no alteration at all in the nature of our case. Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be : why then

should we desire to be deceived? As we are reasonable creatures, and have any regard to ourselves, we ought to lay these things plainly and honestly before our mind, and upon this, act as you please, as you think most fit; make that choice, and prefer that course of life, which you can justify to yourselves, and which sits more easy upon your own mind. It will immediately appear, that vice cannot be the happiness, but must upon the whole be the misery, of such a creature as man; a moral, an accountable agent. Superstitious observances, self-deceit, though of a more refined sort, will not in reality at all mend matters with us. And the result of the whole can be nothing else, but that with simplicity and fairness we *keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right; for this alone shall bring a man peace at the last.*

LETTER OF A TRAVELLER.

Hartford, July 6, 1836.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

WE arrived at this place on the fourth inst., and yesterday being very fine, we spent it in visiting the Tower, a celebrated place of resort for the people in this vicinity, and for strangers who come to this part of the state.

We left Hartford early in the morning, and after a very pleasant drive of five or six miles, began to ascend the mountain, to the top of which is about three miles farther. In some places it is steep, but the road is very smooth, and shaded by fine, large trees on either side, as the mountain is very thickly wooded. The ground is covered with flowers, and the forests are filled with birds, and now and then a squirrel might be seen springing from tree to tree.

Having reached the summit, we observed on the right a direction post, inscribed "Monte Video," which is the name of the domain to which the Tower belongs. We now left the public road; and all which I am about to describe to you is the property of a private gentleman, who changed it from its native wildness to a state of the highest cultivation, and preserves it in the most perfect order, at his own expense.

After pursuing a rough carriage-road for about a mile, most of the distance through a forest, we came to that part of the

estate which is more carefully enclosed, where we alighted, and passing through a gate, entered the pleasure grounds. On the left, a few rods from the walk, is a very bold precipice, and through the trees near its brink, you can occasionally catch a glimpse of the valley beneath. On the right is a higher ridge of the mountain, crowned by the gray, old Tower. The walks on these grounds are perfectly smooth and hard, bending in the most graceful sweeps, and in many places bordered with trees.

Soon after entering the gate, there is on the right hand a cottage, the abode of a tenant who superintends the whole domain. It is neatly built in the Gothic style, as are also the out-houses belonging to it. In front is a semi-circle of gravel, bordered with grass, and all around it are the same serpentine paths. Following the course of the walk, after many turnings and windings, it brings you to the house, the summer residence of the owner of the estate. It is a plain Gothic building, and some strangers think it too plain; but it is sufficiently elegant for the purpose for which it was designed. The most beautiful flowers are growing near the windows, and there are various kinds of ornamental trees about the house. On one side of it is the precipice before mentioned, and on the other a lawn, sloping down to the edge of a lake, about a mile in circumference. On its banks are a boat house and bathing house, and fastened to the shore is a small, gay pleasure boat, in which any one can take a sail. Fishing rods are also provided for visitors who may wish to amuse themselves in this manner. The whole has the appearance of an English gentleman's country residence; and any one who was carried there blind-folded could hardly be persuaded that he was not in a fertile and cultivated valley.

After passing on beyond the house, the path gradually becomes less smooth, and begins to ascend. It soon grows very steep, and winds around among the rocks, till it at last brings you to the top of the highest peak of the mountain, and before you stands the Tower. It is built of wood, painted so as to resemble stone, and has a very ancient and venerable appearance. The ascent, by about eighty steps, is on the inside, and when you reach the top, you have a prospect, of which words can convey no idea. On one side is the scene we have just left; the lake, with its cool, shady banks, and its gay little boat, the house and cottage, surrounded by grass, fields and orchards, and the dense, dark forests beyond. On the west is the Farmington valley, through which the river is quietly winding, in

some places concealed by trees, and then again emerging into view, sparkling in the sunshine. The fields on either side of it are of all shades and hues, and their outlines may be traced as distinctly as upon a map. On the east are the church spires of Hartford, which is so near as to be seen very plainly. But when you turn to the north, the view baffles all description. As far as Springfield, the Connecticut valley, unrivalled in fertility, and sprinkled with smiling villages, is spread out before you. It is impossible to notice all the minor beauties, as you may in the Farmington valley, but the prospect is so very extensive, and the country is so rich and highly cultivated, that it appears like a boundless garden. With a glass, you may also see New Haven, on the south.

The top of the Tower is more than nine hundred feet above the level of the sea, and all around its base are large rocks, and bold bluffs, on the edges of which narrow paths are cut. All the lower part of the Tower, as high as can be reached, and the top which is provided with seats, are completely covered with names, which have been carved in the wood by those who have visited it. There are many from distant parts of our own country, and from foreign lands. It is said, that from May to November, a fine day hardly ever passes, except Sundays, when there are not numerous strangers at this delightful spot.

In passing down the mountain, we wandered off into the numerous little paths which lead to the brow of the precipice, from which we could catch another view of the valley below. On returning to the boat house, we found that our attendants had prepared for us such refreshments as we had brought, and as we sat at the table, we could look out on the lake on one side, and on the lawn and house at a greater distance on the other, and could hardly persuade ourselves that we were on the top of a mountain.

Having finished our repast, we took a little sail upon the lake. The water is very deep and remarkably limpid, and is filled with a great variety of small fish, which were darting in all directions. The banks are covered with flowers, and the lake being surrounded by forests, is shaded, except in the centre; and as we sailed under the large, dark trees, while here and there a ray of sunshine found its way through the foliage, and danced on the water, it was more like a scene of enchantment than any thing we had ever seen.

As the day began to decline, we returned to our carriages, not forgetting to take with us some wild flowers, as mementos

of this beautiful spot, which has been seen and admired by thousands and tens of thousands. And as we drove back to town, we joined in praising the kindness and liberality of the gentleman, who has, with so much taste, devoted a portion of his immense wealth to converting a rough and barren mountain into a garden ; and has still left enough of its original wildness to afford a delightful treat to all lovers of nature.

For the Religious Magazine.

THE STRANGER'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A GERMAN EMIGRANT.

THERE is something sadly sweet in the longing, with which one who is separated from his native land, looks back upon the scenes of his childhood and of his youth. However this feeling may be modified by differences of rank and station, there are times, when every one, who is a stranger in a strange land, will feel the recollections of former days crowding around him, and reminding him strongly of the contrast between the present and the past.

Of this nature are those times of festive joy, when the people with whom the stranger sojourns, celebrate former events, which have had a deep and lasting influence on their own fate, and which are endeared to them by many pleasant or interesting reminiscences of the past. Such also are those days of social enjoyment, when the head of every family gathers around him all its members, and in grateful recollections of the past, enjoys the gifts of the present. It is on occasions like these, that the stranger, who is permitted to intermingle with the joyful crowd, is reminded by many peculiar references and allusions which are familiar to all but himself, that he is far from his home. This thought, however, though it may recur again and again to him, can hardly prevent him from sympathizing warmly with the sad or joyful recollections of his hosts.

It is very different with those other seasons which are endeared to him by celebrations peculiar to his home, and which are left entirely unnoticed in the land of his adoption. The foreign ambassador, whose station and rank, if not his personal character, secure to him the attentions of a large and elevated

circle of acquaintance, and a share in every joy which society can offer, not less than the poor ballad singer, who repeats his foreign melodies in wandering from street to street; the humble emigrant, whose social intercourse is confined to the scanty meal which he shares with his family, and the foreign traveller who restlessly wanders from place to place—all feel equally impressed with the recollections of their distant home, when the season of some national festivity arrives, of which the name is hardly known in the foreign land.

It is at Christmas Eve, perhaps, more than at any other time, that a German is impressed with this home-feeling. This at least, was the case with Otto Liebilden, a German by birth, when his business once compelled him to spend Christmas Eve far from the circle of his relatives, and in a part of the United States where that season and all its kindred festivals have given way to other celebrations, more in accordance with the spirit of the Puritan fathers. He had taken up his temporary residence in the city of Boston, and on Christmas Eve was wandering through the streets of that city. It was a cold but clear night, and the ever changing climate of the city of Boston, seemed for once to have altered its character. By a succession of cold days, it reminded Otto of the cold which generally characterizes Christmas time in the north of Europe.

But far less similar than the weather, were the scenes which surrounded him, to those of his home. Silence prevailed everywhere. But rarely was he interrupted in his musings by steps which fell heavily on the frozen ground, or by some passing carriage. The cities in his native country are illumined at that season by beautiful rows of lighted booths, in which the most splendid Christmas gifts are unfolded to the crowds of the old and the young, the rich and the poor, who are thronging the streets; while from time to time a pleasant scene presents itself through the thawing panes of some window adjoining the street:—a Christmas tree, surrounded by happy children. It was natural that this contrast should fill the heart of Otto with sadness, and direct his thoughts to that stream of spiritual life which is ever flowing through the church of Christ, and which, in Protestant Germany particularly, refreshes at this season many a weary traveller.

He had left, several years ago, the narrow circle of his home, and had come to a land which is unequalled in natural resources, and in the ever new development of new powers, but not less so in regard to the chaotic spirit by which its progress is

marked, and by which every new element must first transcend its bounds, before it can find its proper sphere. Like most of his American brethren, Otto had felt, in some measure, the influence of this generally prevailing spirit. With youthful activity he had exerted himself in many fields of usefulness, and his labors had not been left without a reward, but he had lost, at the same time, that consciousness of an unbroken and harmonious existence, which had never left him in his native land. He asked himself how he had lost that harmony of his being, that consciousness of a perfect accordance between the powers granted and the task imposed on him—but before he could reply, his musings were interrupted by the loud sound of a deep toned voice. He saw a stranger approaching, who seemed deeply engaged in a soliloquy, in which he inveighed severely against himself, accompanying every sentence with violent gestures ; now pressing his hat over his care worn face, and now again tossing it back and looking up to the starry heaven, as if he were striving to find there some sympathy and relief for his oppressed heart.

The form had soon passed away, but not the thoughts to which it had given rise in the mind of Otto. He had seen there a disappointed man ! a man without hope or joy, contending against the world, and at war with himself, and he asked himself, whether the want of harmony which he felt in his own bosom, might not lead to the same result.

And he thought of another disappointed man,—of that great poet,* who had nothing but friendship and severe labor to console him for all the ideal pictures of his youth, which had been left unrealized. And he asked himself again, whether the melancholy consolation of that poet should become his own. No ! no ! exclaimed he suddenly, and cast a serene glance on the wintry scene around him ; however little I may succeed in realizing all the visions on which I have now set my heart, they cannot deprive me of hope and of joy, if I conceive and foster them in that childlike spirit, which is sufficient to secure the kingdom of heaven, and which is its own delightful reward, however greatly outward circumstances may prevent my complete success. And while he was yet speaking thus to himself, a beautiful female voice sung the following song to a well known German tune, with a purity of accent and enunciation, which hardly permitted him to remember that it was not sung by a native of Germany:

* Schiller in his beautiful poem : ' The Ideals.'

THE MAIDEN FROM THE FAR DISTANCE.

THERE is a vale, the cotter's home,
Where with each opening, joyous spring,
Soon as the lark begins to sing,
A maiden fair is seen to roam.

She was not in that valley born,
And whence she came was never known,
For quickly every trace had flown,
When ceased her step to cheer the morn.

A blessing followed where she went,
And every heart expanded wide,
While such her noble gracious pride,
As all bold freedom to prevent.

She brought the richest fruits and flowers,
That ripened in another land,
By softer zephyrs had been fanned,
And showed a happier nature's powers.

To all she gave some precious gift,
To this a blossom, that a fruit,
She knew the child, the man to suit,
And hearts above the earth to lift.

She freely gave to all around,
But when a fond young pair drew near,
Whatever to the soul is dear,
Was theirs with richest blessings crowned.

'Tis 'thou maiden from the far distance,' exclaimed Otto, when the last tones of the melody ceased to vibrate on the air, thou beautiful Hope, I am thine! And thrice blessed be that spirit of music which has carried thy gifts to my heart!

And well may we unite with Otto Liebilden in the praise of this spirit. It takes away the barrier which a difference of language and manners erects between the stranger and his host—for it speaks a language which they both understand; it reminds him by the magic influence of a single tone of his childhood and his youth, and it makes him conscious of the immortal existence of that childlike spirit within his own heart, and of his unbroken and harmonious life.

Otto Liebilden returned to his solitary home, his mind composed by the conviction, that obstructions or disappointments could not shake the strong hold of a pure and holy will—his hearts expanding with hope, and filled with a love, which encircled the whole extent of his adopted land, and every one of her beating heart; and most of all that desolate heart, which has rejected the gifts of the 'maiden of the far distance,' and which is now without the blessings of Hope.

ADDRESS TO A COLLEGE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

WE welcome, with no ordinary satisfaction, the able address upon the subject of temperance, from which we now present our readers with a few extracts. It was delivered before the College Temperance Society, in the University of North Carolina, in May last, by W. J. BINGHAM, Esq., the accomplished Principal of the Classical School, in Hillsborough, in that state.

Few men have had better opportunities to observe the sad and blighting effects of intemperance, upon the prospects and character of young men, while engaged in a course of education, and by none can those effects be more sincerely deplored. A large portion of the youth whom he addresses, received their early education under his direction, and are still the objects of his solicitous care and affection.

It is highly gratifying to witness societies of this nature, springing up in our seminaries of learning, where, at a comparatively recent period, the broadest avenue to ruin, was that which conducted its devotees through the temple of Bacchus. It is but a few years, since the return of our stated seasons of national festivity, was regarded with the most serious apprehensions by the appointed guardians of education, even within the walls of the university where this address was delivered. Experience had shown, that few occasions of that kind occurred, in which disorderly and riotous conduct was not witnessed, and in which the cherished hopes of some parent were not frustrated by the misconduct of a son, who had forgotten his own high hopes and those of his relatives and friends, while quaffing the cup of temporary madness. How few of the perils which ordinarily beset the path of young men, while pursuing their education, will remain, when all shall have become strictly temperate, when they shall verify in their practice the oft repeated adage, which warns them, 'to eat and drink to live, and not to live to eat and drink.'

The author of the address commences with a brief notice of the discovery and early use of alcoholic liquors, and of its gradual introduction as a common beverage.

THE art of distillation was first discovered by a Mahometan alchymist, while torturing the good creatures of God, in search of a universal solvent: and the alcoholic liquid was for centuries employed only in such mysterious arts. It was not until more than five thousand years of the world's history had passed away, that the luckless ingenuity of a Spanish physician first suggested its use as a medicine; nor till centuries afterwards, that popular taste established it as a wholesome beverage in health. In this latter character, how often and how literally has it realized the Italian epitaph, 'I was well; I wanted to be

better ; took physic, and here I am.' Down to the 16th century, it was kept exclusively on the apothecary's shelf, and sold as a medicine.

It cannot be more than two centuries and a half, since ardent spirit came into general use in Great Britain. The consequence has been, as one of their own writers declares, 'that intemperance has cost that country more lives, demoralized more persons, broken more hearts, beggared more families, and sent more souls to perdition, than all other vices together.' In our own country, the general use of this liquor is of much more recent date. The pilgrim fathers of New England encountered all the hardships of a new settlement on a bleak and rugged coast, in a cold climate, without the ordinary accommodations and comforts of life, without ardent spirit : and yet they were capable of performing more labor ; they were more healthy and robust, and attained to a greater average longevity, than any generation of their descendants. It was not until that mighty struggle which gave birth to our republic was ended, that the error began generally to prevail in this country, that ardent spirit is a wholesome article of luxury or diet, and a salutary aid to labor. In the hardships which the soldiers of the Revolution were doomed to undergo, the Government, under the fatal delusion that it would enable them the better to bear the fatigue and perils of the camp and the battle field, furnished them with a portion of this poison : And when our independence was achieved, and the army disbanded, vast numbers carried with them, into all sections of the country, the diseased appetite, which the use of spirits never fails to create ; and so rapidly did the contagion spread, that before fifty years of our national existence had elapsed, it required more than sixty millions of gallons to meet its demands :

An interesting sketch is then given of the ineffectual efforts made to arrest its progress, previous to the formation of societies on the principle of total abstinence, and an account of the success which has attended the formation of these societies. We extract a passage relating to College Temperance Societies :

If we except the American Temperance Society, the Congressional and the several State Temperance Societies, there is no other in the United States more interesting, or more important, than the College Temperance Societies.

I congratulate you, my young friends, and I congratulate North Carolina on the formation of your Society. Depend upon it, your efforts in this good cause are not viewed with in-

difference by the patriots and philanthropists of our state. You have their best wishes and their prayers : and while they bid you God speed, they look forward with earnest desires to the period, when college sentiment shall have expelled the waters of death from college walls, and their sons may be sent to this—the only *state* literary institution—to enjoy the advantages of solid and useful education, free from the danger of contracting habits of vice and dissipation, for which the finest literary attainments can make no adequate amends.

For myself individually, I cannot but feel an interest peculiarly strong in your society ; for I see identified, in no small degree with its success, the character of my own ‘alma mater.’ The character of the students constitutes, in the estimation of a parent at least, the grand feature in the character of a college. Able professors it may have ; but these make only the scholar ; it is the students that make the man : the professor operates on the intellect—the students on the heart.

After some remarks on the inefficacy of genius, of moral susceptibility, and respectability of connections, to stay the downward progress of the drunkard, our author proceeds to remark upon the injurious effect of even a restricted use of alcoholic liquors :

Some men can and do restrict themselves to a glass or two a day, for a long succession of years, without adding to the quantity ; but our own observation proves that very few, comparatively, can so restrain themselves : Nor is it by any means certain that this moderate indulgence is admitted with real, though it may be, with apparent impunity. It is said by Dr. Hosack, that in consequence of the habitual temperance among the Friends, one half of the members of that society live to the age of 47 ; and that one in ten lives to the age of 80 : whereas the average of human life is 33, and not more than one in 40 of the general population attains the age of 80. Here, then, is a gain by temperance of more than 14 years in every life, or about 42 per cent. A distinguished medical writer has given it as his opinion that a single ounce of spirits daily used and never exciting ebriety, will deduct ten years from the sum of a man’s life. This opinion was given, too, before the ingenious cupidity of manufacturers and dealers had contrived means to increase their ungodly gains by adulterating their liquors with water, and giving them the proper strength and head by the admixture of sundry poisonous drugs ; thus increasing the virulence and intensity of the poison, while they take due care to

leave a sufficient spice of the pure spirit to deceive the palate and inflame the appetite. On this subject, some curious and some diabolical disclosures have been made within the last few years. I beg leave to mention a single one of the former character. A whiskey distiller carried a load of that article to a grocer in New York, with whom he was in the habit of dealing, and wished to exchange it for Madeira wine. The grocer regretted that he had none on hand just then, but assured his customer that if he would wait till the next morning, he could furnish him, as he was every moment expecting a supply of the first quality. In the course of the night, the identical whiskey had been, by some strange process, converted into double the quantity of genuine Madeira, and snugly stowed away in casks made to order, having all the brands and veritable custom house marks. With this our honest grocer supplied his friend, at the moderate rate of one gallon of Madeira for four of whiskey. I have seen it stated, that more wine, purporting to be Madeira, was manufactured in the single city of New York, in the year 1832, than was exported from the whole island. How many honest people fancy themselves genteelly exhilarated with genuine Madeira, when in fact they are half seas over with whiskey or New England rum.

After some very judicious reflections upon the rapidly increasing power of artificial appetites, he gives a vivid sketch of the disastrous effects of intemperance, upon the former inmates of the college to which his auditors belonged:

And does this Institution, consecrated to learning and science, present any temptations to the youthful disciple, to forswear his allegiance to the muses and to virtue, and become a votary of the most stupid and disgusting of all the ancient gods—the god of wine? Fain would we answer, no; but our own observation checks the word ere we utter it. Often has it happened (and in more than one instance to my own knowledge) that the love of the inebriate's bowl was first acquired here. From the shops in this very village has the intoxicating beverage been often introduced into those buildings, to awaken a new hilarity in the college coterie. Such was the case when I was a student; and deep has been the forfeit. A classmate of my own, a young man of robust constitution, amiable disposition, and the most respectable connections, learned in college to love strong drink. In less than four years after he left this place, he died a miserable sot, before he was twenty-five, in all the nameless horrors of delirium tremens! A young man of a

class below, who allured him to the bacchanal revel, had run the drunkard's short career, and met his awful retribution before him. Over the untimely grave of a third were his friends called to weep the bitter tears of high but disappointed hope. The foundation of his disease was laid *here* in the convivial glass. A lad of promise, once a pupil of my own, afterwards a student of this University, was before he reached twenty, stretched upon his death bed, in all the decrepitude of premature old age, and still supplicating in sepulchral accents for more of the poison which had laid him there.

One of Carolina's gifted sons, an ornament, for a time, of the bar, a man who might have graced the senate chamber of the nation, learned while a student here, in the infancy of the institution, to quaff the foaming bowl. The habit grew on him. Occasionally he suspended it; but as often was his resolution broken: And now he lives—the fire of his bright intellect quenched—the miserable wreck of his former self—a burden on the children whose rightful patrimony he had squandered, and whose mother's heart, a woman among the loveliest of her sex, his unfeeling brutality had broken: And yet he was once a kind father, and a tender and affectionate husband.

Had we a biographical sketch of all the alumni of this Institution, in how many instances would the history be recorded in a few words like these. While young he learned to partake of the convivial cup: Once or twice on a college holiday, on the 22d February, or on a skating frolic, he drank too much: the habit grew on him; he was scarcely settled in business before he threw himself away. He is dead! How aptly does Hannah Moore compare the sending of a boy to college to the act of the Scythian mothers, who threw their new born children into the sea. The greater part of course perished: but those that escaped were uncommonly strong and vigorous.

A young man of extraordinary genius, who was graduated at Princeton with the first distinction, was seen by a party of students, in less than one short year, lying in the street—his brow, so recently crowned with the laurels of the college, now begrimed with dirt. On observing in the young men a disposition to make themselves merry at his expense, with some effort he raised himself a little, and supported on his elbows, addressed them in language like this: 'Young men, I once stood erect and walked firmly on the ground as you do now. Had I been told but a year ago, that I should be found in my present condition, I should have contemned the prophet, and ex-

claimed, as did one of old, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing? It is ardent spirit, fit only to be concocted in hell, and swallowed by devils, that has prostrated me in this vile mud, and made me despise myself. Laugh not at a poor ruined wretch, who can no longer control the raging fury of his appetite. Be rather admonished by his example; and as you regard your reputation, as you love yourselves, beware of the *first glass*, beware of the *college wine party*, the morning dram, and the evening potation.'

A Dutchman, who was removing with his family to the western part of Virginia, came to the Hot Springs. Pleased with the appearance of the soil, and the majestic grandeur of the forest, he told his sons he should like to stop there; and directing them to ungear the horses, he went down to the spring to try the water. Alarmed at its temperature, he hurried back to the wagon, exclaiming, 'Gear up boys, gear up; for be sure, hellish not more as half a mile from dish place.' We laugh at the ignorant terrors of the honest Dutchman: but there are *Springs* in this village much nearer the region which was the object of his dread. Avoid them, my young friends; 'pass not by them; turn from them and pass away, lest your feet go down to death, and your steps lay hold on hell.'

The following anecdotes are adapted to inspire a high sense of the importance of parental example, in its influence upon the temperance both of immediate and more remote descendants:

An authentic case is reported, in which a father used a small portion of spirit every day. He was never intoxicated, or thought to be in the least degree intemperate. He took a very little, because he thought it did him good. His children, following his example, took a little every day; and so likewise did their children. Five years ago no less than forty of that man's descendants were either drunkards, or in a drunkard's grave. Another father adopted a different plan, neither using it himself, nor permitting it to enter his dwelling. He taught his children to regard it as a poison, a deadly poison: and now there is not a drunkard among them; nor has one of his descendants ever sunk into a drunkard's grave. Who can estimate the different results of the different courses pursued by these two fathers, when the long lines of their posterity, throughout all future ages, shall stand up before them, and before the universe, on the last great day? And if our minds struggle in vain to grasp the different results from a single individual's

adopting the plan of abstinence, or of moderate drinking, is it not beyond an archangel's ken to conceive that difference, carried down through all future generations, and onward to eternity, when applied to the million and a half in our own country, and as many more in others, now under the influence of the temperance reformation ?

Temperance Societies are designed for temperate men. Their object is to keep all sober, who are so now, till all irreclaimable drunkards are dead, and the world is free. No man can join without doing good. The world is composed of individuals. The influence of the universe is the aggregate of the influence of the individuals composing it. Let all sober men unite, and Providence will soon do the rest : for, if no new drunkards be made, in one short generation the vast armies of intemperance will have done their suicidal work, and the kind earth will conceal them from our view.

We conclude these extracts with a short paragraph, in which the author urges the friends of temperance to unite themselves under the pledge of total abstinence :

Union is strength. Twenty men, united under visible organization, will ordinarily effect more in any enterprise, than twenty times their number acting singly and without co-operation. Had the Congress of '76, instead of signing the Declaration of Independence, and pledging to each other 'their fortunes, their lives, and their sacred honor,' determined to oppose the enemy single handed, as each man best could, and advised our forefathers to adopt the same mode of defence, we had been British colonies this very day—British vassals, subjected to the severer oppression for our pitiful, ill-concerted, impotent rebellion. The object of that paper was not to make men patriots, but to unite in one organized band, those who were patriots already. Such is the object of the Temperance Society : and if you are temperate already, this is the very reason why you should join it.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION OF THE INSANE.

THERE are few subjects in regard to which the correctness of the eastern adage that '*truth is the daughter of time,*' has been more strikingly manifested, than in what relates to the progressive improvement in the treatment of the insane. In most countries, in former times, their cure was either left to chance, or the means employed were such as tended to aggravate the malady, and to render it incurable. At one time it has been treated as altogether a mental disease, and little attention bestowed upon the bodily health of the patient ; at another, it has been regarded as solely the result of bodily disease, and the moral remedies have been in a great measure neglected. It is thus that false theories always lead to erroneous practice, and though the medical art, above almost all others, needs the cautious inductions of a sound philosophy, there are few subjects to which it has been applied with so little success. Within a few years, however, more enlightened views have prevailed in regard to the treatment of the insane, and the success of institutions conducted in conformity with those views, has been far greater than had ever before been witnessed.

Among the philanthropists who led the way in the introduction of a better system in this country, a conspicuous place must ever be assigned to the late Dr. ELI TODD, the physician of the Retreat for the Insane at Hartford, Conn. To a heart of the most expansive benevolence, was in him, united a mind of a peculiarly original character, and of remarkable acuteness in tracing the aberrations of a disordered intellect. To his inventive mind may be traced, many of the improvements in treating the insane, which are now, by common consent, adopted in the various Retreats and Hospitals for the insane in this country.

It was under this distinguished master of the art, that the late much lamented Dr. THOMAS LEE was trained, and his subsequent success, during his short but brilliant career, showed with how much diligence the pupil had imbibed the views and principles of his preceptor. There was in the latter also much of that original genius by which the former was so eminently distinguished. They both possessed in nearly an equal degree, the art of winning the confidence of the insane, and of leading them by kindness to a full development of all their thoughts and feelings. In one most important particular the pupil had already advanced far beyond his teacher, when his farther progress was arrested by death. We allude to that branch of his moral treatment of the insane, which consisted in the application of motives drawn from the christian faith, to produce composure and peace in their disordered minds. It is in view of his experiments upon this subject, that his early death is most of all deplored by those who knew him only in his public character, as the physician of the M'Lean Asylum ; while the memory of his amiable manners and cheerful piety will long be cherished by those who knew him in the private walks of social life.

In connection with the memory of this highly valued individual, we take a melancholy pleasure in introducing into our columns the following extract from an address of Rev. Daniel Crosby, of Charlestown, at the annual meeting of the Prison Discipline Society, in May, 1836, a few months only before the decease of Dr. Lee. No one had enjoyed better opportunities for becoming acquainted with the views of Dr. Lee, in relation to the subject of religious influence upon the minds of the insane, than the Rev. gentleman from whose address we quote, and who was at once his pastor and friend, and his assistant in this noble enterprise :

‘It has been my privilege repeatedly to address these unhappy sufferers, on the subject of religion, in their own distinct assembly. And never have I seen an instance, even in the case of those who were *very far from convalescence*, where the devotional services failed to induce a sense of propriety, and to call forth a degree of self control and fixedness of attention, which, in the case of some individuals, was truly astonishing. But I have known cases where the individual, who, when in his own apartment, or in his daily intercourse with his fellow patients, has appeared constantly excited, so as often to lose his self control, and to suffer paroxysms of distress or passion, has sat with composure and perfect propriety during the performance of religious services. Deeply have I been affected to witness the fixedness of attention, and the apparent satisfaction with which those, who never seem to enjoy any “spontaneous internal or mental government,” have listened to cheerful and consoling views of religious truth. Without the least allusion to their peculiar situation in the discourse, and probably without any very correct or consistent views on their part, there still seemed to be awakened in their minds the pleasing conviction, that in the truths declared, there was hope for the desponding, and consolation for the sufferer. I have known cases where the individual who, in other circumstances, was usually noisy, and sometimes suffering paroxysms of distress, has appeared to feel at once the solemn and softening influence of devotion, and has been known to reprove a fellow worshipper for a want of propriety during the service. Indeed, cases have been known, where individuals in a very weak and debilitated state, have expressed the happiness they experienced in listening to the truths presented, and have appeared to carry with them from the worship of God, a salutary influence, which has assisted them in self control, for hours, and even for days ; quite as long as, in many cases, the serious influences of the sanctuary remain on healthier minds.

‘Now, it is not claimed for religion, that it exerts, in such cases, its proper influence to direct the affections, and form the religious character ; but who shall say that we are so familiar with the laws that regulate the movements of the *diseased* mind, as to pronounce religious influence vain and useless in a course of moral treatment ? What form of intelligent creation is there, with which we are acquainted, that presents such interesting and truly astonishing facts, as are developed in the wanderings of the insane ? And, sir, if the time shall ever arrive, when this chaos shall be reduced to order, and the laws which regulate these mental aberrations shall be fully known, it will then be found, I doubt not, that religion is to constitute a very important feature in the course of treatment to be pursued. And even now, sir, who shall say that some lucid intervals may not break on the darkness of the mind, or that some faculty may not remain unscathed by disease, or that some train of thought and feeling may not still flow on undisturbed in its wonted channel ; and that these things, one or all of them combined, may not lay the foundation for a healthful religious influence, even in those minds which are unable, for the most time, to view religion in its proper light ? May not the principle of suggestion come to the aid of the unhappy sufferer : and thus, while he is engaged in the services of devotion, may not his mind be carried back to earlier and happier days ?’

‘The experiment of introducing religion into a course of moral treatment, has been tried in two institutions in this country—the M’Lean Asylum at Charlestown, and the Asylum at Bloomingdale, N. Y. The results, as connected with the Mc Lean Asylum, are thus stated in the appendix to the report of the physician and superintendent of that institution for the year 1835.

“Ninety five, out of the one hundred and thirty six, have attended upon these exercises, and the larger part of them with great regularity. It has been, with a few exceptions, entirely voluntary. It is regarded as a privilege, and as such is eagerly sought. Patients who could not otherwise be kept decently clothed, have exerted their powers of self control, to be allowed to attend.” “One female, who was habitually noisy, obscene and profane, after having repeatedly solicited this privilege, was told one morning, that she should attend that evening, if she kept quiet during the day. She provided herself with a stocking, which she rolled into a ball, carried in her hand, and pressed into her mouth whenever she felt her pro-

pensity active ; and thus guarded, she attended prayers, and conducted with becoming propriety ; she is now a regular attendant upon these and other exercises of the family ; is quiet, industrious, and rational. When, from any cause, the service is omitted, there is a very general expression of disappointment. The supervisor of the male wing has often stated the case of a patient in a state of imbecility, who, when the exercise has been omitted, has opposed going to bed, taking him by the hand, and dragging him to the door, has repeated, ‘ Let us go to prayers ! let us go to prayers ! ’

“ It is now about two months since we commenced service on the Sabbath. The clergymen in this vicinity upon whom we have called, have very cheerfully consented to officiate ; their remarks to us have corresponded with those of other strangers who have been present at these exercises—‘ How perfectly quiet ! ’ Several have observed that it was the most interesting audience they had ever addressed.

“ Fifty of the patients have been permitted to attend church, on the Sabbath, in company with the officers and attendants. The effect of these exercises is, not only to break in upon the monotony of their lives, and to induce habits of order and regularity, but to soothe the feelings, awaken the affections, and carry the mind back to the memory of other and better days ; and also to cause them to recollect the infinite goodness and all-wise providence of God. If all are not edified, most are interested, and all are attentive and respectful.”

I cannot but hope that a new era has dawned upon this unhappy class of our fellow creatures ; and that a new principle, simple in its nature, practicable in its application, and of amazing power, is about to be introduced into the moral management of the insane. We have seen religion meeting almost every other form of wretchedness with appropriate relief ; but, so far from bringing it to the aid of the *diseased* mind, we have been tempted to regard it as a prominent cause of the malady itself. Who does not rejoice that the mistake is passing away ? We have seen religion kindling in the heart of the Greenlander the warm hopes of a blessed immortality. We have seen it meet the victim of superstition in the islands of the sea, and on the plains of southern India, and raise him up to the dignity of a rational being and the hopes of the christian. It has gone, sir, with your prisoner to his cell, and has there excited the feelings of penitence, and secured a reformation of the life. Now, at last, it comes, with the same healing and

soothing power, into Asylums for the Insane ; and the inclosures which Benevolence has thrown around these unhappy sufferers, are found to be a fit receptacle for sacred influence. Here

“ She can unlock
The clasping arm, and thaw the numbing spell :” MILTON.

and bring the maniac, clothed, if not in his right mind, calm, if not animated with the hope of heaven, to the feet of Him who came to bind up the broken hearted.’

THE FIRESIDE.

POLITENESS.

HELEN had arisen very early and seated herself by the parlor fire, that she might study over her French lesson before breakfast. She had nearly finished, when her little brothers and sisters began to make their appearance, one by one. James had taken his station directly in front of the fire, and was complaining bitterly of the cold, when Henry came in, and, not in the pleasantest tone, or manner imaginable, said, ‘ come, let me sit here : I am frozen to death.’ ‘ Are you,’ said James, ‘ what good will the fire do you then ?’ ‘ I meant *almost* frozen,’ said Henry, ‘ and I think you might let me come where I can get warm.’ ‘ You may take my seat,’ said Helen, kindly, as she went and sat down by the window, although it was very cold there, for the fire had not been made long.

Presently Emily came to her. ‘ Do Helen,’ said she, ‘ hear me say this verb I learned last evening, for if I should make a mistake, Miss Atwood will scold so.’ Helen very cheerfully laid down her books, and heard her little sister’s lesson ; and although it was really quite an interruption, she made no complaint, nor did she manifest any impatience, notwithstanding Emily repeated her verb very slowly. When Helen had finished her lesson, she began to read a new book which had been purchased a few days before. James having now got comfortably warm, came to the window, and seeing the book, cried out, ‘ Oh, Helen, do let me take that, I have never had an opportunity to look at it yet.’ ‘ No, that is not fair,’ said Emily, ‘ you might have been reading it while Helen

was studying, if you had chosen.' 'Let James take it,' said Helen, as she handed it to her brother, 'I can read the newspaper.' And she did not tell him that she was in the midst of an entertaining story, and that he was very rude to ask her for it, but gave it up directly, and in a pleasant manner.

'There,' said James, looking up from his book, 'Emily has left the door open: oh, how the wind blows in! Helen, will you shut the door?' Though surprised and grieved at her brother's want of civility, she rose and shut it without speaking. She saw that he was out of humor, and carefully avoided any thing which might irritate him. They soon went out to breakfast, and in the presence of their father and mother, all were under too much restraint to be un-

When Helen left the house to go to school, one of her companions was passing and stopped for her. As it was very near school time, Helen proposed that they should cross the common. When they had gone a little way, her companion said, 'how I hate this old dull common! Do not let us go any farther this way.' 'Certainly not, if it is not pleasant for you,' said Helen, 'but I am afraid we shall be late.' However, they

turned and came back into the street, but although they hastened, school had commenced before they arrived. Helen did not reproach Sarah, although she might justly have done so, as the cause of the first mark for tardiness which she had received that quarter. But she had avoided a quarrel, for she knew that Sarah never yielded to any one.

At the first recess, she was busily engaged in studying, when Sarah came to her. 'Helen, dear,' said she, 'do mend me two or three pens, if you please;' not thinking that Helen was occupied, and that there were a dozen other girls who could have done it for her. But without making any objections, Helen made the pens, talking all the time pleasantly, to show that she was not out of humor at being interrupted.

At some of the other recesses: being more at leisure, she walked about among her companions, and had a kind word for every one. 'How pleasant Helen Stanwood is!' said the girls to each other. 'She never says any thing that will wound our feelings, and she seems to wish to make us all as happy as she is.' And this was her object. She did not play the amiable to gain the favor or praise of her companions, but she studied to promote their happiness, regard-

less of her own ease. Nor did she suspect that she was so much admired by all who knew her, for she was never accustomed to inquire whether any action would be commended, but only whether it was her duty. And while the girls were praising her, she was in a distant part of the school room, talking with a new scholar, who, from awkwardness and diffidence had not become at all acquainted with the young ladies, and those who ought to have brought her forward, had not troubled themselves about her.

This was no extraordinary day in the life of Helen Stanwood. Its incidents were such as are common to every school girl, and the temper and manner in which she met these petty trials, are such as any one may exhibit, who chooses to make the attempt. Not a day passes over the head of any one of us, in which we do not meet many vexations ; and those around us form their estimate of our character, far more from our conduct on these trifling occasions, than from our appearance in public, and in great emergencies, when we have every motive for concealing our feelings.

In conclusion, I have only to remark, that some of my readers may very probably wonder what connection all this has with politeness. They may say that Helen's conduct ought rather to be referred to patience or self-denial. The answer to this is, that these principles relate rather to the regulation of the feelings and affections. But the control of the *conduct* comes under the head of politeness, the essence and spirit of which is self-denial—the subjection of our own wishes and inclinations to a sincere desire to promote the happiness of others. This does not by any means exclude polish and gracefulness of manner, which throw a charm over the most common actions, and ought to be carefully cultivated. But there are only a few who have the opportunity of studying the laws of etiquette, while every one may daily practice true christian politeness,—which so far from being all included in bows and flourishes and heartless ceremonies, has its seat in the heart, and consists in the renunciation of all selfishness, and in doing to others whatsoever we would that they should do to us.

E.

A GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

BY EDWARD ROBINSON, D. D., *late Professor extraordinary
of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary, Andover.*
Boston : published by Crocker & Brewster. 1836. 8vo. pp.
920.

THE inscription upon the Latin Thesaurus of Forcellini, *Expertus discas quam gravis iste labor*, might with great propriety be inscribed upon this volume, and upon the kindred ones of the same author ; for none but those who have had experience in labors of this nature, can rightly estimate the days and nights which must be spent in the protracted toil of bringing them to their final consummation. Few men, even in Germany, have bestowed an equal amount of labor upon such a work as that which we are now considering, and still fewer have brought to the task, minds equally disciplined by patient thought, or enriched by the study of sacred literature. This work, the result of so much labor, is, without doubt, the best Lexicon of the New Testament now extant ; and it may well be a matter of honest pride to every American, that it has been produced by one of his own countrymen.

It would be foreign from the design of this Magazine, even were we competent to the task, to enter upon a critical examination of this Lexicon, and to compare its articles with the corresponding ones in other works of the same nature. It is with the practical bearing of such works upon the christian church, that we are principally concerned, and our belief that, in this respect, they are of great practical moment, leads us to welcome their appearance with peculiar satisfaction. Their tendency is to lead to a more general investigation of the meaning attached to the language of the Scriptures on the part of those by whom they were originally penned, and hence to a knowledge of what was 'the mind of the Spirit' by whom they were inspired. It may be safely asserted, that a large part of the divisions and dissensions in the church would never have occurred, had men been half as diligent in ascertaining the sense of the Scriptures, as they have been in forming for themselves systems of theology. A deeper feeling of respect for the word of God, must be the consequence of an increasing study of it, free from admixture with human systems ; and the time, we hope and trust, is not very remote, when through the influence of such studies, the friends of the Redeemer will 'see eye to eye,' in such a manner as they have never yet done. Nor will the learned alone be benefited by this increased attention to biblical studies. Those who know nothing of the languages in which the Scriptures were originally written, will yet be guided in their studies by those who have drank from the pure fountains of divine truth. Commentaries also, intended for common use, will be enriched with more exact explanations of the sense of Scripture, and in place of those

loose and general remarks, with which many of them now teem, and which are almost equally appropriate to any passage of Scripture, we may expect precise and definite information and pertinent reflections. We will conclude these remarks with a brief extract from the preface of Professor Robinson's Lexicon, relating to the language in which the New Testament was written. This, as all our readers know, was Greek ; but it was Greek of a peculiar kind, not like the writings of the early Greek poets, nor yet like those of the more elegant Attic writers in the best days of Grecian literature, but a language in many respects peculiar, and requiring for a right understanding of it, an acquaintance with the Hebrew language :

THE language of the New Testament is *the later Greek language, as spoken by foreigners of the Hebrew stock, and applied by them to subjects on which it had never been employed by native Greek writers.* The simple statement of this fact, suggests at once what the character of this idiom must be ; and might, one would think, have saved volumes of controversy. The Jews came in contact with the Greeks only at and after the Macedonian conquests ; and were therefore conversant only with the later Greek. They learned it from the intercourse of life, in commerce, in colonies, in cities founded like Alexandria, where the inhabitants were drawn together from Asia as well as from Greece ; and it was therefore the spoken language of common life, and not that of books, with which they became acquainted. But they spoke it as foreigners, as Hebrews ; and therefore it could not fail to have in general a coloring of the Hebrew, or rather of the later Aramaean, which was their vernacular tongue. Jews who spoke Greek, are called in the New Testament Hellenists ; and hence in modern usage, since the time of the younger Scaliger, the Jewish Greek has not unaptly been termed *Hellenistic*.

The earliest monument of this idiom is the Version of the Seventy, made at Alexandria, probably at different times during the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era. This, as being a direct translation from the Hebrew, made by Jews, exhibits strongly the influence of the Hebrew, as well as an imperfect knowledge of the Greek ; though in various degrees in its different parts. Closely allied to this are the Apocryphal books usually connected with the Septuagint. Meanwhile, the Greek language had become current also in Palestine, along with the Aramaean ; partly through frequent intercourse with Hellenistic Jews settled in Egypt and in Asia Minor, who constantly resorted to Jerusalem ; and partly from

the influence of the Herods and the Roman dominion. Hence the New Testament was written in the now universal tongue. Two Jewish writers only, Philo and Josephus, both of them cotemporary with the Apostles, were able to overcome in a great measure the influence of their vernacular tongue; and although when treating of Jewish affairs, they necessarily employ many terms belonging to the Jewish Greek, yet in general they approach much nearer to the written idiom of the later Greek, than any of the writers either of the Septuagint or New Testament.

The writers of the New Testament, with the exception of Paul, and partially perhaps of Luke, were unlearned men; and like the rest of their countrymen, knew the Greek language only from the intercourse of common life, and not from books. With them, therefore, the Hebrew element which mingled in their idiom, would naturally have great prominence; although, since their writings are not translated from a Hebrew original, it is not here as strongly marked as in the Septuagint. It often lies in the turn of the thought, or in the thought itself, rather than in the expression. Even where the expression is modelled after the Hebrew, this is seen more in the construction and connection of words in phrases and sentences, than as affecting their intrinsic signification. Whoever has himself learned to speak a foreign language, or has closely watched the discourse of foreigners speaking our own tongue, will readily have perceived, that the signification of words is in general much more easily retained and correctly applied, than their forms and their proper construction and connection. From Hebraisms of this kind, the writings of Paul are comparatively free; since from his birth and residence amid the Greek schools of Tarsus, he probably had acquired a more accurate knowledge of that language than was usual with the Hebrews of Palestine; though the course of his education and the character of his learning were not Greek, but wholly Jewish.

The New Testament, then, was written by Hebrews, aiming to express Hebrew thoughts, conceptions, feelings, in the Greek tongue. Their idiom, consequently, in soul and spirit, is Hebrew; in its external form, Greek, and that more or less pure, according to the facilities which an individual writer might have possessed of acquiring fluency and accuracy of expression in that tongue.

A Hebrew and English Lexicon of the Old Testament, translated from the Latin of Gesenius by the author of the

present volume, was published a few weeks since. The translation was carried on along with the preparation of the present work ; without, however, causing any delay of the latter, unless in a slight degree. The two works together embrace the lexicography of the whole of the original Scriptures.

THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

BY A LADY. Boston : *American Stationers' Company*, 1836.
12 mo. pp. 432.

No one, we believe, who has read this book, will be greatly surprised at its popularity. It is precisely such a book as the wants of a large portion of the young ladies of this country, and, we may add, not a few of the older ones also, had long since called for. To the few young ladies who enjoy the advantage of being personally instructed by a Madame Roland, a Lady Mary Wortley Montague, a Miss Edgeworth or a Mrs. More, such rules and directions as those contained in this volume may be in a great degree superfluous ; but how few are there in any country who are blessed with such an education ! How large a portion even of those who ultimately occupy the most conspicuous places in society, have deeply felt, upon their first entrance into life, the want of such previous instructions as would have qualified them to act their part with ease to themselves, and with satisfaction to others.

It is indeed surprising, that a want so generally felt, should not, long since, have been, in a greater degree, supplied. The general and long continued popularity of Lord Chesterfield's 'Advice to his Son,' on subjects relating to polished manners, notwithstanding its numerous faults, might have shown how much such hints are prized by those for whose use they are intended. There is much, it is true, in the customs and intercourse of refined, and especially of intellectual society, which books can never teach, and which can only be acquired by familiarity with such society. But, on the other hand, there is much which is in a greater or less degree conventional, and this may be taught by books, with nearly as much ease and certainty, as the principles of any other art or science. In this, as in other arts, it is required that the successful teacher should herself be well versed in the mysteries which she professes, and, in regard to the accomplished author of the work now before us, no one who reads it will doubt her competence to give instruction upon the topics which she has proposed to her readers. We would very earnestly recommend the work to such of our female readers as have not already perused it.

The following extract develops the general design of the author, and is at the same time a favorable specimen of the moral tone of the work :

‘And now let me premise, that I write for those in whom the moral sense has been developed with the intellectual faculties, for those who feel and acknowledge the duties which grow out of their relation to God and their immortal destiny ; for, if I did not take this for granted, I should make the present work a series of homilies, or a book of extracts from all that has been so ably written to urge young people to “seek first the kingdom of God.” Fully persuaded as I am, that there is no other foundation for happiness in every stage of existence than that which Jesus Christ has laid, no means of turning this life to its best account, but by making a conscience of all our ways, and no improvement worth pursuing, but that which educates the soul for eternity, all my hints and instructions must be based upon christian principles ; though it is impossible to combine, in this small volume, the advice which belongs to the teaching of religion with that which concerns the minor morals of life. Enough has been said and written, and is continually offered to the consideration of the young, to convince them of those great truths which lie at the foundation of their happiness in time and eternity : it is the purpose of this little work to enter into details, which cannot be found in the longer and graver treatises on religion and morals ; to point out the means of acquiring those lesser graces of character and manners, which adorn and set forth to the best advantage the more solid qualities, and which, though of little value unless they spring from that love to God and man, which is the root of Christian virtue, are not always found growing by its side.

Many, who are really conscientious, and desire to carry their religion into every thing they do or say, are ignorant of the thousand ways in which they may either please or offend, and thus unconsciously annoy their best friends, and leave undone what would gratify them.’

The following passages are extracted from the chapter on ‘Domestic Economy.’

‘For a young woman in any situation in life to be ignorant of the various business that belongs to good housekeeping, is as great a deficiency as it would be in a merchant not to understand accounts, or the master of a vessel not to be acquainted with navigation. If a woman does not know how the various work of a house should be done, she might as well know nothing, for that is her express vocation ; and it matters not how

much learning, or how many accomplishments she may have, if she is wanting in that which is to fit her for her peculiar calling.

Whether rich or poor, young or old, married or single, a woman is always liable to be called to the performance of every kind of domestic duty, as well as to be placed at the head of a family ; and nothing short of a practical knowledge of the details of housekeeping can ever make those duties easy, or render her competent to direct others in the performance of them.

All moral writers on female character, treat of domestic economy as an indispensable part of female education, and this too in the old countries of Europe, where an abundant population, and the institutions of society, render it easy to secure the services of faithful domestics. Madame Roland, one of the most remarkable women of the last century, says of herself, "The same child who read systematic works, who could explain the circles of the celestial sphere, who could handle the crayon and the graver, and who at eight years of age was the best dancer in the youthful parties, was frequently called into the kitchen to make an omelet, pick herbs, and skim the pot."

All female characters that are held up to admiration, whether in fiction or in biography, will be found to possess these domestic accomplishments ; and if they are considered indispensable in the old world, how much more are they needed in this land of independence, where riches cannot exempt the mistress of a family from the difficulty of procuring efficient aid, and where perpetual change of domestics renders perpetual instruction and superintendence necessary.

Since, then, the details of good housekeeping must be included in a good female education, it is very desirable that they should be acquired when young, and so practised as to become easy, and to be performed dexterously and expeditiously ; for, important as they are, they must not be allowed to consume too much time, and the ready wit and ingenuity of a woman cannot be turned to better account, than in devising methods of expediting household affairs, and producing the best effect with the least expense of time and labor.

It is for your own ease and that of your domestics, to abridge the work of the house as much as possible, and, by endeavoring to find out the relative importance of the different branches of household economy, to give to each its due weight and no more. By good management, the use of method, and the habit of moving quickly, all may be done in order and in sea-

son, and much of the day left for other things. Let those who find themselves so overloaded with these cares and duties, that they do not find time for cultivating their minds and attending to the claims of benevolence, carefully examine their way of life, and see if they cannot retrench some hours from their every day occupations. Perhaps they may be doing as a young lady of my acquaintance did, who used to spend two hours every morning in arranging the glasses of flowers that adorned her mother's parlor ; and, when asked if she had read such and such books, replied in the negative, and gave as a reason, that she never could find time to read. Better would it have been for her never to have had a flower in the house, than thus to neglect the more important duties of mental culture. It is well to bear in mind, that there is always time enough for every thing that we ought to do, and if any duty is neglected from a supposed want of time, the fault is in our arrangement ; we have given too much to some occupation or amusement, and should immediately make a wiser distribution of our hours.

Now, if it is granted by my young friends, that they ought to take a part in domestic affairs, then let them do it with a good grace, and not be ashamed of it. Some persons are very notable, but take the greatest pains to conceal it, as if it were a disgrace rather than a merit ; their moral sense is clouded by some false notions of gentility, or their false pride makes them fancy certain occupations to be degrading, as if it were possible that persons should be degraded by doing that which they ought to do.

The young lady who spends two hours a day over her flowers, ought to be ashamed of that ; but, if the arrangements of your father's household make it desirable and proper that you should assist at the ironing table, or in making cake and pies, or in clear starching your own muslins, or in making preserves, or cleaning silver, or doing any such piece of notable work, you should no more think of concealing it, or being ashamed of it, than you would be of combing your hair, or hemming a pocket handkerchief. This false shame about housewifery adds much to its unpleasantness ; whereas a true view of the beauty and fitness of these feminine offices, would invest them with a charm, and recommend them to the most refined.

The elegant and accomplished Lady Mary Wortley Montague, who figured in the fashionable as well as in the literary circles of her time, has said, that "the most minute details of household economy become elegant and refined, when they are

ennobled by sentiment ;” and they are truly ennobled when we do them, either from a sense of duty, or consideration for a parent, or love to a husband. To order dinner is not merely arranging a meal with my cook, it is preparing refreshment for him whom I love. These necessary occupations, viewed in this light by a person capable of strong attachment, are so many pleasures, and afford her far more delight than the games and shows which constitute the amusements of the world.

Such is the testimony of a titled lady of the last century, to the sentiment that may be made to mingle in the most homely occupations. I will now quote that of a modern female writer and traveller, who, in her pleasant book, called ‘Six Weeks on the Loire,’ has thus described the housewifery of the daughter of a French nobleman, residing in a superb chateau on that river.

The travellers had just arrived and been introduced, when the following scene took place.

“The bill of fare for dinner was discussed in my presence and settled, *sans facon*, with that delightful frankness and gaiety, which in the French character gives a charm to the most trifling occurrence. Mademoiselle Louise then begged me to excuse her for half an hour, as she was going to make some creams and some pastilles. I requested I might accompany her and also render myself useful ; we accordingly went together to the dairy. I made tarts *a l’Anglaise*, whilst she made confections and *bonbons*, and all manner of pretty things, with as much ease as if she had never done anything else, and as much grace as she displayed in the saloon. I could not help thinking, as I looked at her, with her servants about her all cheerful, respectful, and anxious to attend upon her, how much better it would be for the young ladies in England, if they would occasionally return to the habits of their grandmothers, and mingle the animated and endearing occupations of domestic life, and the inodest manners and social amusements of home, with the perpetual practising on harps and pianos, and the incessant efforts at display and search after gaiety, which, at the present day, render them anything but what an amiable man of a reflecting mind and delicate sentiments would desire in the woman he might wish to select as his companion for life.

“But it was not only in the more trifling affairs of the *menage* that this young lady acquitted herself so agreeably ; in the household, the garden, the farm, among the laborers, their wives and children, with the poor in the neighborhood, and the

casual wanderer, everywhere she was superintending, directing, kind, amiable, the comfort of all around, and the delight of her family ; her cheerfulness was in proportion to

‘—that sweet peace which goodness bosoms ever.’

She flew up and down the rocks with the lightness of a mountain roe ; she sprang into a boat like the Lady of the Lake, and could manage an oar with as much grace and skill. With all this, her mind was thoroughly cultivated. She had an elegant taste in the authors of her own language, understood Latin, Italian, and English, and charmed me with her conversation, whilst she employed her fingers in the fancy work, with which the French ladies occupy the moments which some call idle, but which with them are always sociably and generally carefully employed.”

Having now shown, that to understand and superintend all that belongs to domestic economy is the proper vocation of a woman, let her situation in life be what it may, and that, so far from being ashamed of it, she should dignify it by her manner of exercising it, a caution may be necessary against making its details too prominent in the social circle, and talking too much about them. Honorable as is the performance of those daily duties, it is bad taste to say much about them. A well ordered house has been fitly compared to a watch, all the wheels and springs of which are out of sight, and it is only known that they exist, and are in order, by the regularity with which their results are brought about.

The time necessarily consumed by these daily cares is very considerable ; let us beware how we add to it by wasting a moment on needless recapitulation, and useless discussions of domestic affairs. When you have done your household tasks to the best of your abilities, dismiss the subject from your mind, and do not let the thought of it intrude upon other things that have their appropriate place in the day's occupation.

The disinterested affection of mothers often leads them to dispense with all assistance from their daughters, in their domestic affairs, so long as they are in daily attendance upon school, or, as the common phrase is, whilst they are ‘getting their education.’ Where the school hours are diligently employed, and the tasks laborious, and much time is required to prepare lessons at home, it is particularly important that all the leisure a girl has should be wisely disposed of ; but far better

would it be for her health, that some of it should be given to the stirring occupations of the household, than that she should be sitting over a frame of worsted or lace work, hurting her eyes and wasting her time in making bead bags, or some little ornamental article of dress, not worth a tithe of the pains bestowed upon it.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. With a Life of John Bunyan. By Robert Southey, Esq., L.L. D., Poet Laureate, &c. &c. &c. Illustrated with fifty cuts by Adams, after designs by Chapman, Harvey, and others. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1837. 12mo. pp. 348.

Among the numerous elegant books intended as Christmas presents, we have seen none, the present year, with which we have been better pleased, than with this beautiful edition of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. While most of the costly annuals excite but a temporary interest, and are soon forgotten, the *Pilgrim's Progress* is the favorite of all times, and of all ages ; it is among the first books which interest the feelings, and rivet the attention of childhood, and through every succeeding age it continues to instruct and delight the pious mind. Thousands have traced in this book, as in a map, their own progress in the christian life, and have been encouraged to constancy and perseverance by the reflection, that no trials have assailed them but such as are common to their brethren, and which those have overcome who are now rejoicing in glory.

This is beyond all comparison the finest edition of this invaluable work that we have seen, and if any thing can reconcile us to laying aside the defaced and worn out copy, which we have read from our childhood, and which is endeared to us both by early recollections of by-gone days, and by the memory of the parent from whose hands we received it, it will be the possession of such a copy as the one now before us.

SELECTIONS FROM FEMALE POETS. A Present for Ladies. Boston : Samuel Colman. 1837. 18mo. pp. 192.

The title of this work sufficiently indicates its nature. It is, as it purports to be, a collection of Poems from female writers. The education, habits and duties of women being so unlike those of men, it is to be expected that their poetry should be of a different cast. Hence we find that they do not so often succeed in the sublime or the spirit stirring, as in the tender and beautiful. This principle is exemplified in the present work. In the specimens here given, there is much delicacy, and some of them are very sprightly. We regret to observe that some of the selections from Mrs. Hemans are not as fair exhibi-

tions of her talents as others of her poems would have been ; and it seems to us also, that full justice in this respect has not been done to Mrs. Sigourney. In thinking that Queen Elizabeth's reputation for talent would have stood quite as high, had her 'Ditty' never been published, we do but agree with the editor. In making a selection from American female poets, the 'Remains' of Martha Day ought never to be forgotten.

The book is executed in a very tasteful style.

RHYMES FOR MY CHILDREN. By a Mother. Boston : Samuel Colman. 1837. 18mo. pp. 108.

A very neat little volume, which we have not yet found time to peruse, but which, if its literary character is equal to its typographical execution, cannot but fail to be a favorite with its youthful readers.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL HARP ; being a selection of Tunes and Hymns, adapted to the wants of Sabbath Schools, Families and Social Meetings. By Lowell Mason. Prepared for the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, and revised by the Committee of Publication. Boston : Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. 1837. 18mo. pp. 96.

This little work is, what might have been anticipated, from the well known character of its author, distinguished alike for the piety and literary excellence of its hymns, and the beautiful simplicity and elegance of its music.

THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING :

Living within the Means.

Living up to the Means.

Living beyond the Means.

Boston : Published by William S. Damrell, and Benj. H. Greene. 1837. 18mo. pp. 143.

We take great pleasure in recommending this little volume to every class of our readers ;—to such as are living within their means, that they may be encouraged to persevere in the course which they have begun, and to such as are either living up to their means or beyond them, that they may avoid before it is too late, the precipice towards which their course is conducting them.

ANECDOTES OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS ; compiled at the request of the Executive Committee of the Southern Board of Foreign Missions. By Rev. Edwin Holt, late Secretary of the Board. Boston : published by Crocker and Brewster. 1837. 18mo. pp. 282.

This work is divided into six chapters, most of which are subdivided into sections, in each of which some principle in relation to Missions is illustrated by interesting anecdotes collected from the most authentic works. The following are the subjects of the chapters. 1. The need of Christian Missions. 2. The successful prosecution of Missions. 3. The privations and perils of Missionaries. 4. The hindrances to the success of Missions. 5. Missionary zeal. 6. Reflex influence of Missions.

The friends of missions will welcome a work containing, in so small a space, so many authentic narratives tending to increase their zeal in the Missionary

cause, and it may be hoped that many, who from their want of acquaintance with the subject, have viewed it with some degree of indifference, will by the same means be awakened to a sense of its importance.

LETTER OF WILLIAM E. CHANNING TO JAMES G. BIRNEY. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1837. 18mo. pp. 36.

This letter of Dr. Channing was occasioned by the violence done to the property of Mr. Birney, in Cincinnati, and particularly the destruction of his press by a mob during the past year. Its primary object is to express the gratitude of the writer to Mr. Birney, and to the other members of the anti-slavery party, for their efforts in support of the 'right of free discussion.' After expressing, at considerable length, his sympathy with them in the opposition which they have encountered, he gives a brief sketch of the present state of public sentiment upon this subject, and of the causes which have led to the violent treatment to which abolitionists have been so frequently exposed. Most of these causes he considers as highly discreditable to their opponents, but expresses his conviction that intemperate language on their own part, has sometimes occasioned that severity of treatment, of which they have complained. The following are specimens of the manner in which he has treated the latter branch of his subject :

Liberty suffers from nothing more, than from licentiousness, and I fear that abolitionists are not to be absolved from this abuse of it. It seems to me that they are particularly open to one reproach. Their writings have been blemished by a spirit of intolerance, sweeping censure, and rash, injurious judgment. I do not mean to bring this charge against all their publications. Yours, as far as I have seen them, are an honorable exception ; and others, I know, deserve the same praise. But abolitionism, in the main, has spoken in an intolerant tone, and in this way has repelled many good minds, given great advantage to its opponents, and diminished the energy and effect of its appeals. I should rejoice to see it purified from this stain.

Abolitionism seems to me to have been intolerant towards the slave holders, and towards those in the free states, who oppose them, or who refuse to take part in their measures. I say, first, towards the slave holder. The abolitionist has not spoken, and cannot speak against slavery too strongly. No language can exceed the enormity of the wrong. But the whole class of slave holders often meets a treatment in anti-slavery publications which is felt to be unjust, and is certainly unwise. We always injure ourselves, in placing our adversary on the footing of an injured man. One groundless charge helps him to repel many which are true. There is indeed a portion of slave-holders who deserve the severest reprobation. In every such community, there are many who hold their fellow creatures in bondage for gain, for mere gain. They perpetuate this odious system not reluctantly, but from choice ; not because the public safety compels them, as they think, to act the part of despots, but because they love despotism, and count money their supreme good. * * *

But I do not, cannot believe, that the majority of slave holders are of the character now described. I believe that the majority, could they be persuaded of the consistency of emancipation with the well being of the colored race and with social order, would relinquish their hold on the slave, and sacrifice their imagined property in him to the claims of justice and humanity. They shrink from emancipation, because it seems to them a precipice. Having seen the

colored man continually dependant on foreign guidance and control, they think him incapable of providing for himself. Having seen the laboring class kept down by force, they feel as if the removal of this restraint would be a signal to universal lawlessness and crime. That such opinions absolve from all blame those who perpetuate slavery, I do not say. That they are often strengthened by the self interest of the master, I cannot doubt ; for we see men every where grasping and defending doctrines which confirm their property and power. * *

Still, while there is much to be condemned in the prevalent opinions and feelings at the South, we have no warrant for denying to all slave holders moral and religious excellence. The whole history of the world shows us, that a culpable blindness in regard to one class of obligations may consist with a sincere reverence for religious and moral principles, as far as they are understood. In estimating men's characters, we must never forget the disadvantages under which they labor. Slavery, upheld, as it is at the South, by the deepest prejudices of education, by the sanction of laws, by the prescription of ages, and by real difficulties attending emancipation, cannot easily be viewed in that region as it appears to more distant and impartial observers. The hatefulness of the system ought to be strongly exposed, and it cannot be exposed too strongly ; but this hatefulness must not be attached to all who sustain slavery. There are pure and generous spirits at the South, and they are to be honored the more for the sore trials amidst which their virtues have gained strength. The abolitionists, in their zeal seem to have overlooked these truths in a great degree, and by their intolerance towards the slave holder, have awakened towards him sympathy rather than indignation, and weakened the effect of their just invectives against the system which he upholds.

I think, too, that they are chargeable with a like intolerance towards those in the free states, who oppose them, or who refuse to participate in their operations. They have been apt to set down opposition to themselves as equivalent to attachment to slavery. Regarding their own dogmas as the only true faith, and making their own zeal the standard of a true interest in the oppressed, they have been apt to cast scornful looks and reproaches on those who have spoken in doubt or displeasure of their movements. This has made them many foes. They have been too belligerent to make friends. I do not mean in these remarks, that the abolitionists have had nothing to blame in their opponents. Among these, are not a few deserving severe reprehension, and I have no desire to shield them from it. But the great mass, who have refused to take part in the anti-slavery movement, have been governed by pure motives. If they have erred, they have not erred willingly, or from the influence of low and servile passions. They have consequently been wronged by the treatment they have received at the hands of abolitionists, and men are not brought over by wrongs to a good cause.

This letter was originally published in the *Philanthropist*, a newspaper edited by Mr. Birney, but is now republished, with some additions by the author.

SUMMARY.

THE WAY OF PEACE. At a synod lately held at Fayetteville, N. C., a committee, appointed to take into consideration the present state of the Presbyterian church, presented a report, in which they deeply lament the 'bitter strife' now so unhappily prevalent in that church, and, after charging the fault

in good set terms to their brethren of the *new school*, they conclude with *sundry resolutions*, in which they denounce the principles and conduct of their opponents. These resolutions, like most others passed south of Mason and Dixon's line, were carried unanimously.

How many such preambles and resolutions will probably be sufficient to produce perfect harmony in a church, into which, to use their own language, 'along with the general desertion of the Holy Spirit, has come, not the stillness of death, but the bitterness of strife' ? Is there not more than one sense in which such a measure may be referred to, as evidence of that desertion of the Holy Spirit, which is lamented ?

EMIGRATION. From an article in a recent number of the *Colonization Herald*, we perceive that Mr. Louis Sheridan, of North Carolina, a colored man, well known and highly respected in the state in which he resides, has resolved to throw in his lot with such of his brethren as are leaving this country for the land of their fathers. He is about to embark from Wilmington, N. C., with thirty nine of his friends for Liberia.

For more than a year past, we have known that Mr. Sheridan has been examining this subject in reference to his own duty, and we have had no little curiosity to know the issue to which such a mind as his would come, after a faithful examination of the question. It is less than two years, we believe, since Mr. Sheridan fully participated in the common sentiment of his brethren in this country, in regard to removal to Africa. The *Herald* well remarks respecting him, 'Mr. Sheridan is a man of wealth, talents, and unquestioned integrity. He has for many years been a faithful and successful merchant. Having acquired a handsome fortune, he is able to live at ease, and in the full enjoyment of all the comforts and pleasures of life. No man, perhaps, in the neighborhood where he lives, is more respected than he is.' But elevated as he is, in these respects, above most of his brethren in this country, he has deliberately decided on a removal to the land of his forefathers. His decision is not improbably an index of what may in many cases be expected to happen, whenever his brethren shall attain to such an elevation in knowledge and in character as to be able clearly to discern the field in which they are called, in the providence of God, to labor for the general benefit of their race.

MR. ANDREWS :—A reader of the *Magazine* would feel greatly obliged to any of your correspondents, whose situation may have afforded him the requisite experience, to furnish some hints on the peculiar duties and trials of persons employed in large manufactories, and such directions for their conduct, as may, in his view, be most useful to those who are thus employed. Q.

The Maid of the far distance.

Poetry by SCHILLER.

Music by REICHARDT.

Third and sixth stanzas to the music of the second. see p. 18.

PIANO

FORTE.

There is a vale, the cotter's home, Where with each opening joyous

spring, Soon as the lark be-gins to sing, A maiden fair is seen to

roam, A maiden fair is seen to roam.

She was not in that valley

sf *p* *p*

born. And whence she came was never known; For quickly every trace was

cres.

flown. When ceased her step to cheer the morn, When ceased her step to cheer the

cres. *p* *p*

morn.

sf *p* *p*

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.]

FEBRUARY, 1837.

[No. II.]

For the Religious Magazine.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH.

ABOUT sunset, on the first of July, 18—, I embarked on board a steamboat at French Town, bound to Baltimore. My only traveling companion was a little son ten years old. He was my eldest child, and had seldom been separated from me. My study had been his only school room, and in his hours of relaxation and amusement, he had seldom had or desired any other companion than myself. I was now to be absent for some months from the other members of my family, and as I saw no necessity of depriving myself of the pleasure of his society, or of interrupting the course of his education, I had determined that he should accompany me upon my journey.

Night was closing around us as we descended into the wider parts of the Chesapeake, and we soon had but an indistinct view of either of its shores. Still we lingered for some hours upon the deck of the steamboat, enjoying the refreshing coolness of the breeze, as it came over the waters, and conversing with each other of home, and of all which we had seen while upon our journey.

Early the next morning I was aroused by the noise and bustle which usually attend the arrival of a steamboat at its place of destination. Daylight had not yet appeared, and being unwilling to disturb the slumbers of my little companion, I waited until near sunrise before we landed. After depositing our baggage at the 'Indian Queen,' we spent a short time in visiting the 'Battle Monument,' and other objects of curiosity in

Baltimore, but left the city much sooner than we should have wished, that we might arrive at Washington in season for the southern steamboat. Subsequent visits served to confirm in me the deep interest, which I then felt, in this beautiful city. The rich scenery with which it is surrounded, the mildness and salubrity of its climate, and especially the refinement and hospitality of its inhabitants, give it a very high rank among those cities in which a residence is most agreeable.

The road from Baltimore to Washington passes over a wild and hilly country but little cultivated, excepting in the neighborhood of the cities which it connects. It affords however a pleasant variety of hill and dale and woodland scenery, and its cool and quiet shades were then refreshing to us, as they afforded a shelter from the burning sun of July. Bladensburg is the only village of any note upon the road, and I need not say for what event in the history of our country this place has been celebrated.

As we approach Washington the country becomes more interesting, and nothing can exceed in beauty the situation of Washington itself. The country, as far as the eye can extend, consists of a succession of hills and plains, some of which are devoted to tillage, and others still remain loaded with the richest forests. Through the midst of this scene flows the broad and majestic Potomac, a fit accompaniment of such a landscape, where every thing is upon a scale of the greatest magnificence. The public buildings at Washington, and many of the private edifices, are elegant specimens of architecture; but when viewed in connection with the splendor of the natural scenery with which they are surrounded, I could never feel that they, and still less, that the city with which they are connected, could add any thing to the interest inspired by the beauties of nature. When standing upon the dome of the capital with such a scene in full view, I have even regretted, that a portion of what was naturally so beautiful, had been marred and disfigured by the works of man, and have studiously averted my eyes from the nearer to the remoter view, where only here and there a white house, appearing amidst the deep green of the distant landscape, served just to remind me of the pleasant retirement which their occupants enjoyed.

At noon we took our passage in a steamboat which plied between Washington and Potomac Creek, a small inlet about fifty miles below Washington. I was now for the first time entering the Southern States, and was strongly impressed by the

magnificence of the surrounding scenery. The Potomac, as we descended, spread out like a sea before us, and its wooded banks exhibited a depth of verdure and a profusion of foliage, indicative of warmer suns than those which fall upon the hills and vallies of New England.—It is one of those beautiful arrangements in the works of Nature, which indicate the provident attention of its Author, that in those countries where the protection of the shade is most needed, we find the foliage most abundant. So likewise, in analogy with this arrangement, when, in winter, the earth and its inhabitants stand most in need of the genial warmth of the sun, the leaves fall from the forest, and the earth is opened to the influence of the solar rays. To this fact my attention was called the following year by the little son whom I have already introduced to my readers as my travelling companion. He remarked ‘how the leaves drop off one by one in autumn, just as we need less and less of their shade, until at last the trees are quite bare, and the sun shines clear and bright upon the ground which has all summer been protected by their shade. And when the warmth of Spring returns, the buds open, and the leaves grow larger every day, protecting us more and more as the heat increases, until at last we are defended from the summer’s sun by thousands of full grown leaves covering every tree and branch.’ This was said as we were sitting at a window which opened immediately upon one of the most beautiful of the southern groves, while the leaves of autumn were falling around us. I saw then but the withering leaves, which fell in their maturity, and thought not that the bright and tender foliage of Spring might also, by storms, be strewed upon the plain. A few years only passed away, and he who then sat by my side, and spoke of this beautiful order of nature, himself lay withering like a flower, cut down in its beauty; and the winds, as they sighed through the wooded cemetery of N., scattered the golden foliage of Autumn upon his early grave.

As we descended the Potomac, we stopped for a few minutes at Alexandria, for the purpose of landing and receiving passengers; and, as soon as this was done, we continued our voyage, passing from time to time many beautiful country seats, which overlook the river. By the time we arrive at Mount Vernon, the river spreads out to a great breadth, and as we coast along the left bank, we have a distinct though distant view of the delightful residence of Washington. It is a plain white house, standing alone upon the right bank, considerably

elevated above the river. From the colonnade in front, the view of the Potomac, and of the surrounding country for a great distance, possesses peculiar beauty.

Late in the evening we entered Potomac Creek, and, as it was ebb tide, we came to, at a distance from the shore. The bell was rung for a boat to come off to us, but it was a long time before the summons was answered. At length a boat, manned with negroes, who had been aroused from sleep, and who seemed not yet to be 'well awake,' came along side, amid the curses of the crew, for having made them wait so long. The passengers and their baggage were soon lowered into the boat, and we shoved off for the shore. The scene was new, and impressed itself strongly upon my memory. No sounds were to be heard except the splashing of the oars, and now and then the distant scream of a sea bird. It was a warm night, but the heat was tempered by a light breeze which passed over the water. Tired and sleepy, my fellow passengers were all silent, except my little son, who, sitting close at my side, endeavored to draw me into conversation by questions relating to the scene around us, or to those through which we had recently passed. At length we reached the wharf, and were conducted to the only house which we could see in the neighborhood, where we found supper prepared for us. Near midnight we left this place for Fredericksburg, passing over one of the worst roads that I had ever travelled. The southern mail was at that time sent from Washington to Fredericksburg by land, and this afforded us an opportunity to sleep two or three hours at the latter place, while waiting for its arrival. As soon as it arrived, we were called up, and took our seats in the mail stage for Richmond. By this time the day light began to appear, and we could see with more and more distinctness the beauty of the country in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, which for a considerable distance is nearly level, and appears to be very fertile.

SIX REASONS WHY CHILDREN SHOULD BLESS THE LORD.

A Sermon, addressed to children at Constantinople, Feb. 7, 1836, and at Smyrna, March 20, 1836. By WILLIAM GOODELL, Missionary of the A. B. C. F. M.

Ps. ciii. 2 : 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.'

I DESIGN, this morning, to speak particularly to the *children*, —to preach to the *children*. I shall call upon the children to bless the Lord; to praise their great Creator; to extol and magnify their King; to thank their Preserver, Benefactor and Redeemer.

David, in this Psalm, stirs up himself to the duty of praise. He endeavors to awaken all his powers for this purpose. He calls upon his soul, and all that is within him, to praise God. And he furnishes himself with most abundant matter for praise. Let my soul, he says, that is, let *me* praise him, for 'he forgives all my sins,' (what a blessing!) he 'heals all my diseases,' —restores me to health; he 'redeemeth my life from destruction,' —rescues and saves me, when I am exposed to danger; and 'crowns me with loving kindness and tender mercies,' that is, he makes me very comfortable and happy.

Now it is not only the duty of *older* persons to praise God, but it is the duty of *children*, even *small* children, to praise him.

I could mention more than a *hundred* reasons why the little children now present should praise, thank, bless and love God. If those of the children, who can write, should sit down with pen, ink and paper, they might write one reason after another all day long, and still not write *half* of the reasons. I shall not have time this morning, then, to tell you more than a very few. I shall mention only *six reasons*. But the bare mention of these will probably make you think of many others.

First. *You should bless and praise God, that he has given you a SOUL.*

You are not like the beasts, that perish. You are not like the horse and the mule, that have no understanding. You are not like the birds of the air, or the fish of the sea, that flutter on the wing, or that sport in the waters, for a few days, and then die, and never come to life again. No; God has given you a *soul*, that will never die. It will live longer than the

stars. It will outlive the *sun*. It will live as long as the *angels*. It will live *forever* ; for it is *immortal*.

Now this soul of yours is worth more than silver, or gold, or precious stones. It is worth more than all the treasures that can be found in the palaces of sultans and kings. It is more precious than your hands, or your eyes ; and you ought to take better care of it. Now God has made this present to every little child ; and ought you not to bless him for it ? If a person should make you a present of a casket of jewels, you would thank him for it ; and this, although you could enjoy the treasure but for a short time, and at the judgment day it will all be burnt up. If a person gives you simply a *cake*, or an *apple*, you thank him for it. Ought you not then to thank and praise and bless Him, who has given to each one of you what is worth more than the riches of the universe—A NEVER DYING SOUL ?

The soul of a *child* is worth as much as the soul of an *older* person. It is worth as much as the soul of a *great king*. It is worth so much that it ought to be preserved with the greatest possible care. At the time of the great fire in Pera, between four and five years ago, several palaces and many fine houses were burnt, in which was a great deal of plate and elegant furniture ; and I often heard it said, ‘ What a pity that it should all be lost ! ’ What a pity, then, will it be, should the soul of any one of you be lost !—*The soul—that infinite treasure, which is worth more than the whole world beside !*

Should you have a present of a beautiful animal, some person might kill it ; but nobody can kill your soul. If you should have a present of an elegant gold watch, or a most splendid mirror, some person might destroy it ; but who can destroy the *soul*, save He that made it ? Bless God, then, ye children, that he has made you such a present,—has given to every one of you an *immortal soul*, which no power on earth can destroy.

Secondly. *You should praise and bless God that he has given you a BODY for your soul to live in, and for your soul to use.*

Your body is fearfully and wonderfully made. It is made for the use of the soul ; and it is made for no other purpose whatever. When your soul wishes to tell its feelings and desires, it makes use of your tongue. When it wishes to look at any thing, it makes use of your eyes. When it wishes to be in another place, it makes use of your feet to carry it there. When it wishes to give something to the poor and needy, it

makes use of your hands. I love to look at a little child's hand, and to think that *God* made it. I love to count the fingers and examine the joints, and to think that *God* formed them all for the use of the soul. And I love to see a little child's hand kept clean for the Lord's sake.

But your hands, your feet, your tongue, and your other members, never do any thing of *themselves*; they never so much as *move*, except in obedience to the soul. Just as soon as your soul leaves the body, no member of your body will ever stir again of itself. Your whole body will lie as motionless as a stone. The eye will no longer see, the ear will no longer hear, the tongue will no longer speak, the hands will no longer move.

When the soul is *depraved, wicked, sinful*, it then uses the body for sinful and wicked purposes. The tongue utters blasphemy, falsehood, deceit, calumny. The feet run to evil,—to scenes of dissipation, baseness and corruption. The eye gazes on forbidden objects. The ear listens to the voice of folly and flattery, perhaps to the song of the drunkard or debauchee; and the head yields assent to the most absurd and wicked proposals. When I see a little boy raise his hand to strike his brother, I know very well how *his hand got up there*. It did not go up of itself. It went up at the *bidding of his soul*. His soul was *wicked*.

But if the soul be *benevolent and good*, it will use the body for benevolent and good purposes. Suppose the *angels* were to be furnished with bodies just like yours for a few months, how do you think *they* would use them! I will tell you how. Their knee they would bow to Jesus; with their tongue they would confess him Lord; their feet would run swiftly to do his will; their ears would be open to the voice of wisdom and experience; and their hands would be ready at his bidding to minister to the heirs of salvation.

Now just so, children, should your souls use the bodies which God has given you. God has given you very convenient and pleasant bodies for your souls to live in, and for your souls to use, and in which your souls can be good, and do good, and be happy in this world, and happy forever. And should you not be very thankful for this? Should you not bless and praise God for this?

Some persons suppose, that, though they may not be good, while they live in the body, yet that they shall be good, just as soon as they die, that is, just as soon as the soul quits the

body. But this is altogether a mistake. For it is not so much the body that abuses the soul, as it is the soul that abuses the body. It is not so much the body that leads the soul wrong, as it is the soul that leads the body wrong. It is not so much the body that employs the soul in wickedness, as it is the soul that employs the body in wickedness. The *soul* is the actor; the *soul* is the agent; the *soul* is *first* and *chief* in every transgression. Not a falsehood would the tongue ever utter; not one repining word would ever fall from the lips; not a slander would they ever repeat; not a single unlawful thing would the hands ever do; not a single step in vice or wickedness would the feet ever take, did not the soul, as it were, *force* them to do it. It is a *deceitful heart* that turns them aside. It is a *depraved heart* that makes a bad use of property, of time and of talents; and that makes a bad use of hands, feet, tongue, and all the other powers it possesses. And whether *in* the body, or *out* of the body, it will continue to make this bad use of its powers, so long as it continues depraved and wicked itself. Those, who live and die unsanctified, go into the other world with their hell in them. Could they enter heaven with their depraved thoughts and feelings, they might indeed make heaven less heavenly, but they could not make themselves less miserable. The fact is, they carry with them an *utter disqualification* for anything but *misery*.

But let your souls be converted to God, as we hope and pray may be the case; let them be renewed and sanctified by the Holy Spirit, and then, whether *in* the body, or *out* of the body, you have a fitness for the happiness of heaven. When you go out of the world, you will carry this fitness with you. And while you remain here, you will bless God, that he gave you bodies for your souls to inhabit, and that you may yield your members as instruments of righteousness unto Him; and you will learn and love to use your bodies, as the angels would, if they had them. As we have already seen, (and as, in the language of an able modern commentator, every Christian should do,) ‘they would devote every member of the body to God and to his service. The tongue would be consecrated to his praise, and to the offices of truth, kindness, and benevolence. The hands would be employed in useful labor for him, and for his cause. The feet would be swift in his service, and would never go in the paths of iniquity. The eyes would contemplate his works to excite thanksgiving and praise. The ears would not be employed to listen to words of deceit, or

songs of licentious or dangerous tendency, or to advice, that would lead astray ; but would, on the contrary, be open to catch the voice of God, as he utters his will in the book of truth, or as he speaks in the gale, the zephyr, the rolling thunder, the ocean, or the great events of his providence.' Now he speaks to you, my dear children, every day ; and the angels, if they were in your places, would hear him. He spreads out his glories before your eyes ; and they, if they were in your places, would survey them with admiration and delight. He utters his high commands ; and (if the angels were in your places) their feet, their hands, and their hearts would be ready in an instant to obey. Thus let children—thus let us all do, and we shall indeed be but '*a little lower than the angels.*'

'Thirdly. You should bless God, that he has preserved your souls and bodies, and kept them together so long a time.

Sometimes the soul is permitted to use the body only for a very few months, or weeks, or days, or even hours, or minutes, or seconds ; and then the body is laid aside like a broken vessel, that is no longer worth anything. But God has kindly preserved your bodies and souls together for several years. We have not had to lay any of your little bodies aside,—to put them in the ground, and cover them up decently till the resurrection. We have seen many other little bodies, shorter than any of your bodies, carried along to the grave, but *your* bodies we have not carried there.

Sometimes, too, the soul has a very *feeble* body to dwell in. The body is so full of weakness and pain, that the soul sympathizes and suffers exceedingly. The feet cannot convey it to the places where it would go. The hands cannot accomplish what it would wish. The eyes and ears fail to perform the offices which the soul requires of them. But *your* bodies are in general throughout very strong, healthy and vigorous. Your hands and feet, your eyes and ears, are all sound. Your very countenances are like the freshness of the morning. Indeed, very few children have ever had better bodies than yours for their souls to dwell in. And does all this call for no gratitude ? If *life itself* be an unspeakable blessing, what must it be to *enjoy*, as you do, such an *overflowing tide* of it ! You not only have *life*, but you have it *abundantly*. Oh, how can you sufficiently bless the goodness of God, that your souls and bodies, which have such a fitness and fondness for each other, instead of being separated from one another, are preserved together for so long a time !

Fourthly. *You should bless and praise God, that he has made such provision for your comfort and happiness, while your bodies and souls dwell together in this world.*

The sun, which gives you light and heat, is *his* sun. The air, which refreshes you, and without which you could not breathe, is *his* air. The showers, which water the earth, and cause it to be fruitful, and without which you could not quench your thirst, or feel the refreshings of cleanliness, are sent down by *Him*. The animals which give their fleece for your clothing, or their flesh for your food, are all his gifts. He has provided you clothing in great abundance, and food in rich variety. You have also houses to live in, friends to converse with, fires to keep you warm, and books to read.

And besides all this, almost every thing you *see* gives you pleasure. You love to look out upon the green grass, upon the flowers, the fruits, the trees, the hills and vales, the little lambs, the birds of the air, and the fish that sport in the water. It gives you pleasure to see the snow fall or the icicles hang from the eaves of the houses. Scarcely anything that God has made, gives you any pain to look at. You hardly ever have to shut your eyes, because you do not love to see the objects before you; but, on the contrary, almost everything gives you pleasure. You love to look even at the wing of a bee, or the foot of a fly, or the smallest particle of animated nature through a microscope. You experience a great deal of pleasure in merely *looking* at things. Many times a day you call upon one another to run to the window and see something which you admire. The earth is full of God's goodness. Wherever you look, you may see something to admire, and to show you that God really wishes to make you happy. He has spread out before you the riches of his goodness, and thrown all around you, on every hand, the beauties of his handy-work, for your admiration and enjoyment. And everything he has made will bear the most minute inspection. Even the feather of a living moth, as seen in the microscope, is perfect. Every time, then, you feel happy in looking at anything, you ought to think how good God is; and you ought to praise and bless him for furnishing you with such rich unfailing sources of happiness.

So almost every *sound*, that comes to your ear, is a *pleasant* sound. You love to hear the voice of friendship. You delight to hear the birds, as they sing among the branches. You would consider it a very great calamity were you to be deprived of hearing; and could you no longer hear the whispers of

the breeze, the voice of music, the kind voice of your parents, or any of the ten thousand varied pleasant sounds, which all day long salute your ears.

In like manner, almost every thing you *taste* gives you pleasure. When you are in health, and require food, you do not eat with *loathing*, but with a *relish*. You do not merely take food, because you are compelled to do it in order to preserve life, as you sometimes take medicine ; but it is a real *luxury* for you to eat. You *enjoy* it in a high degree.

In short, which way soever you turn, you meet in some form or other the wonderful goodness of God. And ought you not to bless and praise Him, when he has taken such a lively interest in your welfare, and has done so much to make you comfortable and happy in this world ? He has surrounded you on every side with countless means of happiness ; and ought you not to lift up your heart with your hands and say, ‘ While I live, will I praise the Lord ; I will sing praises to my God, while I have any being ? ’

Fifthly. *You should bless and praise God, that he has made such abundant provision for your perfect and everlasting felicity in the world to come.*

The provisions, which your Heavenly Father has made for your *temporal* happiness, although so rich and so abundant, are as nothing, compared with the provisions he has made for your *eternal* happiness. The sweetest music you ever heard, is jargon and discord, compared to the music of heaven. The most beautiful garden, the richest landscape, the most enchanting prospect your eyes ever beheld, are all as nothing, compared with heaven. The most magnificent city, or the most splendid palace in the whole world, is nothing—nothing at all—compared with the city and palace of the great King of heaven. The gates are all of pearl ; the streets are paved with gold ; and every one, that goes there, *every little child even*, will be a king, and wear a crown. And they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more. And there shall be no *night* there. And there shall be no *death* there. And there shall be no *pain* there. And every want shall be supplied there. And every ~~wish~~ shall be forever gratified. *God himself* shall wipe away their tears. *God himself* will undertake to be their comforter, and to make them happy.

And ought you not to bless and praise God, that he has manifested such an infinite concern and regard for your *immortal interests* ? He has done infinitely more for your *souls*, than

he has for your *bodies*. He has at different times sent down an angel to deliver the *bodies* of his servants ; but to save their *souls* he has sent down his *beloved Son—the delight, the joy, the glory of all heaven* ; and he did this, although he knew his beloved Son could not save you without suffering and dying in your stead. He *did* suffer and die in your stead. And he has now gone back, where he was before, to prepare a most beautiful and most lovely place for you. And he has told you of all this in the Gospel. And you are more abundantly furnished with the means of getting to that glorious place, than you are of getting a livelihood in this world. The provisions of the Gospel are more abundant, than the waters you drink, or even the air you breathe ; and whosoever will, may avail himself of them, and live forever. The husbandman, who plants and sows his grain, hopes and expects to receive a crop ; and in general he *does* receive it, though he is sometimes disappointed. But he, that soweth to the spirit, that is, gives proper attention to his *spiritual* interests, will *never* be disappointed. He will *certainly reap life everlasting*.

I was going to ask you to write this down, that you might never forget it ; but it is already written down, as it were, with the finger of God ; and if you wish to look at it, and read it with your own eyes, you will find it in the Epistle to the Gallatians, the 6th chapter and the 7th and 8th verses : ‘ *Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. He, that soweth to his flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption ; but he, that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.*’

Sixthly and Lastly. *You should bless and praise God, that he has given you a perfect chart of your whole course to heaven.*

You have, so to speak, a complete map of the whole way spread out before you. You have the *Bible* for a *guide book* ; and you may know exactly what direction to take in every instance. Those captains of vessels, who sail from this to Malta, or to any other port, are every one of them furnished with charts, and they direct their vessels according to them. These charts, though they are the very best that can possibly be obtained, are still not always in every respect correct ; and it is, therefore, necessary sometimes to make allowances for their incorrectness. But your chart is a *perfect* one. The captain consults his chart several times a day, and in any case of difficulty he does it even several times an hour ; (do you know I have *actually seen* him do it several times an hour ?) and, if the vessel be deviating but a single point from her true course, it is

immediately detected and corrected. And just such kind of use should you make of your Bibles.

What would be thought of a captain, who never looked at his chart, or at the course of his vessel, except perhaps an hour on Sundays, and all the rest of the week was carried about by winds and currents ! Or what, if he *never* looked at it, except as a mere form and ceremony, because it was the custom, and his father and grandfather used to do it ; but never asking, or so much as *thinking*, whether his vessel was steered according to it, or not ! Would you be willing to take passage in such a vessel ? Would you put any goods on board ? Would you send even a letter by her ? Would such a vessel ever get to Malta ? *Never, Never !* And yet thousands and tens of thousands would think us very uncharitable, if we so much as intimated, that they would never arrive at heaven in just this sort of careless way, seldom or never looking at their chart, the Bible, except out of mere custom.

Suppose a vessel with a valuable cargo on board to sail from this to Malta ; and suppose the captain should be ashamed, (yes, *ashamed*) to be seen consulting his chart, and should be afraid of being ridiculed, if he were so scrupulous as to keep the ship in her course, or even ever to bring her up to her *exact* course,—would you consider him fit to be trusted with such a cargo ? And is a little child, then, fit to be trusted with an *immortal soul*, who is ashamed or afraid to be seen reading his *Bible*,—reading it *frequently*, and *seriously*, and *prayerfully*, and endeavoring to regulate his conduct *exactly* by it ?

O I love to see a captain take down his chart, and consult it carefully and thoughtfully. It teaches me such a lesson in regard to my own duty. What ! shall I be ashamed to consult my *Bible*, when he is not ashamed to consult his *chart* ? I have an infinitely greater interest at stake, than he has. His voyage is but *temporal* ; but I am on the *great voyage to eternity*.

But the captain, with all his care and anxiety, may still never be able to reach the destined port. A thousand unforeseen occurrences may prevent. But, if you take half the pains to ~~arrive at~~ the haven of eternal rest, you will certainly arrive there. *Any little child, who consults his Bible, and governs his conduct accordingly, has infinitely more certainty of arriving at heaven, than any captain, now in port, has of getting to Malta with the best vessel, and best chart, and best seamen, and best management in the world.* Will you not all, then, really try to

get to heaven ? I do assure you, it is not spending your strength for naught.

Such, my dear children, are some of the reasons, why you should bless and praise your Creator. And, if you have no heart to do this, your ingratitude is greater, than can be expressed. You must be numbered with the wicked ones, who never praise God. You belong to their fraternity. You are united with them. You act with them. You have fellowship with them. You take part with the devil and his angels, who never have one grateful, filial, affectionate thought of God. Like them you refuse to bless his infinite goodness, and like them you are unworthy to belong to his blessed Kingdom. And, if you continue thus to take sides with them, you will be included in their sentence, and will be shut up with them forever in the same place of torment, where the name of your benevolent Creator, your kind Preserver and Benefactor, your Father in heaven, who has done so much to make you happy, will never be mentioned with any respect, or with one soft, tender emotion.

But, if you have a heart to praise and love God, you will be like the good angels, who always praise him. You will be like the cherubim and seraphim, who cease not day and night to praise him. You will be like heaven, for all heaven is full of his praise. You will take part with all the saints on high, and all the holy and benevolent in the universe ; for they are all ready to break out with one accord, ‘ Every day will I bless thee ; and I will praise thy name forever and ever.’

Why will you not, then, every one of you, begin to praise and bless and love God now ? He is infinitely worthy of it. Begin *now* ; and you begin a service, which, like the angels, you will never wish to end. Think of him now with affection and gratitude. It may be the first right affection you ever had towards him. Begin now ; it may be the *commencement* of right feeling. It may be the beginning of a series of right thoughts and happy feelings, which will continue, and strengthen, and increase forever and ever. Amen.

LETTER TO A SON

ON HIS LEAVING HOME TO RESIDE AS A CLERK IN A DISTANT CITY.

B—, May 15, 1836.

MY DEAR SON:—The period when a young man leaves his father's house, no more to return to it as a regular member of the same household, is justly regarded as one of the most important eras of his life. He is then to form those connections, and to exhibit those traits of character, in the view of impartial judges, which will determine in a great degree his success in the business of life, and the estimation in which he is to be held. A false step then may be followed by very disastrous consequences, while an upright and honorable course can scarcely fail to conciliate favor.

The inquiry then is naturally made, 'In what do the peculiar perils of this new situation consist?' To be fully aware of the nature of the danger which threatens us, is a most important means of safety. In the present case, your principal danger arises from the loss of those *influences* which cluster around the parental board. In providing these, the wisdom and the goodness of our heavenly Father is especially manifested. Filled as the world is with depraving influences, there is in the deep and strong feeling of attachment, which binds together the members of the same family, a principle which counteracts those depraving influences, and whose tendency is to lead to virtue. Even in families where no real piety is found, the mutual affection of husbands and wives, of parents and children, and of brothers and sisters, usually acts as a powerful restraint upon the more selfish and debasing passions and propensities of a corrupt heart. The ruin to which a vicious course naturally tends is, in general, easily perceived, and hence, men who have no love for virtue, strive to save from the practice of the grosser vices, those whom they sincerely love.

What is thus true, even in families who are not influenced by religious views in their desire to restrain each other from the love and practice of vice, but only by a regard to temporary interest and reputation, is eminently true of those families in which real piety prevails. In these an influence is felt which, more than all things else, tends to preserve every member from the dangers arising from inexperience, and from vicious natural

propensities. I will endeavor, in the remainder of this letter, to point out some of the influences to which I now refer, and first I will allude to the influence of the **DEVOTIONS OF THE FAMILY.**

The amount and value of this influence, like most of the others to which I am to allude, it is difficult, perhaps impossible, for one who has always been subject to it, fully to estimate. The place of our habitation is by this means converted into a temple of the living God. As in the latter we feel a holy awe and reverence taking possession of the mind, and checking every emotion inconsistent with the sanctity of the place, so in the family residence dedicated to the morning and evening service of our heavenly Father, there is a sense of sacredness, from the influence of which it is not easy to escape, and which constantly reminds us of the presence of Him to whom the family altar is dedicated. To sin in such a place is far more difficult than in places not thus consecrated, and we enjoy, in our own houses, the benefit of what the Psalmist longed for, when he said, ‘blessed are they who *dwell* in thy house ; they will be still praising thee.’ The influence which arises from invoking the blessing of God upon our daily food, and of thanking him for our daily supplies, is of the same nature. If performed in a proper and devout manner, it reminds us anew of him in whose constant presence we are ; it leads us to feel our dependance in the least as well as in the greatest things, and associates him with all our enjoyments, thus conferring upon him the endearing character of a beneficent Father.

The next influence of which I shall speak, is that of **FILIAL AFFECTION.** To this I have already alluded, but it stands in need of farther illustration. In the character of every parent, who is not wholly given over to brutalizing vices, there is a degree of sacredness which calls instinctively for the reverence of his children, and seldom indeed, except in the most profligate, is the call unheard or unregarded. In the case of a virtuous and pious parent, this sacredness is still more observable, and its influence far more happy. In the mind of every child there is a deep conviction that the affection of his parents is most sincere and disinterested—that though all others may have sinister views in their intercourse with him, his parents have but one wish respecting him, and that that wish is wholly for his good. The influence of moral rectitude in correcting the judgments of the intellect, is strikingly exhibited in the intercourse of parent and child. We lament the feebleness of our

understandings; but in how few practical questions would our minds be left in doubt, if our moral natures were not perverted? How clear sighted are parents in regard to that which constitutes the true interest of their children! Hence the child relies not only on the good wishes of his parents, but upon their opinions, also, respecting his interests. On ordinary occasions, therefore, their wishes are his law,—a law which he obeys cheerfully, because he both loves and confides in the lawgiver.

This influence is far from being confined to those cases in which the opinions and wishes of his parent have been directly made known to him, but by an easy analogy he extends the parental law to cases which, perhaps, were never in the mind of the parent, but upon which a knowledge of his character and principles will enable the child easily to anticipate the judgment of the parent.

A young man, with whom I was familiar in ——— College, had fallen under the influence of corrupt companions, and was led into such irregularities, that the Faculty of the College judged it no longer safe for him to continue his connection with the institution. He was accordingly dismissed, and was required to return home to his parents and family. After an absence of some months, application was made to the Faculty in his behalf, and such an account was given of his amendment, that he was again restored to his class. His companions who had before led him astray, were soon after his return, engaged in a series of offences, for which they were required to make suitable acknowledgments, with an intimation that if they failed to do it, they would be dismissed. They each declared publicly, that they would make no acknowledgment, and that they were quite ready and willing to be dismissed. In this conjuncture they appealed to their companion who had recently been restored, in full confidence that he would encourage them in their resolution. In this, however, they were entirely disappointed.

He told them that he had felt as they did so long as he was surrounded by those who gave their countenance and approbation to his conduct, and that he had left the college triumphing in the goodness of his cause. No sooner, however, had he parted from them, and taken his seat in the stage-coach, than his confidence began to abate. In half an hour the college was left behind him, the influence of his companions, and of the artificial state of society which belongs to a college life began to be dissipated; and, long before he had reached the end of

his first day's journey, he saw clearly the folly and madness into which he had been betrayed. The image of his father, to whom he was about to return, now occupied that place in his mind which had been recently filled by that of companions equally misguided with himself, and he saw intuitively the judgment which that parent would pronounce upon his conduct. 'I would have given the world,' said he, 'had I possessed it, could I then have been restored to my recent connection with the college; and, confident as you may now be, while supported by one another, I know that you will feel very differently when you come to meet your parents.'

The influence of parents, who are really respectable, is almost unlimited, and was plainly designed as the principal means of forming the plastic minds of their children. When exercised in a proper manner, it is scarcely felt, and yet is sufficient to form to virtue the wayward and erring mind of youth. You have seen a balancer poise a long rod upon his finger—with what care he keeps it upright, and how very slight are the movements by which he prevents its fall! And yet not a moment passes in which he does not correct its downward tendency as it inclines, now in one direction, now in another, ever deviating from perfect rectitude, and at every moment restored. Place the end of the same rod upon the ground, or in an unskilful hand, and how soon and how certainly it will fall. In one respect, it is true, this comparison is not perfect. There are often other influences which operate upon the youthful mind, and which tend to regulate it in the absence of parental influence, but there is no other hand so delicate, no other eye so sure in detecting his wayward propensities.

In my next letter I may speak of other useful influences, of which you are deprived by your separation from home, but in the mean time, I hope that you will consider well those of which I have now spoken.

Yours, &c. ———.

THE FIRESIDE.

THE SILVER PENCIL CASE.

From the Papers of a School Teacher.

JULIA STEVENS was a member of the Female Seminary in B. when I first took charge of it some years since. She was then about ten years old, and was rather tall for her years. The general expression of her countenance was mild and pleasing, but she was easily excited to anger when at play with her companions, and then her countenance, like that of other peevish or angry people, was by no means attractive. She was, in reality, rather good-tempered and kind, by nature, but her education had been neglected, and hence she often manifested dispositions and feelings which rendered her peculiarly disagreeable to her associates.

Her father was actively engaged in mercantile business, and by incessant industry was increasing in wealth, notwithstanding the necessary expenses of a large family, who were wholly dependant upon his exertions. He was a kind father, ever ready to do all in his power to render his children respectable and happy, but was prevented by his close attention to business, from seeing them as much as was desirable. Her mother I never saw, but have learned that she was a kind and affectionate parent. Being occupied with the care of several younger children, and having very inadequate views of the nature of education, she paid but little attention to Julia, whom, indeed, she saw but little, on account of her daily absence at school.

Notwithstanding all these unfavorable circumstances, Julia enjoyed one advantage of inestimable value. Her parents were pious people, and though their situation had led them, in some degree, to neglect her moral education, the instructions which they had occasionally given her were good, and their example was, in many respects, useful. The prominent defect in their character, was a too worldly spirit. Their inquiry 'What shall we eat, and what shall we drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed?' was made with too little reliance upon the good providence of their heavenly Father, who knew that they had 'need of all these things.' They toiled day and night to support themselves and their growing family, and in this they were right;—their fault consisted in separating

their business from their religion; and though the Bible was read morning and evening in their family they did not sufficiently carry its spirit into their daily cares and concerns.

With such parents, Julia had not found it very difficult to divert her mind from those religious impressions which their conversation, and that of her Sabbath School teachers, had sometimes made upon her mind; and, at the time when I first knew her, her manners were unpolished, her tones of voice, when engaged at play with her companions, loud and boisterous, and her whole character was deeply tinged with selfishness. When offended, she sometimes resorted to mean ways of taking revenge. She would privately throw down and trample upon the bonnets and shawls of those with whom she was offended, and if detected, she would ascribe it all to accident. So notorious had her conduct, in this respect, become, that when any accident occurred to the property of the young ladies in the school, it was usually ascribed to her malice or love of mischief.

Her regard for truth was far from being sacred, and this trait of character, which seldom escapes detection for any considerable time, was soon well understood by her companions. She was sometimes

strongly suspected, also, of taking small articles from the desks of her companions, though she would have taken nothing of much real value, as her education, defective as it was, had taught her the deep criminality of theft. She had permitted herself, however, to distinguish between taking small articles and such as were of more importance, and had not reflected that the nature of both acts is the same, and that those who ultimately become infamous for theft, usually begin with taking things of small value.

There was a custom in the school, that when the pupils chanced to find an article belonging to any of their companions, they laid it, or an advertisement respecting it, upon my desk, that the owner might be able to find it. On one occasion, a SILVER PENCIL CASE was laid upon my desk, that I might give the usual notice to the school. It was not a very valuable one, and though it was repeatedly advertised, no owner appeared. It had probably belonged to some one who had left school about that time.

After a few days had passed, Julia came one day to my desk, when no one but myself was near, and requested that she might look at the pencil case, saying that she had lately lost one. I handed it to her, and she examined it for some

time, expressing many doubts whether it was not in fact hers, and ending with a request that she might carry it home, and show it to her brother, who would know, as she said, whether it was hers or not. I gave it to her, but expressed some surprise that she should not know her own property, and was inwardly convinced that it was her design to appropriate the article to herself, on account of the true owner not appearing.

Nearly a year passed away, and nothing more was said respecting the pencil case, and during most of this time, her character and manners continued the same. In the mean time, every exertion was made by the teachers in the school to cultivate the moral powers of the pupils, and to induce them to act under the influence of religious principle. At length, I observed that Julia was becoming rather a favorite with her companions, who had formerly shunned her; and upon observing her more closely, I perceived that her manners had evidently changed, greatly for the better. She was kind and gentle in her intercourse with the other members of the school, and was even studious to promote their happiness. Her lessons, also, were recited far better; she was seldom absent or tardy, and was always contriving some

little expedient to render herself useful to the teachers or to her companions. One morning she came to me with considerable embarrassment in her manner, and handing me a paper, said 'There is a pencil case, which I borrowed of you a good while ago: I am sorry I did not bring it back before.' I saw the workings of her mind, and respected her integrity too much to comment upon the transaction. I merely replied, as I received it, 'Very well.' She then mingled again with her companions, and as I observed her countenance, occasionally, during the remainder of the recess, I thought I had seldom seen a happier one.

A few days afterwards, I saw her father, and in speaking of her, I expressed my satisfaction at the manifest improvement in her character. He then told me what I had not known before, and what at the same time fully accounted for the change which I had observed. For some months past, her attention had been turned in a peculiar manner to her own spiritual condition, and the result of her anxious inquiries had hopefully been a change of heart. She was now trusting in the mercy of God, through a Redeemer, and was striving to 'bring forth fruits meet for repentance.' She had formerly sought to be happy without the love of God,

and was generally discontented and miserable ; she had regarded only her own enjoyments, but failed to obtain any permanent satisfaction ; now the single sentiment of love to her Savior rendered her happy wherever she was, and her happiness was communicated to all who saw her. She loved her companions, and was in turn loved and respected by them. Truly, 'Godliness has the promise both of the life that now is, and of that which

PHILIP, AND HIS GARDEN.

PHILIP's papa had given him a nice piece of ground for a garden ; there were several rose trees growing on the border, and two or three gooseberry bushes, with some flower roots, and slips of different shrubs. There were also an apple and a plum tree. Philip, greatly delighted, promised himself much pleasure and credit too, from this garden : he determined to make it the neatest and best managed spot on his papa's land.

No sooner were the lessons of the morning finished, but you might see little Philip with busy and important looks, carrying his small spade

the lawn, and going diligently to work in his garden : it was carefully dug, and then raked, and presented a very clean and pretty appearance. His papa, to encourage such industrious habits, gave him a number of seeds, and told him what was the proper season for sowing each kind. Then as spring advanced, he bade Philip take

care to let no weeds fix themselves in the soil, but to watch the young plants as they sprung up, and protect them from injury.

For some time Philip observed his papa's directions ; but after a while he became tired of bestowing so much attention ; and satisfied that a hard day's work would put his garden in order whenever he was inclined to take the trouble, he gave himself very little concern about it, and suffered it to remain for several weeks in a state of the greatest neglect.

One morning his papa called to him, as he was amusing himself on a distant part of the lawn, and walked with him to his little garden : it was in a very flourishing condition, so far as appearances went, for every thing looked quite green ; but Philip knew that the greater part of those fine plants ought, long ago, to have been rooted out.

'Pray, Philip,' said his pa-

pa, 'which are the flowers, and which the weeds, in this garden of yours?'

'Indeed, papa, I hardly know, it is the worst soil I ever saw: the weeds come up so thick, and grow so fast, that it is not possible to keep the ground clear from them.'

'Not possible, Philip!'

'I mean, it is *hardly* possible, papa: unless I was to give up all my play hours, and work like a slave, I could not keep my garden in any decent order. Why did you give me such a spot, where weeds grow faster than I can root them out?'

'It is in no way different from the rest of the soil, my dear. If I paid as little attention to my garden, as you do to yours, it would be in the same state.'

'That is very provoking,' said Philip.

'It is very lamentable,' replied his papa; 'when we consider the reason of it.'

'What can the reason be, papa, that weeds *will* thrive, do what you can to hinder them, and useful plants take so much labor and care to bring them forward?'

'I am surprised at that question, Philip. Have you forgotten the sentence pronounced in consequence of Adam's disobedience; "Cursed is the ground for thy sake: in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life: thorns

also, and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." This accounts for the abundance of useless and noxious weeds; while the labor requisite to cultivate what is valuable, is expressed in those few emphatic words; "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." On this little plot of ground, Philip, we now behold a sad, though silent testimony to the certainty of God's word—a fulfilment of what was declared nearly 6000 years ago.'

Philip seemed surprised, he looked thoughtful, and at last said, 'I wonder how it is that I never recollected this, when fretting to see my garden so full of nettles, and other rubbish.'

'It is the blindness of our hearts,' replied his papa, 'that renders us so slow to perceive what God has placed continually before our eyes. There is not an object in the creation but would lead our minds to the Creator, and to his Word, if those minds were not like the ground before us, fertile in producing all that is bad, and never giving birth, even to a good thought, without assistance.'

'If such is the nature of the ground, Papa,' said Philip, 'I do not deserve much blame for the state my garden is in. You see, weeds *will* grow.'

'That is so far from excusing your indolence, that the knowledge of it ought to make

you doubly watchful and diligent. If I reasoned like you, and left my garden to its fate, our table would be unprovided with vegetables, and we should have but little fruit. Labor is the lot of man : to compel him to it, God has thus smitten the earth with a curse : but when humbly and cheerfully submitted to, that very curse produces a blessing, through the continual goodness of our Lord, who in wrath remembereth mercy.'

'What blessing, papa?'

'Health, and abundance : the supply of our own wants, and ability to relieve those of others ; and thus likewise is it with our souls. Far, very far, gone from original righteousness, the imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth : yea, every imagination of the thoughts of his heart is only evil continually. The fruits that spring up in the fleshly soil of the carnal mind are poisonous, and bring death to the soul : before it can be made to yield the fruits of the Spirit, it must be changed, and turned more completely than you turned this earth with your spade, and the good seed of the Word carefully sown ; and the heavenly dew of Divine grace, the beams of the Sun of Righteousness, must visit it continually ; or all the labor that we can bestow is vain.'

'What is the Sun of Righteousness, papa?'

'Jesus Christ : He alone

gives light to a world darkened by sin. The sun possesses light and heat in itself, and communicates them to this globe on which we live ; and so it is that Jesus Christ, who has in himself the light of life, and the perfection of righteousness, imparts both, to those who believe. You know what He says, "While ye have light, believe in the light, that ye may be the children of light." Man, like the earth, is under a curse : but the Lord Jesus Christ, to redeem us from it, consented to become a curse for us, and to suffer the penalties of our guilt. And now He, the Sun of Righteousness, is risen, with healing on his wings, and shines upon our souls, from his throne of glory in the heavens, far more brightly than the sun, in the firmament yonder, shines upon our heads. Observe, Philip, by the light of that sun you may easily distinguish the weeds that infest your garden, and carefully remove them from it : in like manner, the light of the Gospel will show you the many evil things that defile your heart and life, and encourage you with the promise of Divine help, to use all diligence in overcoming them. The longer you neglect the work, the more difficult you will find it. You may suppose it will be as easy a week hence as now : but you are mistaken : every day the root strikes

deeper, and becomes more fixed; the stem acquires strength, the branches spread, and the wholesome plants that you wish to preserve, will either be choked beneath them, or so entangled, that you must pull up all together. Go to work, immediately, my boy; and let me not apply to you the reproach of the wise man, 'I went by the field of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof.'"

Philip's papa walked away after saying this; and the little boy lost no time in commencing the work of reformation in his garden.

This was no easy task: the weeds had overgrown the flowers, and twined themselves about their tender roots; and many a delicate little plant of mignonette, larkspur, sweet pea, and other nice annuals, did poor Philip behold, unintentionally pulled up with the weeds, and lying withered among them: besides, he got some severe stings from the nettles; and several had struck so deep, that the stem broke when he pulled violently to uproot it; leaving him the prospect of seeing it shoot up again; and, in the mean time, it would be draining the nourishment of the soil from the better plants around it. Moss

had covered the crooked arms of the gooseberry bushes, of which their sickly looks showed the bad effects; and, in tearing it off, he was continually scratched by the thorns, now grown quite numerous and sharp. Still, he persevered, though with less good temper than he began: and when the dinner-bell rang, he left his employment, tired and dirty, with scarcely one quarter of his work properly done.

His papa perceived his discontented looks, and the numerous scars that disfigured his hands, but took no notice. After dinner, they walked upon the lawn, and Philip proposed returning to his work. 'To stoop down immediately after eating a hearty meal,' replied his papa, 'that is not wholesome: but let us see what you have already done.' They walked to the spot; and Philip beheld with grief, the sickly drooping aspect of the plants, now free from weeds, and the naked, broken appearance of the soil, that seemed so green and flourishing before.

'This is the consequence of neglecting the work too long, Philip: the roots of these flowers have been rudely shaken, and their leaves suddenly exposed to the sun, from which they were before screened by the tall weeds: but do not let this discourage you. Proceed in removing all that

ought not to be here : the dew of evening will revive your sickly plants, and they will acquire fresh vigor from the absence of their worthless companions.'

'Gardening is troublesome work,' remarked Philip, as he carefully smoothed down a part of the rugged surface of the bed.

'It is instructive work,' replied his papa; 'and it is a sweet occupation, when properly carried on. To dress and to keep the garden of Eden, was the employment of man in his first blessed state of innocence and holiness, before sin had called down the wrathful denunciation to till the ground from whence he was taken. I have already pointed out to you the resemblance between this earth and man's heart in its polluted state; and, oh! my child, how can we enough admire and adore the long-suffering, the patient forbearance, with which the Lord deigns to work on the stubborn soil of these hearts, to check the ever-growing weeds of pride, envy, discontent, disobedience, unbelief, and the innumerable sins that hourly grieve his Holy Spirit! How tenderly He nourishes, supports, revives, and ripens the few good plants that have there taken root under His hand! Have you not been tempted to wish, Philip, in the course of your labor this morning, that

the garden had never been your's? and did you not consider the trouble and vexation far more, than all the pleasure and profit you hoped to derive from it?'

'Indeed, papa, I cannot deny that I felt so; and, only that it would have been like despising your kind gift, I would let it remain a wilderness of weeds for ever.'

'Then think what is the loving-kindness of God our Savior, whose own will being the sole and sovereign guide of all His doings, He might justly have left us to perish in our polluted state: and would never have missed our paltry world from the immense creation which He sways. Yet tenderly regarding us, the Lord bears long, and patiently, with our continual offences; and it is not until he sees his mercy obstinately rejected, that he utters the terrible sentence, "Let him alone," a sentence which leaves the sinner to be filled with the fruit of his own devices, and to reap the wages of sin in everlasting death.'

'Papa,' said Philip, 'I shall now find enough to think of while I am working in my garden, and I will pray, that my thoughts may be profitable to me.'

'Right, my dear boy, the apostle tells us to do all things to the glory of God; and this employment may bring much

glory to him, in the improvement of our souls. Let it also be a lesson to you, not to defer the work of rooting out whatever you know to be wrong in your temper or conduct. Evil thoughts and inclinations are best checked on their first rising—they acquire new strength from every neglected moment. Remember, we are to be fellow-workers with God, and what an honor is that, Philip! It is ours to plant, and to water, His to give the increase. We must labor to sow the word of divine truth in our own hearts, and those of all around us, seeking in prayer the blessing, without which we should spend our strength for nought. You expect your garden to recompense your toil, by bearing rich fruit and fragrant flowers: do not forget that God requires the same return from you; and that the doom of the unprofitable servant is that of the barren tree, “Cut it down—why cumbereth it the ground!” and ponder often upon those solemn words, “The earth which drinketh in the rain that cometh oft upon it, and bringeth forth herbs, meet for them by whom it is dressed, receiveth blessing from God: but that which beareth thorns and briars is rejected, and is nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned.”’

For the Religious Magazine.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.

BY A CLERGYMAN'S DAUGHTER. NO. III.

SOME of the pleasantest remembrances of my childhood are connected with an ancient looking mansion in my father's parish. It was situated on a gentle swell, and commanded a beautiful prospect of hill and dale and distant mountains. Gigantic maples and elms, which seemed to belong to another century, were scattered in rich profusion over the extensive ground, while in front of the dwelling, the more trim and modern poplar shot up its taper spire towards heaven. Within—the lengthened mirrors, the dark and massive mahogany, the richly carved Indian cabinet, and the gaudy, heavily framed fillagree,—all brought from the land beyond the sea more than a century before, conveyed to my youthful fancy, a dim shadowing of lordly magnificence. Nor was this impression weakened by the

venerable occupant. He, too, belonged to the age gone by. His youthful recollections reached back to the early struggles of the pioneers—the vigor of his days had been passed in that period which tried men's souls, and ended by placing our country in a proud position among the nations—while the evening of his days had worn placidly away under the shade of the trees his own hand had planted. At an early period, before the commencement of the revolutionary war, he took the pastoral charge of the little church in that secluded spot, and for many years he ministered to them in holy things. But a root of bitterness at length sprung up, and he had long since ceased to be their pastor. Still he continued to reside among them; enjoying and imparting with a princely hospitality, a rich paternal inheritance, and endeavoring to benefit those whose fathers, once the recipients of his instructions, had long since passed to the grave. When I first saw him, nearly eighty winters had passed over his head; but his dignified form was yet unbent; his step was firm and vigorous, and his voice had the full rich tones of early manhood. His mind was not darkened, nor his heart chilled by age; and his thoughts conveyed in highly polished language, and enlivened by flashes of wit both delicate and keen, showed that his mind was cast in no ordinary mould. He was distinguished as a scholar, at a period when education had not been *'made easy'*; he was deeply imbued with the spirit and the love of literature, and now when the sensible objects were losing their hold on his mind, a richly furnished library afforded him exhaustless stores of enjoyment. The settlement of a faithful pastor awakened the fire of devotion in the old man's heart, and revived those feelings, which, though never extinct, had yet been hid and smouldering in his own bosom. At that period the Sabbath School with its healing and purifying influences, had not climbed every hill, and penetrated every valley in our land. The *'church going'* parishioners were widely scattered, and during the season of intermission on the Sabbath, the young were left without guide or director to spend the hour as they pleased. The venerable patriarch saw and lamented the evil. He gathered us around him, instructed us in our duty, and ardently entreated us to give our hearts to the Saviour. Then his voice would ascend in fervent supplication that we might be preserved from the temptations which surrounded us. He prayed as one who knew the fearful power of the spell which this world throws around the heart of the young—as one who felt that nothing but Almighty grace could turn their thoughts and their hopes from earth to heaven. Those pray-

ers ! methinks their hallowed influence breathes around me still—there was a richness of scriptural allusion, a fervor of petition, a power of calling up all the promises of the gospel, and turning them into pleas for mercy, that I have rarely seen equalled, never I think excelled. But alas ! moral darkness—darkness that might be felt, brooded over that region ; and the patriarch, and the pastor, could but echo the lamentation of the prophet, Lord who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed.

* * * * *

It was summer, and a bright and balmy sabbath morn. The hour of worship has arrived, but there is no gathering around the sequestered village church. But at an early hour might be seen vehicles of every description, collecting by the door of that ancient mansion. Many too were seen slowly wending their way on foot, and entering the same dwelling ; the aged with a subdued and reverend air, as if the tender memories of other years were busy at their hearts, and the young with a look and manner in which eager curiosity and awe were strangely mingled. Age had now laid his withering hand heavily on the venerable man. His locks which were long since blanched to snowy whiteness, had been suffered to remain unshorn, and fell even upon his shoulders. His step was feeble, and his firm full voice had become broken and tremulous. The immortal spirit was cramped by the decay of its frail tenement, and mental imbecility approached in its most painful form. The powers decaying—and yet full consciousness of that decay. The mind becoming weak and powerless, and still the judgment retaining sufficient vigor to feel the extent of its weakness. He could no longer enter the house of God, but the worship of that Being in whose presence he hoped shortly to be, to go no more out forever, was still dear to his heart. This day was to be one of peculiar interest, and he craved the privilege of having his own dwelling ‘where prayer was wont to be made,’ the sanctuary for that occasion. He was seated in an arm chair which had been his companion for many a long year, and the pastor after a brief but respectful salutation, took a seat by his side. The services commenced. The pastor’s manner was always earnest and solemn, but calm. But on that day, there was a going out of the whole soul in his devotions, a tone of deep yet subdued joy while his voice ascended in fervent thanksgiving for new tokens of love that touched the cords of every heart and unsealed the fountains of every eye. And

when the prayer and the simple song of praise were ended, he again appealed to his beloved people in the spirit of that touching expostulation, 'Turn ye, for why will ye die.' For many a long year he had repeated his intreaties almost in vain. The aged had passed down to the grave, and the man of God had stood by their death bed in silent anguish, after having in vain striven to awaken repentance in their seared hearts. He had seen the young passing from the bright period of childhood, to the activity of youth, yet regardless of eternity. Here and there indeed, a solitary conscience was awakened, and a softened penitent heart welcomed the glad tidings of the gospel. But when he looked around and saw so many immortal spirits pushing onward to eternity with a course resistless and unceasing, his heart well nigh sunk within him. Faith in the promises of his covenant God ; faith in the efficacy of divine truth alone sustained him. On this day, faith seemed brightened to joyous hope, as he appealed to the hearts of the young, and entreated them to turn to the Savior.

At the close of the usual services, a little band collected by a table on which were placed the sacramental vessels and symbols, and the candidate for admission to the church was desired to present himself. A tall and pale young man, with traces of melancholy thought on his still youthful countenance, stepped forward. It was my brother—the first born son of the pastor—the child of prayers, of hopes and of tears. It was the first fruits too, of his labors, and the first answer to his prayers in his own family, for hitherto we had followed the multitude, and the petitions for our salvation which had been wafted to heaven each morning and evening, and during the silent watches of the night, had been till now apparently unheard. Christian parents ! who have known the anguish of weeping year after year over impenitent children, you can judge of the joy of that moment. And let such parents take courage ; the promise, though long delayed, will not fail.

That faithful parent and unwearied pastor is now in heaven. One son, the child of his old age, whose opening morning was full of high promise and hope to a widowed mother's heart, has already joined his parent in the Alleluias around the eternal throne ; and through the long suffering, forbearance, and covenant love of our father's God, we all trust when our pilgrimage on earth is closed, that we may

Rejoice, no wanderer lost
A family in heaven.

Portland Jan. 1837.

L.

From the 'Philosophy of Benevolence.'

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A MISERLY CHRISTIAN.

THE love of money, when it has reached a certain pitch, leaves the character a total wreck, and becomes to itself a source of fearful retribution. The penal inflictions which follow from violating the law of beneficence in our own constitution, are more to be dreaded than all that group of haggard evils which follow in the train of abject destitution. The fate of the poor man, who retains the social sympathies is enviable, compared with that of the rich miser.

The admonitions to the duty in question which arise from this quarter, cannot be better exhibited, perhaps, than by presenting a short sketch of the life and death of a man by the name of James Harding, who had been many years a merchant in the city of ———, but who spent a few of the last years of his life on a retired farm near the village of ———. He was a man in single life, having refrained from marriage to avoid the expense of supporting a family. Being of an enterprising turn, he had declined, in his youth, the proffered assistance of his friends to start him in business, preferring to lay the foundation of his own fortune, and had embarked in commercial speculations, in which he was soon crowned with unexampled success. To save money he lived by himself, having a single domestic to attend to his few and simple wants; and in this situation, he had passed more than forty years of his truly self-denying life. He allowed himself no more intercourse with men than his money-making schemes rendered necessary; and even this little was like the contact of flint with steel, throwing out in every direction the sparks of angry passions. His hatred of men was owing in part to the heavy losses which he had experienced by their treachery, a subject to which he could never allude without betraying a wildness of manner, which but too clearly indicated the shattered state of his mind. He would approach this part of his history much as we should suppose a man would the edge of a precipice, from which his wife and children had been plunged into the arms of death below. These losses, together with his natural propensity for hoarding, had perhaps about equally divided between them the influence under which his character had been moulded into the incurable habits of a miser.

From having long restricted himself within the limits of personal comfort, to repair his losses and accumulate wealth, he continued to do so after his income was a hundred times greater than his expenditures. Indeed, he had come to be one of that class whose desire of gold is entirely independent of the comforts, honors, pleasures or other advantages which it may procure: for as to comforts, he allowed himself none; as to honor, he cared not a farthing what the world thought of him; and of pleasure he was the mortal enemy. His character afforded demonstration to the doctrine, that a love of hoarding is a primary element of our nature; for it was only on this principle that such a mysterious anomaly of human existence could be explained.

What rendered him still more mysterious was, that he should have been from early life a member of the church, a firm believer of evangelical doctrines, and fond of reading prolix works of divinity, especially if well spiced with those ultra views which lie in the neighborhood of antinomianism. No man advocated the necessity of the Spirit's influences in regeneration more strongly than he,—said more in favor of experimental religion, or even devised more plans of doing good. He had been calculating many years to support a minister from his own resources, (for it had pleased God, he said, to give him enough,) and was only prevented by his inability to find one in his estimation deserving of a support. It was easy to perceive, however, that these remaining elements of religion were the result of a disturbed conscience, the fear of death, or rather the apprehension of being torn from his immense treasures.

These circumstances kept alive the dying embers of religion so far as to make him miserable, and lead him to form resolution after resolution of devoting a portion of his money to the cause of God.

But his benevolence evaporated in mere resolutions; for, when the crisis for acting came, his money was always wanting. Indeed, it was impossible to approach him or treat him with ordinary civility, without awakening his suspicion that you had some design upon his purse; and the agents of charitable institutions were objects of his implacable disgust.

A little incident occurred soon after he went upon his farm, that may serve to illustrate the peculiar feelings of the man. The Christian friends in the neighborhood, not fully understanding his character, took the liberty, in one of those interviews

which were common among them, to invite Mr. Harding. And as he had long been in the fruitless search of what he called congenial spirits, and thinking that he might, perhaps, find them among his new neighbors, he so far departed from his usual course as to comply with the invitation. They were accustomed in these interviews to appoint a chairman, and proceed regularly to the discussion of some doctrine or duty for their mutual instruction. It so happened on this occasion, that the subject under discussion was the duty of Christians in regard to the use of money. Mr. Harding had not long listened to the discussion, before he became suspicious that it was all a contrived plan to extort from him his money; when, his feelings taking fire, he sprang upon his feet, poised one elbow upon a piece of furniture, and with a demeanor peculiar to himself, which cannot be better described than by comparing it to the motions of a beast of prey about to pounce upon its victim, he began with one or two abortive attempts at articulation. ‘Y-a—y-a—yes, I see who I am with—priest-ridden, deluded men; I see what you want. Like children, you put your hands over your eyes, and then think nobody can see you; you didn’t know that I could see you through and through, did ye? You have contrived a fine plan to get my money—ah! But I can assure you, you will leave off where you begun.’

This unmanly insinuation, the chairman of the meeting, who was chiefly concerned in inviting him, would have resented, but for his fear of interrupting the course of the discussion. He therefore, simply said, that he knew himself to be the only one on whom such a suspicion could fall, as he had invited the attendance of Mr. Harding, and he hoped, therefore, the rest of the gentlemen would feel themselves exonerated from it. ‘And as to myself,’ he added, ‘confident that my friends present and the world know me to be incapable of so mean an action, I shall say no more.’

But Mr. Harding having poured off the first effervescence of his feelings, began to talk rather more coolly. ‘I do not believe,’ said he, ‘that it is any way to lay out money on these man-made ministers. But give me such ministers as they had in old times, holy men of God that did not preach for money, but as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, and I’d give all I’m worth but that they should be supported. I have always been seeking to lay out my money for religion, but could never find any to lay it out for. Your societies that make so much

noise in the world, are mere catch-penny schemes, to give support to a set of lazy, worthless fellows ; and I would rather have my money in the bottom of the ocean than in their hands. As for myself, I think the heathen better off as they are, than with missionaries, unless they are better than any I know. That I have not given my money to God is the fault of others, not my own, for if they had done as they ought, they might have had it.'

Mr. Harding, we have remarked already, had spent his life in the self-denying and laborious pursuit of money, having never relaxed till forced by the iron hand of necessity. Though strictly honest, in the common acceptance, there was no meanness, and no rigor of exaction upon those in his power, to which he would not descend, in slaking his groveling propensities. What he got he never allowed to escape him. When his health became so impaired as to render further attention to business impossible, he brought his affairs in the city of ——— to a close, and retired to a small farm in the neighborhood of which we have spoken. The idea of a rural retreat had long flourished in his imagination, as furnishing a pleasant contrast to the toils of business, and the hated throngs which surrounded him ; being also consecrated by the endeared recollections of his childhood. Indeed, he was one of that class who have the folly to think, that a return to the condition they were in, in the days of comparative innocence, will restore the joy of those days.

He was determined to his present residence, partly by its retired situation, being a little farm surrounded by hills, a few miles from the village of ——— ; partly by its proximity to the city, in which he had invested most of his great estate ; but more still by the fact that he held a mortgage against the former owner for money loaned, which enabled him to obtain it a great bargain. The house itself was in the fashion of a hundred years ago, having that exuberance of timber which resulted from its abundance at the time it was built, and was every way fitted to resist the shock of passing years. The rooms were spacious, and derived from the projection of huge beams and posts several inches beyond the plastering, as also from the massy rocks in the base of the chimney and sides of the fireplaces, a peculiarly rude and romantic appearance.

Every thing around the house, also, was in keeping with its interior. It stood in the midst of a cluster of ancient elms, whose thick branches enclosed it on every side, and the con-

tact of which at numerous points, produced, at the least stirring of the wind, sounds the most doleful imaginable. And to complete the gloomy picture, a wall surrounded the whole, which terminated in a barn and cow-shed, all of huge, rough stones, that, owing to their shaded condition, were covered with moss. Thus, the whole scene was every way fitted to the character and furniture of the new tenant. As for furniture, he had none, except a few old oaken chairs that he was induced to buy, because he thought they would never wear out; a desk, at which, from the time of his first going into business, he had made out all his accounts, and which he now regarded with a superstitious veneration; a bedstead, upon which he had slept more than forty years; and only so many other things as are indispensable to housekeeping. His family, consisting only of himself and an old domestic, whom long habit had reconciled to his mode of life, he contrived to support by cultivating the farm, an occupation to which he had been accustomed in early life, and to which he now reverted with that fondness, with which age regards the objects familiar to its childhood. In this situation he had passed a few years as quietly as was possible for a mind goaded with remorse, and cankering with the love of money like his, till his wreck of a constitution yielded to the pressure of infirmity, and sunk into the arms of death. A few days after the interview alluded to above, he was seized with a cold, which brought on a fever, and confined him to his bed. Still, his disease might have been removed by the timely prescriptions of a physician; but dreading the freedom which his ample means tempted the physicians to use in their charges, he never called one, till he had first exhausted his own medical resources, and found no alternative, but to do it, or die. In this case, therefore, he allowed the fever to rage a full week before he would permit Betty, his domestic, to go for a physician; and by this time he was too far gone to admit of a cure. For a few days, however, the medicine had its desired effect, and he seemed better; but the sources of vitality were too far exhausted, and the physician, discovering his case to be hopeless, apprised him of the fact, and advised him, if he had any affairs to settle, to attend to them without delay. At this intelligence the poor man was almost frantic, and staring wildly about the room, began to mutter half-formed sentences about money—bank stock—securities—expenses—hard times—difficulty of keeping what one gets—and finally recovering himself a little, said with great emotion, that, having formed many plans

of doing good with his money, he could not believe that God would remove him till they were accomplished.

The physician, disappointed in the effect of his frankness, as he had gathered from the religious style of his remarks, that his faith would render him proof against the fear of death; and apprehensive that it might aggravate his disease, endeavored to recall what he had said, and concluded by saying, that if he would employ a certain man in the neighborhood who was celebrated as a nurse, it was possible that he might recover. At all events, he thought it indispensable that he should have more attention than his old domestic was capable of giving him.

But the ruling passion, strong in death, rendered Mr. Harding unwilling to incur the expense of a nurse. It had too far usurped the seat of reason to admit of his reflecting that a hundredth part of his income was more than sufficient to support him sumptuously, or to allow of his looking forward a few days, when that world which he so sincerely hated, would seize upon all that he might leave behind him. These were points which the mind of Mr. Harding, paralyzed by its contact with gold, was no longer able to bring together; and hence he denied to his sick-bed, not only the means of comfort, but even those things which he was told were indispensable to his recovery. No sooner had the physician left him, than he called his old domestic by his bed-side, and said, 'Betty, if you will be industrious, and do your work, and take care of me besides, I will make you a handsome present, when I recover.' To this, Betty, anxious for the present, of which she got but few, replied; 'Masser, I'll do just as well as iver I can.' 'Well, Betty, do your work this morning, and come in the afternoon and sit by me, when the doctor comes.' Though this order was obeyed to the best of her ability, still the sick man was neglected, and when the physician came, he found that his medicines had not been administered according to order, and that his patient was much worse. He then told him peremptorily, that unless he would consent to employ a nurse, he would never visit him again. 'Doctor,' said Mr. Harding, 'Betty can do all I want, and why should I incur this needless expense? What I should pay for a nurse would more than support a poor family!' 'That makes no difference,' said the physician, 'if I prescribe for you, I will have my orders attended to.' When Mr. Harding found his physician inflexible, he consented to have the nurse sent for. When he arriv-

ed, however, the infatuated man would not allow him to begin his work before inquiring minutely into the amount of his charge, adding that he had always been annoyed by the exorbitant charges of those whom he had employed to do anything for him, which had led him to take the precaution of making the bargain before the work was done. And when the nurse had stated his price, he used every persuasion to have him take less, and finally would not consent to employ him at all, till the nurse, to appease his feelings, agreed to take his pay in articles of produce from his farm.

The physician had apprised the pastor who was in daily habits of attendance on Mr. Harding, that he thought his case hopeless, and advised him to urge his making his will, as otherwise his property might go into unworthy hands, or become a subject of endless dispute in law. The minister, therefore, watched his opportunity of introducing the subject, that if possible he might do a service by giving a right direction to Mr. Harding's great estate, though it were not till the last hour of life.

Having inquired of him, in one of his visits, whether he felt willing to leave the world, in the event of his removal by that sickness, Mr. Harding replied, 'Why, as to that, he believed those whom Christ loved, he loved to the end, that the memory of his conversion forty years ago, was as fresh in his mind at that moment as ever, and that he could not doubt but that it would be well with him after death. Christ has said that I shall never perish, and I believe it. But,' added he, 'my worldly affairs occupy my mind so much that I can hardly think of anything else.'

The pastor warned him against relying upon what he had experienced forty years before, reminded him that they only had the promise of life who remained faithful to death, told him that it was a serious thing to die, and that many would cry in the last day, Lord, Lord, open to us, to whom Christ would protest that he never knew them.

But the religious torpor of Mr. Harding's mind rendered it proof against all such warnings. When, however, the minister touched upon the subject of his money, advising him by all means to make his will immediately, that he might be prepared for any event, his sensibilities were all awake. 'My money, my money,' said he, 'I have long since consecrated that to God, and should have used it liberally for advancing his cause, if I had found any way of doing it consistently with my sense of

duty.' 'But it is not too late yet,' replied the minister, 'I would therefore advise you to forego your objections to our institutions of benevolence, so far at least as to deposit with them, a portion of your money, since it is manifestly impossible for you to retain it much longer.' 'Why,' inquired Mr. Harding, 'do you think it decided that I shall not recover?' 'Yes, I do, indeed,' replied the minister; 'you have been growing worse every day since I saw you; and I am satisfied that you cannot stand it much longer. At all events, Mr. Harding, will not your mind be more settled if you make your will, than it is at present?'

These remarks had their desired effect so far as to set him immediately upon making his will. The proper officers were called to assist poor H. in transferring to others, the property which he found it impossible for him to retain any longer in his own possession. The form of a will was drafted, leaving blanks to be filled at the dictation of the sick man. This proved a most difficult task. As he advanced from item to item, and from object to object, the feeling was depicted in his countenance, ye have taken away my gods which I made, and what have I more? Seeing, however, that there was no further chance for him to control his property, but to do it by will, he waived his objections to the different objects of benevolence brought to his view, and proceeded to make a disposition of all his invested estate. After the will was completed it was presented to him for his signature. But he delayed, seemed involved in deep thought, and became so much agitated that drops of cold perspiration started from every pore.

He finally confessed that the items of property already named, was not all that he possessed, but that when he came upon his farm, he brought with him a large amount in specie, which he had concealed under ground at different points on his premises. In a certain cave, which he named, he said they would find a bag of money; in another place which he pointed out, they would find another bag; and so he went on to describe several places in which he had buried coin. He wished, he said, to have all this collected and brought to him, that he might see it once more before he died. Men were therefore despatched for the money, who found it as described, and collected an immense quantity, which they poured promiscuously into two corn-bags, and brought it to the death-bed of the owner. No sooner did the money enter the door, than he fixed his eyes upon it with an intense gaze, and immediately

seemed more composed. He then desired to have the bags placed on a table by the side of his bed, that he might put his hands upon them, and that the will should be brought, that he might affix his signature. Both of which were done accordingly, and a pen was placed between his fingers that he might write his name.

Before using his pen, the dying man rallied strength to rise up in his bed, aided by others, when stretching out his arms to their full length, he clasped the bags of money to his bosom, as a dying mother would her infant for the last time, and gave a deep sigh; but no sooner did his hands touch each other on the opposite side, than death seized him, one arm he threw back, and with the other he clenched the bags of money, and in that position breathed out his soul to the God that gave it, without having, after all, made any disposition of that property, concerning which he had cherished though life the deluded feeling that it was consecrated to the work of well doing.

His estate, which was found to exceed a million, fell into the hands of distant relatives, who spent a large amount of it upon law-suits in settling their respective claims; and with the rest they supported a style of living beyond their means, till it was expended, when they settled down again into a state of vice and infamy vastly more degrading, than the one from which they had emerged. Thus, the history of Mr. H. affords a lucid comment upon the saying of the wise man, that, 'there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty.'

A PLEA FOR VOLUNTARY SOCIETIES.

A Plea for Voluntary Societies, and a Defence of the Decisions of the General Assembly of 1836, against the Strictures of the Princeton Reviewers and others. By a Member of the Assembly. New York: John S. Taylor. 1837. 12mo. pp. 187.

AN increasing interest in the principal subject treated of in this volume, is constantly manifesting itself, through all that portion of the United States, to which the Presbyterian church, or its influence extends. Ever since the formation of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the friends of the Redeemer have, in general, rejoiced in the prospect afforded them, through the operation of voluntary religious associations, of a virtual union of christians of every denomina-

tion, in the great work of communicating the gospel to all nations. From year to year they have congratulated themselves that they had at length found a common ground upon which they could all meet in delightful harmony, and where, for a time at least, they could lay aside their unhappy dissensions.

The principle, thus conspicuously exhibited in the formation of the Bible Society, has been gradually extended to other associations, until christians seemed almost ready to forget that they were not, in every sense, brethren. It is true, that some have continued to denounce as dangerous the union of all christian denominations, even for the purpose of distributing the Scriptures to those who are destitute, but their remonstrances were drowned in the general voice of fraternal gratulation. For some time, however, the murmurs of discontent have been increasing in a portion of the Presbyterian church, and recently the subject of voluntary associations has occupied no inconsiderable share of attention in the annual quarrels of that church. At the last stated tournament at Pittsburg, this topic had a peculiar prominence, and the volume now before us contains a reply to the arguments against voluntary associations used on that occasion, and subsequently, by members of the same party, in the *Biblical Repository*. The book is anonymous, but is written with such ability, and such apparent candor, as cannot fail to obtain for it a full share of attention both from friends and foes. We recommend to such of our readers as desire to become acquainted with the arguments in the case, to read this in conjunction with the article in the *Repository* to which it relates.

If, however, there are any of our readers, as we doubt not there are many, who think that life was given them for better purposes than to be spent in bitter strife with their christian brethren, we would suggest to them the expediency of devoting their thoughts and efforts more directly to the promotion of the Redeemer's kingdom, and of leaving contention to those whose views of duty, or whose situation in the church may differ from their own.

It is undoubtedly the duty of those who are placed as sentinels upon the walls of Zion, to give the alarm when dangers are threatened, and of christian soldiers to defend the bulwarks of christianity, when they are assailed. In such cases no blame, but, on the contrary, high praise is due to those who act for the defence of tried principles. All that we would urge upon the consideration of our readers is, to meddle no farther with discussions of this nature, than is necessary to enable them to form a correct judgment respecting them, and not to permit the agitation of such topics to interfere with their active and persevering efforts to promote the reign of Christ on earth. We quote the concluding paragraphs of this volume, in which the author deprecates, as he every where does, the threatened division of the Presbyterian church :

‘ Let our brethren, who would both call us away from other associations and divide us among ourselves, on such a subject as this, look to it, that they do not mar and destroy the work which they endeavor to promote. Our confidence, however,

is strong that it cannot be destroyed. The Providence of God, in regard to the American churches hitherto, and the signs of the times assure us that he will not prosper the counsels that would divide us. We have one Lord, one faith, one baptism, and instead of being alarmed at the differences of doctrinal belief which exist among us, we ought to be thankful, that, on the essential principles of the gospel, there is so general an agreement. We are essentially one body. We have one end in view, and the principles which we maintain are such as urge us to the attainment of that end, the spread of the gospel in all the earth. And our endeavors to accomplish this glorious end, so far as they are wakened and urged by the spirit of missions, under whatever forms we may prefer to act, are sympathetic movements of one vital energy, diversified operations of one spirit, which, as far as it shall pervade the ministry, the officers and the members of the churches, will mould them, with mighty energy, into the same image. Let both parties in the church cherish this spirit, and minor differences will soon be lost in the ardor of the enterprise and the hope of glory.

A dispensation of the gospel is committed to the churches of this land ; and it cannot be that American Presbyterians, amid all the light which is concentrated upon the present age, and upon the destinies of this country, will be allowed to lose sight of the high vantage ground on which God has placed them for the sake of all other nations, or long to forget how much they are *debtors to the whole world*. We beseech our brethren, therefore, who would divide the church, on such grounds as we have considered, to pause in the midst of their excitement, and reflect on their responsibilities, in common with us. The eyes of all nations are upon us, and the hope of the world, under God, hangs upon our determinations. And we are rich in the treasures of experience ; history has recorded her long story for our instruction ; the results of the wisdom of many ages have come down to us, while he who is Head over all things to the church is, in a special manner, lifting up his standard in the midst of us. All things are ready for decisive action, and the circumstances of the times, as well as the spirit of our profession, urge us to press every advantage and improve every talent. We have confidence in God, therefore, who has ordered all these encouragements, and placed us under these responsibilities, and waked in the minds of so many thousands among us, the spirit of missions, that he will not suffer us to be

torn asunder by the influences which are diverting the minds of so many of our brethren, as we think, from the right ways of the Lord. To him we commit this most momentous interest, and urge our brethren, who adhere to the principles of the *adopting act*, to use with the utmost discretion, the liberty which the constitution of the church guaranties to all its members and ministers; and “by pureness, by knowledge, by long-suffering, by kindness, by the Holy Ghost, by love unfeigned, by the word of truth, by the power of God, and by the armor of righteousness, on the right hand and on the left,” endeavor to avert the calamity which threatens us, and “to keep the *unity of the spirit*,” throughout our communion, “IN THE BOND OF

SYNOD OF CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

AMONG the resolutions passed *unanimously* at a recent session of the Synod of Carolina and Georgia, we observe the following :

‘Resolved, That the Church, by the very elements of her constitution, is a Missionary Society—that it is enjoined upon her as a duty to impart to others the blessings which she herself has received—that the Great Head of the church has constituted her the appropriate channel through which the light of the Gospel is to be diffused among the nations of the earth, and that her organization is such as to embody her strength, and call forth her resources, and bring them to bear to the best advantage upon the world’s conversion to God.’

On reading this resolution, we were led to inquire, ‘What is the church to which reference is here made, and the organization of which is so admirably adapted to promote the cause of missions, and the conversion of the world to God?’

Is it the whole body of God’s professed people on earth? These so far from being organized for this purpose, have no common organization. They are divided into so many separate, and, not unfrequently, hostile societies, each with its own peculiar organization, that a volume is required to contain their names, with a brief account of their characteristic differences.

Is each of these denominations taken separately to per-

form its share of the work? If so, in what consists the fitness of their organization to this great purpose? It would be no easy matter to conceive a form of organization, however remote from that of others, which is not adopted by some of the various discordant sects into which those are divided who bear the Christian name. If one form of organization is well adapted to the promotion of missions, it is not a little wonderful that its opposite also should be well fitted for the same end.

Is it finally, then, any particular sect which is intended by those who speak in this manner of the *Church*. If this is meant, we ask whence is the evidence derived that God intended that this glorious work of bringing the heathen nations into the fold of Christ, should be performed by a particular sect? Has God so declared his will in the Scriptures? If not, what are the arguments from other sources, which prove that some one sect is to be the honored instrument in performing this work? Is it shown by the past history of any denomination of Christians, that such is their probable destiny? If so, what is that denomination, and what are they now doing to raise the drooping courage of the friends of the Redeemer? Which of the great *organizations* of the Christian church is not at this moment rent in sunder by internal dissensions, and far more likely to tumble into ruins than to unite in any labor of love?

But we would ask once more, is the term, *the Church*, as applied to a particular sect or special organization, any where authorized, or even recognized in the Word of God? Has any portion of the whole body of Christians on earth a divine warrant for calling itself **THE CHURCH**? The Bible speaks of the whole body of believers as the Church, and it recognizes particular churches also, as those of Galatia and Phrygia, the church at Antioch, and the church at Jerusalem. We do not find that the followers of Paul, and Apollos, and Cephas, are any where reckoned as separate churches.

THE BELKNAP STREET SABBATH SCHOOL.

FOR several years past there has been a Sabbath School for colored children, under the superintendence of Mr. J. F. Bumstead, in Belknap street, in this city. We have now before us the Report of this school for the past year, and would recommend its perusal to such of our city subscribers as feel an interest in this class of our population. They may learn from it what kind of aid is most needed by the colored people in the free states, and should any of them feel a strong impulse to benefit this race, they may perhaps be led to the conclusion that a most efficient mode of accomplishing their benevolent purpose, is to cultivate the intellectual and moral powers of such of them as are residing among us, and who are thus easily accessible. The blacks residing in our northern cities stand greatly in need of the aid of benevolence to raise them above their present degraded state, and so surely as moral effects follow moral causes, the efforts of such self-denying philanthropists as Mr. Bumstead and his associates will ultimately produce a glorious harvest.

The average attendance upon the school during the past year has been about sixty, and though the patience of the teachers has been often tried by the ignorance and perverseness of those for whom they have been laboring, there has been much of an opposite character to cheer and encourage them in their efforts. In a casual visit made by us to this school some months since, we were struck with the good order which prevailed, and with the general intelligence manifested by the pupils.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE ; or a Memoir of Anzonetta R. Peters. By Rev. John A. Clark, Rector of St. Andrew's Church, Philadelphia ; author of 'the Pastor's Testimony,' 'Walk about Zion,' 'Gathered Fragments,' &c. Philadelphia : William Marshall & Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 328.

This work contains the memoir of a young lady who died at the early age of 18, and whose principal claim to the distinction conferred upon her by so extended a biography, was her uncommon piety.

'That there was nothing remarkable in Miss Peters' intellectual powers, in

her opportunities for mental cultivation, or her advantages for religious improvement, renders, in the view of the author, the simple facts connected with her history, far more instructive and valuable.'

'Many of those distinguished individuals whose characters are spread before us upon the biographic page, stand so far removed in the superiority of their minds, and in their high intellectual culture, from the great mass of readers, that they are discouraged from an attempt to come up to their high standard of moral excellence. In perusing such memoirs, many readers seem to receive the impression, that only those who are very highly talented, or possess some uncommon intellectual powers, can attain that exalted measure of holiness that they find there portrayed. I need not say that this is a most erroneous impression. The grand question is, how shall it be effectually removed ?

'It has occurred to the writer of these pages, that the best and only method of putting to flight this error, is to multiply biographical delineations of those humble believers that from time to time are called to their rest, who possessed nothing more than ordinary endowments of intellect, but whose piety was of the brightest and holiest stamp. That many such characters are now to be found in all our churches, is an undoubted fact : and this fact clearly shows, that brilliant intellectual powers are by no means essential to the attainment of exalted holiness. This idea should be held up distinctly to view. This has been one of the considerations that have prompted the author to undertake the present work.'

Such are the views which influenced the author to give to the world this memoir of one who had formerly been under his pastoral care, and who appears to have well merited the uncommon affection with which she was regarded, not only by him, but by all her christian friends. We agree entirely in the author's views of the importance of exhibiting eminent instances of christian character in all the various walks of life, in order to provoke to emulation those who are placed in similar circumstances. It is comparatively few who can closely imitate a Pascal, a Newton, or a Hannah More, while thousands may aspire to resemble the humble but ardent piety of this interesting young lady. While we recognize, however, the importance of the principle laid down by the author, we should still hesitate so to apply it, as to make the length of memoirs in the inverse ratio of the intellectual accomplishments of their subjects. The work, as it appears to us, is spun out somewhat beyond the strength of the material, and we think the author would have conferred an additional favor upon his readers, had he condensed his book into one half its present size.

AN ESSAY ON THE INFLUENCE OF TOBACCO UPON LIFE AND HEALTH. By R. D. Mussey, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, &c. &c. Boston : Perkins & Marvin, 1836. 18mo. pp. 48.

We respectfully recommend this Essay to that unfortunate class of our fellow citizens who have inadvertently acquired a habit of using this noxious and disgusting plant. If they labor to have in all things 'consciences void of offence,' we think they cannot lay aside this appeal to their moral sense, without laying aside, at the same time, and forever, the use of this baleful article. A conscientious man will only need to be informed, on such authority as is here exhibited, that the use of this drug is at all times injurious, and that no danger at-

tends the relinquishment of the habit, to understand fully his duty in the premises. If any smoker, or snuff taker, or chewer, shall, after reading this work, continue his sinful indulgence, we hope that he will be very cautious not to wound, by severe censures, the feelings of his brethren who indulge in the use of alcoholic liquors, remembering that they are all of one family, and ought not to fall out with each other by the way.

THE RESTORATIONIST, Vol. I. No. 1. Paul Dean, Resident Editor. Charles Hudson, William Morse, Adin Ballou, Edwin M. Stone, Corresponding Editors. Boston: January 1837.

Most of our readers are doubtless aware, that, among those who profess the doctrine of Universal Salvation, there are found two very distinct classes, one known in this country, and in Great Britain, by the general name of Universalists, the other usually denominated Restorationists. It is by the latter of these two classes, that the periodical now before us is supported. It is a monthly Magazine, of 16 royal octavo pages, and consists of a compilation from a weekly paper published by members of the same denomination. The distinguishing characteristic of this Magazine, and of the denomination by whom it is maintained, is, a belief in the final restitution, in a future state, of all such as shall leave this world in a state of impenitence. It is understood that, among the German divines of the present day, not a few are found embracing, with more or less confidence, the peculiar tenets of this sect.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY JOURNAL, for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, Vol. I, No. I. January 1837. Boston: Light & Stearns. 8vo. pp. 28.

This is a semi-monthly periodical, intended as a continuation of the *Scientific Tracts*, which have been published for some years past in this city. The appearance of the number now before us is uncommonly neat, and its contents are highly interesting.

THE LIBRARY OF HEALTH, and Teacher on the Human Constitution. William A. Alcott, Editor. Boston: Light & Stearns. 1837.

Under the above title, the popular and indefatigable editor has now commenced the third volume of a work heretofore known by the title of the '*Moral Reformer*.' We have read the work regularly from its commencement, and are glad of an opportunity to bear our testimony to the general ability and sound discretion with which it has been conducted.

AMERICAN ANNALS OF EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION. Conducted by William A. Alcott. William C. Woodbridge, Foreign Editor. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Co. Vol. VII, No. I. January 1837.

From the preface to the present volume of this valuable periodical, we are happy to learn, that the continuance of the work 'is secured, so far as it can be by a solid commercial basis, and by the number and activity of its supporters.' Under the joint conduct of its present editors, we anticipate for the *Annals* an increasing degree of interest, and a still more extended circulation.

THE MISSIONARY HERALD. Vol. XXXIII, No. I. January 1837. Boston : Crocker & Brewster.

We learn with pleasure that the circulation of this work is constantly increasing. As the official organ of the American Board for Foreign Missions, its pages contain a greater amount, as well as a richer variety of original articles in relation to Christian efforts for evangelizing the heathen world, than are to be found in any other publication.

THE DOCTRINE AND DISCIPLINE OF HUMAN CULTURE. By A. Bronson Alcott. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1836. 12mo. pp. 27.

This small pamphlet we have perused, and re-perused, in the vain hope of so far possessing ourselves of the views of the author, as to be able to give our readers some intelligible account of them. That his sentiments on many subjects are to some extent peculiar, and that they are especially so in regard to the early character of children, is indeed obvious, but such is the peculiarity of the language in which his ideas are clothed, that we despair of doing them adequate justice by any analysis which we could present. He appears, so far as we are able to apprehend his views of the nature of children, before they have been corrupted by education, to consider them as Deity itself manifested in the flesh, and though he laments over the fall of so many pure spirits, who originally possessed the same character as Jesus, he consoles himself that they will all be restored to perfection, either in the present or in a future state.

When, however, we attempt to advance beyond these fundamental principles, we become involved in a labyrinth, from which we labor in vain to extricate ourselves. There is, moreover, an oracular gravity as well as unintelligibility, which, were not the subject a serious one, would convulse with laughter the most inflexible muscles. Swift's Song by a person of quality, and the imitation of Laura Matilda, in the Rejected Addresses, are clear and connected discourses, in comparison with much of this pamphlet, so far, at least, as it is vouchsafed to us to apprehend its import. We give, as a fair sample of its general style, the following passage, descriptive of what the author calls the 'Idea of Genius.'

Genius is but the free and harmonious play of all the faculties of a human being. It is a Man possessing his Idea and working with it. It is the Whole Man—the central Will—working worthily, subordinating all else to itself; and reaching its end by the simplest and readiest means. It is human nature rising superior to things and events, and transfiguring these into the image of its own Spiritual Ideal. It is the Spirit working in its own way, through its own organs and instruments, and on its own materials. It is the Inspiration of all the faculties of a Man by a life conformed to his Idea. It is not indebted to others for its manifestation. It draws its life from within. It is self-subsistent. It feeds on Holiness; lives in the open vision of Truth; enrobes itself in the light of Beauty; and bathes its powers in the fount of Temperance. It aspires after the Perfect. It loves Freedom. It dwells in Unity. All men have it, yet it does not appear in all men. It is obscured by ignorance; quenched by evil; discipline does not reach it; nor opportunity cherish it. Yet there it is—an original, indestructible element of every spirit; and sooner or later, in

this corporeal, or in the spiritual era—at some period of the Soul's development—it shall be tempted forth, and assert its claims in the life of the Spirit. It is the province of education to wake it, and discipline it into the perfection which is its end, and for which it ever thirsts. Yet Genius alone can wake it. Genius alone inspire it. It comes not at the incantation of mere talent. It respects itself. It is strange to all save its kind. It shrinks from vulgar gaze, and lives in its own world. None but the eye of Genius can discern it, and it obeys the call of none else.

We add only one passage more, and this we find headed 'Self-Apprehension.'

Man's mission is to subdue Nature ; to hold dominion over his own Body ; and use both these, and the ministries of Life, for the growth, renewal, and perfection of his Being. As did Jesus, he must overcome the World, by passing through its temptations, and vanquishing the Tempter. But before he shall attain this mastery he must apprehend himself. In his Nature is wrapt up the problem of all Power reduced to a simple unity. The knowledge of his own being includes, in its endless circuit, the Alphabet of all else. It is a Universe, wherein all else is imaged. God—Nature—are the extremes, of which he is the middle term, and through his Being flow these mighty Forces, if, perchance, he shall stay them as they pass over his Consciousness, apprehend their significance—their use—and then conforming his being to the one ; he shall again conform the other to himself.

NANCY LE BARON. Founded on fact. Boston : William S. Damrell. New York : John S. Taylor. 1837. 18mo. pp. 89.

This little work constitutes No. 13 of the series of inimitable *Temperance Tales* which have issued from the same pen. We can scarcely suppose any one of our readers unacquainted with these tales, but should such an one still be found, we almost envy him the pleasure which he is to enjoy from their perusal. The tale now before us, scarcely yields in interest to any of its predecessors, and its peculiar moral is such, as, we hope, will prove beneficial to thousands of its fair readers.

We have heard it objected to these tales, that, by holding up to public scorn the character of rum-selling professors, there was danger that religion itself would be brought into contempt. So long, however, as any professor shall continue to unite in himself elements of character so incongruous, he can never complain that he is held up as a beacon to others. We trust that the day is not far distant, when our churches will all be purified from such a stain, and that rum-selling deacons, and bible-selling distillers, will be alike unknown, except in the record of by-gone days.



THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

Vol. I.]

MARCH, 1837.

[No. III.

EXTRACTS

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER IN
SWITZERLAND.

Lucerne, Sept. 1.

It was our intention to make the remainder of our tour in Switzerland principally on foot, as some of the most interesting mountain scenery is hardly accessible otherwise. Accordingly we sent our trunks to Berne by the 'postwagon,' there to await our arrival. Our next object was, to procure a boat, to take us across the lake to the foot of the Righi. We passed from Lucerne to Weggis, a distance of two leagues, which were accomplished by two rowers in about two hours. The sail was delightful. The day was fine, and the water perfectly smooth and transparent, reflecting the varied scenery around, and the color of the sky. The shores exhibit every variety of surface and aspect, the level and fertile plain, the gently sloping hill, and the abrupt and lofty mountain. The lake is very irregular in its form, and rarely exceeds a league in breadth, so that every moment as you advance, new points of view are disclosed, and new objects of interest discovered. The scenery of this lake is finer than that of any other which we saw in Switzerland. Its banks are not indeed covered with towns and villages, and adorned with rich and cultivated fields. It owes its attraction rather to the absence of art, and to the wild and magnificent natural objects which environ it. There is an inexhaustible variety in the views which it presents, and

the grand and the beautiful are perhaps no where more strikingly intermingled and contrasted with each other.

The Righi is an insulated mountain about twenty-five miles in circuit at its base, and rising to the height of 6400 feet. Its northern and western sides are almost perpendicular, the others rise more gradually from the lake. It furnishes, in summer, pasturage for a great number of cattle, and contains 150 *chalets* (summer cottages,) for the residence of their keepers. The ascent of the mountain requires about three hours, and is quite laborious. The path, though steep, is passable by horses, and ladies usually ascend in that way. Just before reaching the summit, the path conducts to the northern side of the mountain, which is perpendicular, and 4646 feet in height. We lay upon the brink of this frightful precipice, and carefully advancing our heads beyond it, looked down with indescribable emotions on the various scenery at its base. The sensation, though mingled with admiration and delight, was yet awful, and could not long be endured. Proceeding along this brink, we soon reached the summit where a prospect of unrivalled magnificence and beauty bursts suddenly upon the view, far exceeding any we had ever seen. In the centre of Switzerland, you look down, as it were, upon the whole of it at once. A vast panorama is spread before the eye, reaching, on the northeast, to the mountains of the Jura; westward, to those of the Canton of Berne, while southward and eastward, it is bounded by the chain of the Alps. Within this immense circuit, comprising 15 cantons, is seen every variety of scenery. Fourteen lakes lie before the spectator glistening in the sun like plates of burnished silver, and surrounded with towns and villages. To the north and west, stretches a rich and variegated country, hill and vale, village and forests, lake and river. Turning around, you see below you the lake of Lucerne, appearing at this elevation of a beautiful green,—above it, the precipitous hills which enclose it, and beyond, the distant Alps towering in majesty and covered with eternal snow. The mind strives in vain to take in the whole scene at once, and it is only after the first strong emotions of surprize and pleasure are over, that, by examining its details, we realize something of its extent and magnificence. An excellent inn is kept on the summit, and we found at the well spread suppertable about thirty travellers, who, like ourselves, had come up to spend the night. We hoped to see the sun rise brightly the following day, as we were told that the view was most interest-

ing in a clear morning. In this we were disappointed. The mountain was enveloped in fog, and we therefore prepared for an early descent on the eastern side.

Arriving at the foot of the Righi we found ourselves on the site of what was once the village of Goldau, which, with four other villages, was destroyed by a slide of the Rossberg, in 1806. This mountain, like the Righi, is composed of *breccia*, loosely aggregated by a sort of cement. During the months of July and August of this year an unusual quantity of rain had fallen, and the 1st and 2d of September it had rained without ceasing. In the morning of the latter day, a noise was heard to proceed from the mountain, but it excited no special attention. But about five o'clock P. M. an immense mass from a projection of the Rossberg, called the Gnyperspitz, several thousand feet high, suddenly detached itself, and fell with a tremendous crash upon the valley of Goldau. This mass was about a league in length, more than a thousand feet broad, and a hundred feet thick. In five minutes the work of desolation was completed. The beautiful and fertile valleys of Goldau and Businghen were covered for more than three miles square with confused masses of rock, in many places, one or two hundred feet in height. The villages of Goldau, Businghen, Ober Rheten, Unter Rheten and Lowerz were wholly or partially destroyed; a large portion of the lake of Lowerz was filled up, and several hundred human beings in an instant precipitated into eternity. Four hundred and thirty-three of the inhabitants of this valley perished, with sixteen residents in other parts of the canton, and eight travellers. Of some of the last a pathetic account was related to us. A gentleman from a distant canton, just married, and travelling with his wife and sister, was passing this valley at the time of the occurrence. While the carriage was ascending a hill, he walked forward, and hearing the crash, turned round only to behold his carriage and horses with his beloved friends instantly disappear from his sight under the mighty mass, while he stood at a little distance unhurt, though petrified with consternation and horror. This scene of desolation remains to this day. Here and there among the rocks are seen the decaying tops of houses; the spire of a church is also visible, the body of which was crushed. No attempt has been made to rebuild the villages, or remove the rocks, except so far as to repair the road, which was covered, and which now, for some distance, traverses the rough surface of the ruins.

Passing the villages of Ybach and Ingelbol, we arrived early

in the afternoon at Brunnen, where we procured a boat to cross the lake to Fluelen, a distance of three leagues. With a fair wind, we had a fine run across, almost without the aid of oars. The shores of this part of the lake are as interesting from their historical associations, as from their bold and majestic scenery. On the right, is the little plain of Grutli, where the three deliverers of their country, Werner Hauffacher, Walter Furst, and Arnold Ander Halden, met and took a solemn oath to break the chains of slavery and expel the Austrian tyrants from their land. There they concerted their measures till, on the 17th of November 1307, each accompanied by ten chosen and faithful associates from their respective cantons, they formed a solemn union to support each other, and to fight till death for liberty. The 1st of January following, the plan was executed, the castles of the governors were burnt, the governors themselves were seized and conducted to the frontier, where they were compelled to swear never again to enter the territory. Such was the origin of the Helvetic confederation, which at first included only the cantons of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwald. On the 23d of June 1313, the inhabitants of these cantons met at Grutli, and renewed and confirmed their alliance.

A league and a half farther up the lake, on the left bank, is Tell's chapel, at the foot of Mount Achsenberg. It is built on a rock, projecting into the water, upon which William Tell leaped from the boat in which the infamous Gesler was conveying him a prisoner to Kusnacht. A violent storm having arisen, obliged Gesler, who knew the nautical skill of Tell, to intrust to him the helm for his own preservation. Tell, freed from his fetters, steered the boat to this rock, and leaping ashore, escaped into the mountains. By foot-paths, with which he was familiar, he made his way around the lake to the vicinity of Kusnacht, where he waylaid and shot Gesler, and thus delivered his country from his tyranny. Thirty-one years after the death of Tell, this chapel was erected as a monument of his glory. It is a small building, open towards the water. Its walls are covered with paintings representing different parts of his history, and every year mass is said in it in honor of his memory.

A walk of 11-2 miles brought us to Altorf, the capital of the canton of Uri, situated in a valley surrounded by very high mountains. The council of the canton was in session here. The members were distinguished by a cloak composed half of yellow and half of black cloth, divided longitudinally

like the dress of a felon in our state-prison. In the centre of the town, is a tower on the spot where stood the lime-tree, under which Tell's son was placed with an apple on his head, to be shot at by his father at the command of Gesler. A fountain with a statue of Tell marks the spot where he stood to shoot.

We pursued our route up the Reuss, amid scenery whose wild grandeur can only be understood by being seen. The valley is narrow and winding, overhung by mountains of every form and aspect, and disclosing new appearances at every step. At one time, you walk fearfully under a perpendicular precipice many thousand feet in height, and seeming ready to fall and crush you; soon the valley expands, and a beautiful amphitheatre opens before you; around, the verdure and the fruits of summer, above, glaciers and eternal frost and snow. Not far from Altorf, we passed Burglen, the native place of William Tell, to whose memory a chapel is dedicated here, on the spot where he lived, with his exploits painted on its walls, and an inscription calling him the deliverer of his country and the founder of the republic.

As we advanced, the valley gradually narrowed, the ascent became steeper, and the mountains more bold and bare. The scenery at the Devil's Bridge, is of the wildest and most savage character. This bridge is an arch over the Reuss, which, immediately under it, falls 300 feet, with a deafening noise. Naked mountains of rock, towering almost perpendicularly to the sky, the road constructed on their side, alike overlooking and overlooked by the precipice, the bridge air hung, and the waters roaring above and beneath it, give to the scene a cast of awful grandeur and sublimity. A little farther on, the mountains meet so closely that no passage for the road could be effected, except by perforating the solid rock with a gallery or tunnel 200 feet in length by 12 in breadth and height. On emerging from this gloomy vault, the scene is suddenly and surprisingly changed. An extensive, level and verdant valley stretches before you, adorned with several villages. I never realized so strongly the effect of contrast—it was an unexpected and instant transition from nature in her surliest and gloomiest aspect to smiles and beauty. This valley is 4750 feet above the sea, and is 3 leagues long and 1-4 of a league broad. From it extend six smaller valleys, through which as many streams flow and fall into the Reuss.

The road which we had pursued, passes over Mt. St. Gothard into Italy. At Hospital, we left this road, and entered a

foot-path running along a branch of the Reuss through a wild and desolate region. We rapidly ascended, our course surrounded by lofty mountains. On our left, was the chain of St. Gothard, some of whose summits are 10,700 feet high, and covered on their northern declivities with beautiful glaciers. On the right rose in solitary grandeur the Gallenstock 11,700 feet in height, while before us, the Furca spread a long and weary height to be surmounted. When we reached its top, (8300 feet above the sea) we were amply repaid by one glance at the splendid glacier of the Rhone beyond it. Glaciers are composed of a mixture of snow and ice, and were originally formed by vast accumulations of snow, partially melting, and then consolidated by freezing. But once formed, they never disappear. Successive winters add to their surface, while the succeeding summers diminish them again; but the mass remains as lasting as the earth. They usually occupy valleys and ravines in the mountains, more commonly those which have a northern elevation. They are from 100 to 600 feet in depth, and frequently extend 16 or 18 miles in length. Sometimes their surface is smooth and resplendent, but generally it is broken and irregular, full of immense fissures and cavities, and occasionally adorned with towers and pinnacles of the most fantastic appearance. They frequently descend in the summer a short distance, pushing before them every obstacle, and thus gradually extending towards the lower part of the valleys. The glacier of the Rhone is so called, because from its lower extremity flows a little stream, the origin of that noble river. It is one of the largest and finest glaciers in the Alps, and presented to us a novel and most interesting sight. Our first conceptions of its extent or its distance, were very inadequate. The path descended along its southern side, and as we approached it seemed to expand and to rise, till, on coming to its foot, we realized in some measure its magnitude. When illuminated by the sun, especially if the part observed be between the spectator and that luminary, it exhibits a splendid appearance.

Leaving the valley of the Rhone, which here commences, we began the ascent of the Grimsel. This we found more laborious than anything we had before attempted. The mountain is almost perpendicular, and we could advance only by slowly winding up its side, holding on to every tuft of grass or shrub which we could reach. There was really danger of falling, and a fall would have been irretrievable. The height of the

passage is more than seven thousand feet. It presents a magnificent view of the surrounding mountains. The descent is very steep and rocky—about half a league from the top, and a thousand feet lower we came to the Hospice of the Grimsel, once the residence of monks, but now kept as an inn. This hospice is a solitary building, of very ordinary appearance, in the midst of the most bold, romantic, and almost frightful scenery that we have seen. On every side high mountains rise abruptly many thousand feet, presenting to the eye immense masses of naked rock aggregated in every variety of form. Scarcely a green thing is visible in any direction. The sensations which I experienced on viewing this scene were the strongest and deepest I ever felt from contemplating natural scenery. The extent and vastness of the objects, their barrenness and desolation, the loveliness and gloom affect the mind with deep emotion, and cause the soul instinctively to shrink back upon itself, to feel its insignificance, and its weakness, and to throw itself on the mercy and protection of Him, who by a word spoke into existence these ‘everlasting hills,’ and at whose presence they will melt like wax. The mind can hardly tire in surveying the beauties of a rich and varied landscape; but the grandeur, I had almost said the horror of a scene like this, oppresses the faculties; it soon becomes painful, and casts a gloom and sadness over the soul. How sweet in such circumstances to feel that these wild and dreary regions are a part of the creation of our Father in Heaven—that here we are not separated from his care and protection, and that, when these ‘mountains shall depart and these hills be removed, his kindness will not depart from us, nor the covenant of his peace be removed. * * *

THE RING-LEADER.

ALTHOUGH we know nothing respecting the author of the following narrative, recently published by the American Tract Society, we recognize, in the interesting character which he has delineated, one to whom we were most tenderly attached while he lived, whose early education was committed to our care, and who, though dead, is still held in most affectionate remembrance. The facts stated in the narrative we know to be true, and are witnesses that the noble traits in the character of S—C—are in no respect overdrawn. Ed.

It is well known to those who are acquainted with —— college, that a Ring-leader is regularly chosen from each senior class.

There are some little formalities on the occasion, such as a short speech, and the presentation of a club, which has been handed down through successive generations, and which is the badge of his official station.

The selection of a Ring-leader is made with a view to strength and muscular activity, and has no particular reference to scholarship or genius. It sometimes happens that the choice—as in the case of which I shall speak—falls on one who possesses a happy combination of both mental and bodily vigor. It is expected that the Ring-leader will head his fellow-students in any affray, offensive or defensive, in which their honor or persons may be in danger.

I make these remarks merely to introduce S—— C——, who was unanimously chosen to the above office by the suffrages of his class-mates. Never was there a more popular selection. One would not imagine, at first sight, that so much muscular power dwelt in such a frame. He was rather above the middle size, thin, and very erect, his head thrown so far back as almost to be out of the line of his body; and his gait was characterized by a remarkable boldness and freedom. His countenance bespoke his character. It was open as the day. It seemed to beam with courage and generosity. The light of genius was visible also in his small but piercing eye, which harmonized perfectly with a fine aquiline nose. Such was S—— C—— in person, as I first knew him.

As to his mind, it was like his form, partaking both of strength and freedom. He was a good scholar, without any great effort; for he had a singular quickness of perception, and more than common genius. The book which he read most was Shakespeare; and his principal study seemed to be the human mind and heart, as developed in himself and others. He had a style of manners peculiarly his own: all was nature, but it was nature on a chivalrous and generous scale. He was as incapable of meanness as any human being I ever saw. He loved society, and was the centre of attraction in every circle. But he was accustomed also to solitude; and seemed fond of roaming alone in the still deep woods, conversing with his own reflections, and gathering images and ideas fresh from the store-house of nature. He had a soul whose emotions were deep—intensely deep. Indeed no ordinary mind could fully sympathise with his. On a subject which interested him, he would launch forth in strains the most energetic and eloquent, until every muscle would speak, and his beaming, often *tearful* eye, would tell you

what was passing within. He was, in fact, the idol of his class. If any felt envy, it was not towards him. All conceded to his fine muscular proportions of body and mind. It should be stated, however, that S——C—— was not so remarkable for a talent at fine writing as for an eloquent style of conversation. His soul had too much emotion, and the current of his ideas was too impetuous for the deliberation of writing; but who that ever heard him converse was not reminded of the richness and copiousness of a Johnson or a Burke!

But was this man a Christian? Ah, reader, this is a question which the sequel will unfold. He was NOT at the time I am speaking of—no, he was apparently the *farthest* from it. Only think of his situation. He knew religion but at a distance, and could scarcely catch the outline of her fair proportions. His Shakspeare was his bible. His companions were the gay, the thoughtless, even the scorner of religion. Between him and the pious stood a circle of proud-spirited, and, in many instances, dissipated companions, who echoed every sentiment he uttered, and were ready to swear, that as he was the strongest, so also was he the noblest fellow they ever knew. See what an influence girded him about. How, I may almost ask, was it *possible* for the Ring-leader to bow at the feet of Jesus? But with God all things are possible; and let no man despair of the conversion of his fellow-man, so long as God holds the heart in his hand.

S——C—— was not forgotten by the pious, if he overlooked or even despised *them*. Said they, 'What a pity such a man and such a mind should be lost to the cause of God!' 'O, if those native traits were but consecrated to Jesus, what a minister would they embody!' 'Let us pray for him;' and they *did* sincerely, and, as I shall show, effectually. 'The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.' Let Christians select particular persons as subjects of prayer, and persevere until God answers them; for he 'that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death.'

It pleased God in the senior year of S——C—— to visit the college with the special influences of the Holy Spirit. Well do I remember the scene. The whole college inclosure was solemn as the threshold of eternity. One and another of the pious students were seen weeping and at prayer, until deep feeling, *religious* feeling, as I verily believe, pervaded the little church. All took knowledge of it, from the president to the lowest

member of the institution ; and each was ready to admit that an invisible but powerful influence was stealing over the mind. At many a pious student's door was heard the gentle tap for admittance, even at the midnight hour ; and when opened, some poor wanderer presented himself in tears, and begged to know what he must do to be saved ! The number of the convicted multiplied rapidly, and ever and anon were seen the eyes of a liberated soul glistening with the emotions of new-born hope. O, it was a blessed season ! Let the infidel deride and call us fanatics ; let the formalist pronounce it folly ; but we will remember the days of the right hand of the Most High. Return, O God, and renew these visits of thy mercy ! Here were not the weak-minded to be duped with what scoffers term the 'incantations of the priests ;' no ! God was moving on minds of a high order—choice spirits, who are now wielding influences which are felt in the four quarters of the globe. Away, then, with that low infidel sneer which says that 'none but the weak-minded are affected by revivals.'

But where was S——C—— all this while ? Reader, he was in the hearts and in the prayers of the pious ; but as yet he was not converted. He saw what was going on. Indeed, how could he *fail* to see it, for it invaded his own circle ; and, smitten by the Spirit of God, some left him and his gay companions to their mirth. S——C—— was ill at ease. Conscience was at work : but there was a desperate struggle to put it to silence. He was more reckless, apparently, than ever. His voice was louder, and his feats of strength and agility elicited great applause. He seemed determined to stand out against all that was serious, and to show that he and his party were not to be subdued even by God himself. But Christians had him in their eye. They felt for him, and prayed for him. Their dependence was on God. They knew that if this strong pillar fell, the sound of it would shake the whole college. Some, who watched him narrowly, discovered in his very efforts against seriousness an incipient movement of soul. They expressed their belief. Prayer was unceasingly made for him. It was soon evident that there was something strange in his appearance and conduct. He was seen at times alone and downcast. O the struggle which his proud spirit underwent ! None can know it who have not themselves *felt* it. '*What, I become a Christian ! I, who am the Ring-leader, the centre of attraction to so many gay and careless spirits !*' Then, as we may suppose, would he dash the thought away, and brace himself anew against the impression.

But the strong man armed was not too strong for God. Conviction, dark and dreadful, *did* roll in upon that soul. It unmanned him. It made him a child. But, as a last desperate effort at concealment, he asked leave of the president to go home. He could not state the reason; it was of a *private* nature. Leave was granted, and the conscience-smitten man is seen taking his seat in the carriage which is to convey him to his native village. So clandestinely did he go, that the inquiry was every where, 'What has become of S—— C——?' But none could say why he had gone, nor where.

But who can escape from God? 'if we ascend up to heaven, He is there; and if we make our bed in hell, behold He is there!' What his thoughts were in the stage-coach none can tell. We may *imagine*, however. Reader, they were probably what yours *will* be, if you attempt, by change of place, to get away from the convictions of the Holy Spirit. S—— C—— is roused from his reflections by the sight of his home. Now, thought he, I shall be able to shake off these desponding thoughts. As the vehicle rolled along the street, his eye fell upon a group of his former companions. They were moving slowly, as if towards a given point, and he thought their countenances wore an unusual expression of solemnity. What can this mean! He stops and inquires. 'O,' said they, 'there is a great revival of religion here; and we are going to hear the Rev. Mr. —— preach.' The intelligence went like a thunderbolt to his heart. It seemed as if an angel, as in the case of Balaam, stood with a drawn sword athwart his path. His convictions were awfully accumulated. He prostrated himself before God, and cried for mercy. His heart melted. He was humble. The Savior lifted him up; and soon he began to speak the language of a Christian. See him now, reader, a *new* man. Like Saul of Tarsus, he was smitten, and his eyes were opened.

Immediately S—— C—— bethought himself of college and college-mates. He prepares to return. Another day finds him where he was wont to be; but O how changed! Surely, as he approached the venerable pile, and those almost enchanting grounds, they must have worn a richer hue of loveliness to his re-illuminated vision. He was a man to feel such things; yes, he felt them *intensely*.

There was, of course, great joy at his return; but it was partially subdued by the unwonted sweetness of his expressive countenance. The image of Jesus was visible there, and gay

companions looked and wondered. He shook them cordially by the hand, and told them he had a story to tell them that evening, and they must meet him at a certain hour. All was eager expectation. The room was crowded. Good and bad hurried to the spot. The stillness of death pervaded the assembly. Every eye was intent, and every ear open. Methinks I can see him rising in that assembly with almost angelic expression—an expression which told us what was coming. But, for a moment, the heart was too full; it would not allow the speaker utterance. At length he broke the silence and declared the whole story from the beginning. But who can describe it? What language! It seemed borrowed from the upper world. What a countenance! What an effect! *All felt that night*, if they never felt before; and tears came from eyes not accustomed to weep.

From this time forth, the leader in sports became a leader in the work of his Master. This noble person—these engaging manners—this chivalrous spirit—this brilliant genius, were all laid at the foot of the cross. The conversion of S—— C—— was a means, under God, of giving new impulse to the revival. Many, when they saw his case, said, ‘Surely this is the finger of God.’ Often have I seen him in the recitation-room surrounded by his fellow-students—with just space enough in the centre for him to stand—addressing them in language pointed, affecting, and original; pleading with streaming eyes that they would repent. Once, after describing, in terms most penetrating, the sufferings of Christ, he paused, raised both hands, and with an energy peculiar to himself, and in a subdued tone, exclaimed, ‘Can you look at all this and not feel a generous indignation at your sins?’

Reader, here is a great change. This man was once far from God, as far apparently, as he *could* get from him. Now he is brought nigh. His whole course, for time and for eternity, is changed. He is all absorbed in urging sinners to repentance. He is full of the love of Christ. He wants every one to drink at the same fountain, and to rest on the same foundation. Does not the question occur to you, *has this change ever passed upon my soul?* This we call conversion—regeneration—the new birth, without which Christ has said no man can ‘see the kingdom of God.’ Here you see it exemplified. There is nothing abstract here; nothing that you cannot perfectly understand. You see what religion *did for this man*; and you may hence infer what it must *do for you*, or you are

lost. Have you ever been thus exercised, thus humbled, thus changed? Have you turned, as *he* did, with full purpose of heart, from the world, from wicked companions, and given yourself to God?

Is there not something of *reality* in religion? Look at this case and say. It is the honest truth which I have related. The happy individual is gone to eternity. He died young. He had just girded himself for the conflict. He had breathed his vows to God in the ministry, but he was destined to serve his Savior in a higher sphere of action. He went to his reward with the language of triumph on his lips.

But how is it with *you*, my reader? Have *you* the same blessed hope? Can you look forward to the same triumphant departure? This tract comes to tell you, in the light of the above example, what you must, by God's grace, become, or be forever undone. It comes to ask you if you are not a sinner! Is not thy heart polluted? and can such a heart go unchanged to heaven? O no—nothing unclean can ever enter there. It must, in a Savior's blood, be washed from its pollution, or in eternity it will be 'filthy still.' Go then, at once, where S—C— went, into the dust before God. Fall before him and say, 'Father, I have sinned.' Fly to the cross, for God will be reconciled no where else. He will meet you in peace on *Calvary*, but no where else.

For the Religious Magazine.

SOBRIETY.

SOBRIETY is one of those virtues which prove the healthy state of the heart, as a regular pulsation, or a good appetite indicates soundness of the bodily system.

That it is inculcated in the scriptures, any one familiar with the New Testament can testify. Paul, in his first letter to the Thessalonians, says, 'let us watch and be *sober*,' and 'let us, who are of the day, *be sober*.' In an epistle to Titus, whom he affectionately calls 'mine own son after the common faith, he says, 'teach the young women to *be sober*.' Peter, in his first general epistle, says, 'gird up the loins of your mind, *be sober*;' and again, 'Be ye therefore *sober* and watch unto pray-

er.' In another passage of Paul's letter to Titus, we read, 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men, teaching us that denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live *sobriety*, righteously and godly in this present world.'

That it is a *duty* to cultivate and cherish this virtue, cannot be denied, but as the advantages arising from it, may not present themselves forcibly at first, a consideration of them may perhaps result in beneficial effects. And first, the habit of sobriety fits us, in a measure, for every scene in life. If we are in the company of the gay, and the frivolous, our presence may act as a kind of restraint upon them; and thus we may prevent a sad waste of time, set an example worthy of imitation, and possibly by some well timed remark, leave a lasting and useful impression on the minds of our companions. Observe a gay circle of young persons—they are talking and laughing merrily together—a minister of the gospel joins them, and every countenance is changed—every tongue is silent. Do you say their respect for the clergyman causes them to hush their mirth so suddenly?—I grant it; but would they respect him were he wanting in sobriety? And is it not desirable for all persons to command respect? Most of the duties of life need to be performed in a sober frame of mind. In our daily pursuits, whether of study or labor, without its influence, we can neither fix the attention nor properly execute our affairs. Without it, we are wholly unfit for all devotional exercises. Who can retire to his chamber at night, and sincerely and humbly lift up his spirit in prayer to God, after a day, or an evening of thoughtless mirth? Who can visit the house of God on the Lord's day, and there call home all his thoughts, and fix them on heavenly and divine subjects, who has had, during the week, scarcely a serious or a sober thought? And who will pretend to be fit to present himself at the bar of God, when he is called upon to render up his last account, expecting a seat at the right hand of the Savior, who has not had a sober reflection during his whole life?

Sobriety and cheerfulness are perfectly consistent, but the latter is very different from levity. The former is a characteristic of the wise, the latter, of fools.

CLAUDINE.

For the Religious Magazine.

A SCENE AT SEA.

IN June of 1826, the writer of this article took passage in a packet, from a southern city for New York. It was a lovely morning. A fair wind swept us from the wharf. Fort after fort, and island after island were rapidly passed as we stretched out of the beautiful harbor. There was a crowd of passengers. Gaiety and cheerfulness prevailed; for our circumstances conspired to promote it. Some of us, after long absence were hastening toward home, 'the place where all endearments meet.' Others were on visits of pleasure and relaxation to the healthful scenes of a northern summer. A couple of leagues of distance were passed. But an incident, affecting and painful to me at least, occurred.

In stowing away some articles of freight, the chief mate of the ship discovered a slave, who had secreted himself in the hole, in hope of escape from bondage. He had made the necessary provision for his support during the passage, in some simple articles of food, which, with a couple of blankets which he had provided for his bed, were drawn forth from the darkness and presented to our sight.

I looked on this scene with the deepest sympathy for the man, a slave indeed, but a man. There he stood, of fine form and noble features. He appeared about thirty years of age. I gave him the appellation, man. So he was. And then he must have had the feelings of human nature. And what must have been the anxieties of his mind as he laid this plan of escape and carried it into execution? How strong must have been his emotions, as in the darkness of midnight, he stowed himself away in the hole, and made the various arrangements necessary to escape the observation of all on board! How high must have been the exultation of hope, as he heard the fastenings of the ship cast off—as he heard the dashing of the passing waves, indicating progress toward a land of freedom! What pleasant scenes must have arisen before him, as he thought of stepping on that distant shore where he should be a slave no longer! I say he was a man, and therefore such emotions as these must have arisen in his bosom.

But suddenly the fair fabric of his hopes was dashed in pieces. The officer's eye fell upon him. His stern voice called him

from his dark retreat. What a sound for his ear ! What anguish for his heart ! The bright visions of his fancy were suddenly overshadowed with terrible darkness. You could see the emotions of sadness and despair on his countenance, as he slowly ascended from his place of refuge and stood before us.

There were those of the passengers, who uttered the bitter curse upon him, and the still more bitter jest. I heard the rude laugh as strains of heart-cutting ridicule rang in his ears. But all this was most harshly at variance with the mournful reality of the sad scene. I could have wept over the unhappy man. I could not see such delightful hopes, as I knew must have gladdened his soul, thus cloven down without deep sympathy with him. I could not see but with strong emotion a fellow being, just bursting from the bondage and oppression of thirty years, thus cruelly thrust back again into the furnace—to be for him heated seven-fold. I could not see that crushed and bleeding heart, those withered and expiring hopes, and suffer my thoughts to glance at that prospect of gloom, which had so suddenly succeeded such blessed expectation. I could not do this, without heart-felt grief. I was bound with him. And I could not but see, as clearly as the midnight lightning's flash is seen, the odious influence of a system, which could make so sad a spectacle an occasion of curses or merriment ; which could steel the heart to insensibility when so powerful an appeal was made to its sympathies.

By the captain's order the ship was hove to, and a signal was soon flying to recall the pilot-boat which had just left us. In an hour the unhappy slave was on his way back to his master. But before the flight of another hour he was in the eternal world ! Rather than fall into the hands of men, he chose to 'fall into the hands of the living God.' He threw himself into the sea and was seen no more !

SIMON.

CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

WE are not quite sure that even our most conscientious readers will be prepared fully to adopt all the sentiments contained in the following article. The subject is no doubt attended with real difficulties, but most of them would probably vanish, were men governed, in all respects, by supreme love to their Savior. It is evidently the intention of the author to illustrate the necessity of self-denial

for Christ's sake. From our knowledge of his personal character and habits, we can venture to assert, that on this subject his preaching and practice in a good measure agree ; a praise which it is not always our good fortune, in this world, to be able to bestow. ED.

SUPPOSE the Savior of mankind were now on earth performing the same divine mission that he performed 1800 years ago ; his habits, dress, society, &c. all indicating the same comparative indigence.

Suppose also, that in going about to do good, as formerly, he should frequently visit Boston ; and at night retire to some neighboring town or village to lodge, as he then did to Bethany. Suppose, moreover, that as I profess to be one of his friends and admirers, he should condescend to visit my dwelling.

He arrives at my gate just at evening ; the 'twelve' and many others being with him. On their arrival, I invite them in. The multitude after thronging around the door a short time disperse to their homes or elsewhere.

My house is a wooden tenement, but is built in good modern—that is fashionable style ; corresponding with the other fashionable houses in the neighborhood. It has two large stories, besides a basement, several spacious rooms, some of which are 25 by 18 or 20 feet in extent, and 10 high ; besides chambers, sleeping-rooms, &c. in proportion ; and the whole is 'well furnished.'

Well, my illustrious visitors are seated in my largest and best room. It is furnished with chairs at \$75 a set ; couches at \$150 a pair ; mirrors at \$50 each ; and the floor is carpeted at an expense of \$100, or \$150. The walls are hung with pictures and paintings which cost \$500 to \$600, and we have \$500 worth of plate. The rest of the house, and its furniture—bureaus, tables, chairs, wardrobes, bedsteads, &c. are in due proportion. The house and garden cost me \$8,000 ; the furniture \$3,500.

My watch cost me \$150 ; my lady's watch \$100 ; and the extras of her wardrobe \$100 or \$500 more. Our family consists of myself and wife, and two children ; a nursery and chamber-maid ; a cook ; and a hired man.

While the company remain, these general facts in relation to my style of living gradually come to their knowledge ; in addition to which my butcher calls with his bill, among the items of which are many a large and choice piece of lamb, veal, pig, venison and beef ; and many a dozen of fat poultry. The par-

ish collector also comes in, to ask for my proportion of a tax to raise money to build a large meeting house for a small parish, at an expense of \$12,000.

Now I have long since made a public profession of love for the Savior ; and nobody, perhaps, unless it be he, doubts my sincerity. I profess to be his servant and disciple ; and to open my house to him and to sit at his feet, to receive, on all points, his most blessed instructions.

After much conversation on many important topics, suppose he should begin to expostulate with me in a friendly manner in regard to my fashionable but expensive style of living ; inquiring how it is that as his disciple and follower, I can hold up my head, look him boldly in the face, and have my conscience perfectly at ease, while I am pursuing this course ; and whether I can reconcile it with one of his leading principles, viz : that whosoever forsakes not all that he has, and takes up his cross, cannot be his disciple. Suppose, I say, he should do all this, what will be my reply.

Shall I not be likely to say, 'Lord thou knowest all things, thou knowest that large rooms, large churches, &c. promote health and happiness ; thou knowest that good furniture and good clothing are cheaper in the end than those which are of an inferior quality ; and that a few choice bits from the market now and then, in a family, are indispensable ; and that as to hired help, I get along with as little as my neighbors in the same circumstances.'

What will be his probable reply to all this ? Will he not say, 'Yes, my son, I very well know that much of what you say is true. Large rooms and much space are indeed as favorable to health, as sufficient clothing and a due supply of wholesome food. And as to the rest—the costly furniture and clothing, and the hired help—why the laws of the commonwealth no doubt permit you to possess them.

'But it is also true, my son, that every thing which is conducive to the comfort, health, and happiness, of you and your family, would be equally so to my health and happiness, and to the comfort and happiness of my followers. Yet it often happens that we have not where to lay our heads ; and so far are we from having all of what you call *conveniences* that we seldom have *necessaries*. We think ourselves fortunate, if we can sleep on a good floor, instead of drenching all night in the dew. We are happy if we can get one or two changes of cleanly raiment in a week ; and one or two meals of good wholesome unleavened bread in a day.'

Here I interrupt him by saying that all men are not called to the same course of conduct with him and his apostles ; that there must be fixed and permanent society. That it seems as clearly my duty to remain at home, as that of him and his apostles to go abroad. That taking for granted that it is my duty to stay at home, there is no reason why I should not consult health in all my domestic arrangements. That my being comfortably and healthfully situated will not render him and the twelve less so, nor my retrenchment or self-denial afford them any relief. That even *he* is indebted to my ample provision, in regard to space, furniture, &c. for his present accommodations ; and that without my large room, elegant couches, and abundant help in the family, instead of sitting here, he and his followers might be compelled to sit on wooden chairs, or a common settee, and content themselves with bread and milk or some similar and equally vulgar dish for their suppers. That my conduct is the less open to blame from the consideration that I do not by any means exhaust my income on myself and family, but contribute largely to the streams of public associated benevolence. The Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the Home Missionary Society, the Education Society ; and various other benevolent societies, can, if they will, attest the truth of my statement.

To all this, in his usual mild and gentle, but firm manner, he replies : ‘How convenient it is for you, my son, that in creating you I gave you *reason* ;—that wonderful faculty by means of which you can invent at least a plausible pretext for whatever your perverse inclination prompts you to do. You find it hard to take up your cross, in the way that Peter and some of my other apostles do, and leave your family to shift almost wholly for themselves ; so you contrive to defend, as well as you can, your conduct in staying at home. Suppose these my apostles should make the same apology, and take the same course ; and suppose in fact that every body should do so. How then could I ever spread my gospel through the earth by human agency ? But might they not all make the same excuse for staying at home with their families and friends which you do ? Nay, might they not do it with a much better grace, since your family, in case of your absence, would have not only the means of subsistence, but many comforts, while some of theirs are in the very depths of poverty ?

‘But waving for the present all this, my son, and taking it for granted that you have a right to remain at home, let us con-

sider, for a moment, your charities while here. You contribute largely, you say, to works of public benevolence. Yes, you do. But where are your private charities? When do you perform a single act upon the principle of not letting your left hand know what your right hand doeth? You give from your surplus income, after spending large sums on your family, not only for necessities and conveniences, but for the luxuries of life, 150 or 200 dollars a year to objects which are publicly known, and with which your name will be associated. Now I should have no objection to all this, provided you did not stop here. I have indeed taught you to 'let your light shine before men;' but I have also taught you to give alms 'in secret;' that is, out of the range of public observation. This you have left wholly undone. When or where have you visited your poor neighbors, in the depth of the winter, sought out their wants of food, clothes, and fuel, and contributed to their relief? When have you sought to place their neglected children under proper instruction? When have you stood by the bed-side of their sick, and afforded them such aid as was in your power?

To all this I reply; Lord, thou knowest how I have been situated. My business keeps me almost constantly confined, so that I have hardly time to attend to the wants of my own family, in these respects. They have indeed enough to eat, and drink, and wear, and they have fuel enough; but I do not attend to the instruction of my children as I ought, either to teach them myself, or to see that they are in the hands of others, who will do it properly. Even when my family are sick, I am obliged to leave them to others, although I know they cannot feel all that interest in their welfare which I do, and consequently will not take as good care of them as I myself might. But how can I get along otherwise? And surely you would not have me go about doing good to others—even in my own neighborhood—while I have not time to attend to the wants of my own family! There are those who can *go about* doing good, like you and the twelve, but what if all should do so?

'Ah, my son!' he observes; 'I see how it is with you. You have never taken up your cross to follow me; no, never. You have put on my name, but have never partaken of my spirit. I have never commanded you to *follow me about* literally; but I have told you again and again, that you must possess my spirit. You must *do* good, whether you *go about* to do it or not. This I have often told you; and you perfectly understand it.'

'Now what have you done? I will tell you. You have been

devoted—not to me, but—to the **WORLD** ; to its **FASHIONS**. The world has set up a standard of living, and commanded you to follow it. You have done so, to the letter. It has told you what sort of a house you ought to have, how many domestics ; what and how much furniture ; how you and your family ought to dress, eat, and drink ; and how many dogs, horses, and carriages are necessary ; and you have obeyed. You have even made sacrifices to do so.

‘ You have indeed attended, in some measure, to the education of your children ; but it was not till all the other arrangements which I have mentioned had been made. You give to public charities, but not till every thing which fashion says you ought to have at home, is secured. You give of your “ abundance,” but never of your “ penury ” like the poor widow ; no, never. You toil, like a galley slave at the oar, to keep up the style of living you have adopted, sacrificing your comfort, your happiness, and your health to it ; and now when I come to see you and expostulate with you, you attempt to defend yourself in this very course.

‘ I will tell you what you must do. “ Whosoever is the friend of the world,”—so devoted to its fashions as you are, “ is the enemy of God.” You must either renounce me, or your present mode of life. You cannot serve two masters ; the world and me. You must give up one or the other.

‘ If you are disposed to follow me—not to go about with me, for that I leave wholly to yourself, to do as you think expedient—you must change your whole course of life. To keep up the style of living which the world, your former master, has demanded, you have been so completely immured in business that you have made it the chief end and aim of your existence. To imbibe my spirit it will become necessary that you should part with some of your property, and be in the habit of giving to the poor, privately as well as publicly.’

Here I again interrupt him by saying ; ‘ But Lord, is it really necessary that I should give away my property ? I know not what I have that I can spare.’

‘ And yet,’ he continues, ‘ you toil night and day, with scarcely time to eat, drink and sleep, and with no time to improve your mind and heart, or those of your children. Sunday, indeed, is formally devoted to the business of moral, social, and religious improvement ; but how little do you accomplish ! Your thoughts, accustomed to dwell during the whole week on your wares and your merchandise, still linger round them dur-

ing the sabbath ; and you are either heartless, or dull in all its exercises. You sometimes wonder why your family, and especially your children, derive no more benefit from your lectures and your catechisms, and the constant example of church-going which you set them. But you need not do it. The wonder really is—when they see your vacant or absent countenance, and mark your utter want of interest or energy in the performance of the exercises and devotions of the Sabbath—that they do not become disgusted with religion itself, shake off all restraint, and become the open disciples of infidelity.

‘I said you scarcely found time to eat, drink or sleep, and it is so. And even the food and the rest which you appear to take, are unsatisfying. Your food is but poorly digested ; and your sleep, long delayed after you lay your head on your pillow, comes at last but partially ; and brings with it distressing dreams, and nightmare ; and you toss away the night very uncomfortably, and awake in the morning, unrefreshed.

‘Therefore it is, that I say again, you must change your whole course of life. You must attempt less business. If your present arrangements require sixteen or eighteen hours labor of mind and body daily, you must so shape them that they will demand only ten, or eight. Then you will have time to rest ; time to get acquainted with your wife and children ; and with your friends and neighbors ; and by reading the passing intelligence, with the world at large. You will have time to spare for conversation with your children, and in instructing them. You will also have time to spare, in which to visit your less favored neighbors, to receive visits from them, to visit and aid the sick, and to comfort and support the distressed.’

‘But if I diminish my business, in the proportion of nearly one half—interrupting him again—as I must do, by limiting myself to ten hours of active employment, how am I to get money to aid the sick ? My present income, with sixteen hours of daily labor only just sustains my family.’

‘In two ways,’ he replies. ‘First sell some of your property, as I have already told you. These costly coaches, those extravagant watches and dresses, and that *unnecessary and idle* furniture may well enough be spared. At least it is better to spare it, than to let things go on at hap-hazard around you. Occupy fewer rooms, and be at a little less expense in regard to food, drink, and equipage.

‘Secondly ; if it is in your power, dispose of these large and splendid buildings, and buy smaller. Dismiss your hired help,

and let Mrs. S—— do the work herself. * Instead of living in a house worth \$8,000, obtain one worth less than half that sum. Diminish your furniture in a like proportion. Keep no horses and carriages ; but walk when you go abroad. In short reduce your actual property at least as much as Zaccheus did, and your family expenses still *more* than one half. Having done this, ten hours a day will sustain you better than sixteen now do ; you and your family will be happier ; the neighbors will more readily believe you are my disciple and follower ; you will enjoy the consolation of not having lived wholly in vain ; and future generations will call you blessed.

‘This is a pleasant picture,’ I assure him, ‘but I suspect it is more easily drawn than realized. Besides should I not lose my influence in the neighborhood, by thus reducing myself to poverty?’

‘You do not reduce yourself to poverty,’ says he, ‘you are still rich, comparatively. You will actually enjoy more of the present than you now do, without regarding the future. It is true that it requires a little self-denial to do what I propose ; but this is precisely what you need, for it is that to which you have never yet been accustomed. You must risk the loss of some of your influence. But of what use is it to retain weapons which you have no time to use ? People, like you, talk of losing their influence ; while at the same time, they scarcely use a particle of the influence they already have in their possession ; and it might as well be buried. But perhaps no loss of influence would actually be sustained. Who is richer than I was, with my Father ? Yet for your sakes I became poor ;—reduced often, to extremities. But have I thereby lost any of my influence not merely in the world above, but in this ? Does not my very poverty and self-denial, tend constantly to increase it ? Do not the common people—the mass, the multitude—hear me gladly ?

‘Ah, my son ; you,—and not you alone, but my professed followers, all over this region have made a sad mistake, in think-

* We confess we can see no occasion for a literal compliance with this direction, provided Mrs. S. will really employ her time industriously in some other useful way. It can no more be necessary for her to dismiss her maids, than for her husband to dismiss his clerks or his apprentices, or for a manufacturer to dismiss his workmen. A division of labor is certainly expedient, but this principle must not be so construed that any one shall be excused from active efforts to promote the general good. We suppose that the propriety of riding or walking can no more be determined by general rules than the employment of domestics. Ed.

ing to serve both God and Mammon. It is impossible. Instead of living in a style which the fashion of the world demands, you must come back to the simplicity of nature and the principles of my gospel. You must no longer widen daily and hourly the distance between the poor and the rich ; thus rendering them envious of your condition, and removing them farther and farther from all hope of reformation. On the contrary, you must descend, if you call it descending, to meet them, and bring them up by your exertions, to the same level with yourself.

‘On one point my followers, almost everywhere, make a very serious mistake. They seem to feel as if there was no way of doing good except with money. Now the man who might otherwise earn two dollars a day, but who, having no actual want of his own to supply, instead of doing so, gives up his day to going about and assisting or instructing the needy, or even in improving the moral condition of a single child, has done a far greater good than if he had worked and earned two dollars, and presented it to the same individual or individuals as a donation. In the former case he directs the application of his charity ; in the latter he does not, and there is much uncertainty whether it will be expended in the most judicious manner.

‘Think on this subject, my son ; and may you speedily come to repentance and a better mind. May you be led to renounce the gods which you have hitherto worshipped ; and to become a disciple of that God who is a Spirit, and who will be worshipped, if worshipped at all, in spirit and in truth.’

From the Weekly Messenger.

THE STAGE DRIVER'S FRIEND.

On entering a stage not long since, in passing through one of the northern states, I found my only companion a little mild looking boy, who seemed to me so desolate without a protector or friend, that I could not forbear exclaiming, ‘poor fellow, you have a sad time here riding quite alone.’ ‘Oh, no,’ he quickly replied, ‘I don’t mind that, for the driver is very kind to me, he gives me crackers and apples ; and, besides, I have

been through this road a great many times with him, and father says, he takes very good care of me ; but I was thinking when he jumped off the seat to open the door for you, what would become of him if he should fall, and the wheel go over him, just as he was swearing so, because his horses would not stand still ; do you think GOD WOULD LET HIM GO TO HEAVEN ?' So unexpected was the question, that I hesitated for a moment to consider how to reply. When he, apparently astonished at my silence, exclaimed, 'Why, my teacher says, "swearers cannot enter heaven," but, I guess, John don't know how wicked it is, for when I asked him, where he would go if he said such wicked words, he told me I need not be frightened, he should be well enough off when he died.' At this moment, the driver called out in a kind tone, 'are you warm enough my little fellow,' and this new proof of interest awakened the child's fears afresh, and he cried out, as if thinking aloud, 'I do wish he had a father or mother to tell him to be good ;' then turning again to me, he said, 'Did any body ever tell him of that dreadful place where the wicked go?' This question pierced me to the heart ; again and again it sounded in my ears, 'did any body ever tell him?' I could not answer for others, but conscience told me how criminal had been *my* neglect. I had rode thousands of miles with profane, intemperate, and vicious drivers, and never before had I reflected that they might be rescued from ruin. But now my mind was so engrossed by the subject, that I was only roused to the opening of the stage-door, by the soft tones of the interesting child, who whispered as he left me, for the arms of his uncle, 'You *will* tell him how to grow better, won't you, sir?'

My first impulse was to relate at once to the driver, our conversation, and urge him to reflect upon his danger, and to flee from it for his life ; but as I moved near his seat, he said amid the *fumes of the dram* he had just swallowed, 'this is a cold rain, and I will close the carriage,' and as he uttered it, drew a barrier between us, which prevented all intercourse. I, however, directed my thoughts to various plans to effect the poor fellow's reformation, and resolved to take him aside the moment we reached our stopping place for the night, and frankly tell him the consequences of his sinful course ; but as my baggage was disposed of, he was off—nor amid the bustle and confusion of the moment, could I induce any one to find him for me ; his image was before me all night ; if I fell into broken slumbers I saw him in my dreams, covered with ice—reeling

upon his box—falling from his seat—and constantly on the very brink of destruction. I longed for the light of day, that I might be relieved from this insupportable burden ; and my first inquiry on entering the bar-room, was for the object of my solicitude ; my heart sank within me as I learnt that he started in the return stage, about midnight. The rain had fallen in torrents during the night, freezing as it fell, and I shuddered as I thought how much he must have suffered, but I determined to forego my business, and remain where I was, till his return. I accordingly despatched a letter to a friend, who was expecting me in a distant town, and was composing myself with a book, to forget the reproaches of a troubled conscience, when the intelligence was brought, yes! the shocking intelligence, that the poor deluded driver, in consequence of drinking freely, had become stupid and sleepy, and was discovered actually *frozen to death* upon his seat!! This horrid event is probably still fresh in the minds of many who knew him well, who perchance were his companions in sin, and to such I now address myself.

It is not my object to tell you of the horror and grief with which I thought of the wretched being who had been thus suddenly called into eternity ; of the anguish I endured for weeks and months, in reflecting upon the opportunities lost of speaking ‘a word in season,’ to this neglected portion of my fellow beings: my object is rather to redeem the time that is past, and if possible, manifest the strong desire I feel to take every one of you by the hand, and say, ‘come thou with me, and I will do thee good.’

There is, perhaps, no class of society, who have more reason to exclaim, ‘no man careth for my soul.’ You see provision made for the spiritual instruction of all but yourselves ; by universal consent, you seem to be left to the influence of every temptation, and danger, to which your occupation exposes you. No Bethel flag is raised to draw you to the place where prayer is wont to be made ; no altar *appropriated* to you, where you are allured to worship God. The whole christian public have apparently abandoned you to the ruin which hangs over you. How urgent then, the necessity of *caring for your own souls*—of ‘working out your own salvation’ and of securing the friendship and protection of Him whose eye is ever upon you, and whose hand has kept you amid a thousand dangers? Yes, *thousands* of dangers, which *you* saw not, and which, but for the undeserved mercies of God might have fixed your doom forever.

Perhaps you enjoyed, in youth, the prayers and counsels of a pious parent, were taught the truths of the bible, had the ten commandments at least, deeply impressed on your minds by frequent repetition; but how long were these things remembered after you entered upon your present employment?

TALKATIVENESS.

THE wise man observes, that *there is a time to speak, and a time to keep silence*. One meets with people in the world, who seem never to have made the last of these observations. And yet these great talkers do not at all speak from their having any thing to say, as every sentence shows, but only from their inclination to be talking. Their conversation is merely an exercise of the tongue; no other human faculty has any share in it. It is strange these persons can help reflecting, that unless they have in truth a superior capacity, and are in an extraordinary manner furnished for conversation, if they are entertaining, it is at their own expense. Is it possible that it should never come into people's thoughts to suspect, whether or no it be to their advantage to show so very much of themselves? *O that ye would altogether hold your peace, and it should be your wisdom*. Remember likewise there are persons who love fewer words, an inoffensive sort of people, and who deserve some regard, though of too still and composed temper for you. Of this number was the son of Sirach; for he plainly speaks from experience, when he says, *As hills of sands are to the steps of the aged, so is one of many words to a quiet man*.

BP. BUTLER.

THE FIRESIDE.

ELLINOR.

‘MOTHER finds fault with my temper,’ said Ellinor, bitterly; ‘Just as I get busy, *always!*’ ‘I am sure nobody takes more pains to govern her temper than I do: and come what will, I never refuse to do what I am asked.’ As she uttered these words in a loud whisper, she reached her own room, where, closing the door after her, she gave way to a burst of indignant pride, at the remembrance of her mother’s reproof.

Ellinor was almost right in saying that she governed her temper as well as her neighbors, that is, when put upon her guard, by the presence of any one to whose raillery or perverseness she was specially susceptible; and she was quite right in saying that she never refused to do, as desired, favors for those around her. But was she no way wrong?

Dinner was removed, her father was gone to his counting room, her mother was with the little ones up stairs, and Ellinor opened her book, promising herself a quiet afternoon for reading. She had thus occupied, as it appeared to her, but a short time, when little Jane came down. ‘Sister Ellinor, mother wants to know if you will wind that silk before dark; for the mantua-maker will use

it the first thing to-morrow.’ ‘Yes, child, go back, and tell her I’ll come;’ and with a displeased, sullen expression, she sauntered up to her mother’s room. She did what she was desired.

The lamps burned upon the table, which was spread for the evening meal, waiting only for the mother to come down; and during the little interval, Ellinor, as usual, was pushing on, a few sentences more, in her book. A ‘wee thing’ came toddling up to her: ‘please, sister, tie my apron.’ ‘You always come when I am reading,’ she returned sharply, laying down her book, and tying the apron. We might almost wonder what she could have been reading, which did not teach her that gentleness was graceful in a female.

After tea one evening, she was leaving the parlor, to bring her portfolio. ‘Ellinor,’ said her father, ‘I want to get you to copy a letter for me; are you in a hurry?’ ‘No, sir,’ she answered, in a cold, sullen, disagreeable tone. ‘I must have the letter copied before I go out, and I can’t do that, and prepare to go, in fifteen minutes; if you will do it, I shall

be very glad.' Ellinor took the pen, and with a hand trembling with vexation, copied the letter. She did not refuse her father's request.

'Ellinor,' said her mother, the next morning, as the clock struck half past eight, 'will you see if Jane knows her lesson?' The elder sister impatiently drew the book from the child's hand, and put out the words so rapidly, and in so unpleasant a tone, that the poor little speller was frightened, confused, and hardly knew whether or not the words proposed, were the same that she had been studying. But Ellinor did not refuse to hear the lesson.

Of these scraps of every day life, enough have been gleaned, very clearly to display the fault aimed at. Ellinor was, in school-room phrase, a pretty good tempered girl, and she prided herself upon doing every thing which she was desired, but she had overlooked, in studying the great law of love, that little clause, which would have taught her to 'do all things without murmurings.'

THE SISTER'S REPROOF.

'JANE,' said little Sarah Pierce, as she sat by the fire in a thoughtful mood, one afternoon, 'do you want to go to heaven?'

'To be sure I do,' said Jane, 'what makes you ask that question?'

'I was thinking about the falsehood you told mother yesterday.'

Jane's cheek was flushed, and she replied in rather an angry tone—'well, I can't help that now.'

'But, Jane, you know mother has often told us that if we tell lies, and do other wicked things, we cannot go to heaven, where brother Charles is now.'

'I'm sure I can't help it now,' said Jane—who was try-

ing to fortify herself in the resolution she had made of forgetting the transaction of yesterday.

O yes, you can do something to help it now,' replied the little girl, 'you can tell mother it was false, and ask her to forgive you. You know our teacher told us this morning, that when we had done wrong, we should always confess it—and it seemed to me, Jane, just as though she was talking to you.'

Just then Sarah heard her mother's voice calling her, and she left the room.

By this time Jane's conscience was quite troublesome, and though she tried to

give her attention to the book she held in her hand, it was in vain. might keep it from me,—God would know it?’

In a short time Mrs. Pierce entered the room. Jane bent her eyes upon the floor and said nothing. Jane’s tears flowed fast—but already feeling her heart lightened by the confession she had made, she resolved that her mother should know all, and she related to her the conversation that had just passed between herself and Sarah, adding, before this, mother, I was trying to forget it, and hoped you would never find it out.’

‘I fear Jane,’ said her mother, ‘that your lesson this afternoon does not interest you—you seem to be gazing upon the carpet rather than studying your book.’

Jane burst into tears. The sound of her mother’s kind voice increased the conviction which was already pressing upon her, and she exclaimed, ‘Oh! mother, I have been very naughty—and I cannot study till I have told you about it. Yesterday, when you asked me why I came home from school so late, I told you that Miss S. asked me to walk home with little Ruth Carnes, because her sister was absent—but after I went home with her, Frances Seaver asked me to go and see the new doll that she had given her for a new year’s present—and though I knew that you was not willing I should go any where after school without your permission, yet I thought you would not know any thing about it, because I should tell you that I went home with Ruth.’

‘Can it be possible, my child, that you have been guilty of so much deception!—did you forget that though you

‘My dear child, said her mother, ‘you have indeed been guilty of a great sin. Lying and deception are deeply offensive in the sight of Him who knows all things—and I tremble to think what would become of you should you continue the dreadful practice. But I rejoice that Sarah was the means of leading you to feel that you had done wrong—and I trust that the unhappiness which this has caused you will never be forgotten. Go now to your own room—think over the circumstances of your disobedience—confess your sins to God—and ask his forgiveness, praying that He will enable you henceforth to speak the truth always, and to please him in all you do.’

In the solitude of her own room, Jane thought of her past conduct. She felt as she looked back upon her life, that she had been guilty of constant acts of disobedience—she had neglected the faithful instructions

of her kind parents, and had lived only for the gratification of her own selfish wishes. Now she saw her guilt, and she begged of Him who alone has power to pardon, that she might be forgiven. And her prayer was heard. She left her room subdued and humble—and from that time, her strict adherence to truth—her constant endeavors to please her parents and others, and her careful study of the word of God, induced her mother to hope, that a change had taken place in her character—and that she had begun to love and serve God.

This happy change was the result of a *sister's faithfulness*.

ZELLA.

FRETFULNESS.

The following dissuasive from fretfulness, is extracted from a small work recently published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, entitled 'Put off and Put on.' The book bears the signature of 'Simon,' a name well known to the readers of the Religious Magazine, who have often been entertained as well as edified, by the productions of his pen. The good and bad qualities of men are in this book spoken of as garments which should be respectively assumed or laid aside.—Ed.

FRETFULNESS, strictly speaking, is a kind of anger, just as one's skirt is a part of his coat. Anger is the artillery, fretfulness the small arms.

We will look at cases. The door was shut with alarming violence. A gust of wind, perhaps. No; there was no wind to do it. It was a calm day in summer. Soon after, I heard words, which seemed to have been uttered by halves and quarters. They had a kind of grumbling sound, very strikingly in contrast with the ordinary tones of the human voice. Soon I had a view of the face of a lad of ten years old, or so. And there was no smoothness or good nature about it. It was ruffled as the water struck by a gust of wind. You could have seen he was not happy. He had been sent by his father to catch the horse, and he was unwilling to go. He dared not disobey; but he went growling—slamming the door—overturning a chair—threshing with the halter everything he passed; and the horse too, poor fellow, was none the better used for the ill nature of the boy. It was a sad case. I forget about his clothes, but I think you will say with me, his heart was not very well dressed.

There is Susan by the window with her mother's scissors. She has already made many holes in the sash, and picked off some of the wood work with the point. You can see the damage half across the room. 'Well, I don't care. I wanted to go with the rest of the girls after berries, and mother would'nt let me go. It's just like her. She never lets me go when I want to. I don't care if I do hurt the sash, and break the scissors. She might let me go, then.' I do not know but she was dressed in silks; but she had on one very unbecoming piece of raiment, that I know; and one that looked bad enough for a —, no, it was too bad for a beggar-girl to wear!

Suppose you should see fifty boys and girls like those I have just described. Do you think it would be a pleasant sight? And suppose they should all scold and fret together, just as they did when they were alone, what kind of music would you call that? Do you think they would like to hear each other's voices, or see each other's faces? Could they take any satisfaction in each other's society? There would be no cheerfulness, no cordiality, no pleasure whatever. They would have to PUT OFF the garment of fretfulness before there could be any happiness among them.

But this kind of apparel does

not look any better on those who are not children. Sometimes a coat that would ill become a boy, well becomes a man. But this is not a coat of this kind. It never looked well on any rational being, high or low, young or old. I was struck, the other day, with the appearance of a man. A laborer in his employment, had, accidentally, injured an article of some value. There was tinder about him, and here was a spark. There was not boisterous passion, but a spirit of fretfulness. 'You careless, good-for-nothing fellow, just see what you have done. You are as stupid as a Hottentot. You're not fit to be trusted with anything.' So the steam hissed away at this rate for some time.

'But we *must* fret at the carelessness of others; who can help it?' *MUST!* But this man ceased the moment his eyes met a pious friend, who had not before been observed. The lowering sky was cloudless in a moment. The scowl hurried off that countenance, like light vapor in a gale. The dashing waves were quiet in an instant. Yes, and there ought not to have been any such waves, but a 'meek and quiet spirit.'

But farther. I have heard an accomplished lady's voice set to the same tune. The table was laid for dinner. Foot-

steps of the servant were heard. But, suddenly, there was a crash! An unlucky accident laid two beautiful dishes in scattered ruins on the floor. 'You—you—you!' No matter for the rest. I have heard of a 'continual dropping,' in connexion with a female voice. But now there was a shower; and the drops were scalding hot. 'But she could not help it.' But she did help it. For no sooner had she discovered that a door had been partly open, and several distinguished guests had heard the whole, than all was quiet as a summer's eve. You would have thought, from her appearance, there had not been a ripple on that sea for a twelvemonth. She *could* help it. She was no more obliged to put on such a robe of fretfulness, than she was to meet her guests in a coat of mail, or in a garment of sack-cloth. She could help it. Else there never would have been, in the Scriptures, any injunction of 'forbearing one another in love,' or anything about a 'quiet spirit.'

Have you ever heard of Nabal? Well, he was a full-grown fretter. I should think, from what is said respecting him, in 1 Sam. xxv. 17, that he was one of the most accomplished men of his day in this kind of business, 'for he was such a son of Belial that a man could not speak to him.'

And there are some Nabals in our days—persons whom you must manage as carefully as a sailor his ship's sails, when the wind is baffling, or the weather squally. They cannot bear a disappointment of the slightest kind. Every little gust of adversity fans some hidden spark. You cannot see anything in the shape of a vexation making that way, but you may expect to hear from it; just as when you see a lighted match approaching a loaded cannon, you presume on an explosion.

But it cannot be helped, you think. Suppose every fretful word from that gentleman's lips were to dash out a pane of glass in his windows, and every such word from his lady, were to lay an article of her crockery in pieces on the floor. You might hear a terrible rattling for a while. But it would hold up, ere long, like an April shower.

And just listen now to another supposition. Suppose that fretful boy were to have a black spot come out on his face every time he got out of humor for a week. How do you think he would look by Saturday night? Or suppose he should lose a piece of his jacket, as big as your hand, do you not think he would soon need a new one? And would not the prospect to either of these boys of such a result effectually restrain them.

I think, my young friends, and those that are like him, that fretfulness is a garment that ought to be put off. I think it ought to be thrown into that heap of 'filthy rags,' where we have been throwing all those other garments which I have been describing. It is a detestable apparel, see it where you may. None but Satan,

can love to see it on any rational being. They who wear it are always 'hateful, and hating one another.' Well, let them wear it, and every piece of it they can find. Let them take ours and never have the satisfaction of seeing anything like it on us again.

PHILIP AND HIS GARDEN.

PART II.

PHILIP had a sister, who came from school at midsummer, to pass the holidays at home. With a great deal of pleasure he showed her his garden, in which were not only many beautiful flowers, but some fruit nearly ripe; and of this fruit they meant to make a feast, as soon as it was perfectly fit to gather. 'We shall have a plate of strawberries,' said Philip, and with gooseberries, and currants we may fill two more.'

But, in the mean time, there were others who reckoned the same fruit as their own property. These were the birds; who, flying about in quest of food frequently lighted on Philip's garden, and regaled themselves with whatever had ripened.

Philip missed his currants and strawberries, but was at a loss to guess who had robbed him. He called his sister, and said, 'I am sure my fruit is ta-

ken away, though I cannot tell by whom.'

'Not by me,' answered Fanny, 'but certainly some is gone.'

Philip examined his strawberries, and, finding one of them very much pecked, remarked, it must be done by the birds.

'Oh! yes,' replied Fanny, 'I dare say they come here to feed themselves, and take a bit to the young in the nest, pretty creatures!'

'Pretty creatures, indeed! pretty thieves you mean. I'll not be robbed by them, I assure you.'

But how will you hinder it?' said Fanny. 'Papa was lecturing you on the benefit of early rising; and you see the birds understand it: for they come long before you are awake, and treat themselves at your expense.'

Philip was too fond of his bed: he had been reproved for it; and Fanny's remarks increased the ill-humor which he felt on discovering his loss. Fanny was wrong to mortify her brother; and Philip was wrong to resent it.

'Whether I rise early or late, Miss Fanny, is no affair of yours: and, as to the birds, I will stop their plundering tricks.'

'I don't think you can,' said Fanny.

Oh! never fear; a few shot will spoil their appetite for my currants.'

'And so you would really kill the little innocents, and put an end to their delightful singing? but perhaps the concert begins too early in the morning for your taste? I am sure Papa won't let you have a gun.'

'I will get somebody else to shoot them, though: and, when my fruit is safe, I promise you, not a bit of it you shall touch, for your spite and impertinence:' and Philip, seeing his Papa at a little distance, ran off to him in great anger, just as his sister began to hum the lines of Dr. Watts' pretty hymn:—

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, I heard
him complain,
You have waked me too soon, let me
slumber again.'

Quite out of breath with haste and anger, Philip met his

Papa, and exclaimed, 'Papa, ought not robbery to be punished with death?'

'By the laws of the land, certainly,' replied his father, 'the convicted thief is condemned to die: but why do you ask the question?'

'Because, Papa, the birds have stolen my fruit, and will leave me nothing worth gathering: and I request that you will bring your gun, and shoot them for me.'

'Yes, Papa,' said Fanny, who had now joined them, 'the poor birds have picked a few strawberries and currants, to satisfy their hunger; and for this, Philip wants you to murder them all, guilty and innocent together.'

'Cannot Philip watch his garden better?'

'Oh no, Papa; it would be too great an exertion for him to get up early enough; and he makes his laziness an excuse for his cruelty.'

'There, Papa,' said Philip, 'that is the way in which she talks to me.'

'Because I hate cruelty,' said Fanny, very angrily, 'and I would rather the whole garden was spoiled, than that the poor little birds should be killed so barbarously.'

'My children,' said their father, gravely, 'I fear I shall find much to censure on both sides: sit down by me, and tell me what has passed between you.'

They did so, each endeavoring to leave as much of the blame on the other as possible.

‘I grieve to see you so deficient in the great christian principle of love,’ observed their Papa, as they concluded.

‘But I do hate cruelty, Papa.’

‘So do I, Fanny; and, above all, the cruelty of laying a stumbling-block in a brother’s way, causing him to sin. That you are humane towards the brute creation, I have no reason to doubt; but in this instance you seem rather to have acted on a principle of opposition; and while increasing Philip’s displeasure, and thereby strengthening his intentions, you have gloried in exhibiting your humanity, and keeping your temper, after trying his severely.’

Fanny hung her head, much abashed, and at length said, ‘Pray, pardon me, Papa, and you also, Philip; I meant well, but have acted wrong.’

‘I am sure I forgive you heartily, dear sister,’ said Philip.

‘And I also,’ added her Papa, ‘hoping you will bear in mind what has passed; and remember that not only *meaning* well, but *doing* well, must be to yourself and others, the evidence of your being led by the Spirit of God. ‘For the fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth.’

‘And now, Philip, I must admonish you, that you likewise have been sadly wanting in that charity which is ‘not easily provoked.’ You made up your mind, to do what your sister justly called a cruel action; resented her interference; put the worst construction on her remarks, and meditated a revenge, by refusing to share with her the fruit of your garden. All these things are very contrary to the love, peace, gentleness, long-suffering, that distinguish the real christian. You remember the weeds, Philip? I see your ground has not since been neglected; but, my dear boy, I fear the far more precious garden of your soul has not been so diligently watched, and kept free from evil intruders.’

‘I will be more careful, Papa, in future. I was very much vexed to find my fruit going so fast, after all the pains I took with it.’

‘Disappointment Philip, will attend us through life, in one shape or another: he who bears not trifling losses with composure, will scarcely be resigned under more severe visitations. But tell me, do you never think how your rebellious sins grieve the Holy Spirit of Him who has planted you, as a young tree, in the garden of his church: watered you with the dew of his grace, and bade you flourish under the ordinances

of a pure worship ? He comes seeking fruit : and, alas ! does he not often find the branches bare and barren, or the little that was ripening plucked away by the enemy of your soul, with every temptation that he brings against you ? I hope you will consider this, and let your garden still be your teacher. We will now speak of the birds. Do you really wish me to destroy them ?

‘Indeed, Papa, I don’t see how I can preserve any of the fruit otherwise ; but, if you think it wrong, I will submit.’

‘! do not think it right that you should lose the produce of your ground, Philip ; more especially as you have bestowed so much labor upon it ; but, were it my own case, I could not consent to deprive the little creatures of life for following the dictates of nature, and satisfying the cravings of their hunger, even at my expense. In my large garden they would commit great depredations, but I have various modes of keeping them at a distance : nor do I grudge a little trouble and contrivance, to avoid taking away their lives at this season. In the winter, I do not object to having some of them shot for the table.’

‘What difference does it make, Papa ? besides, they do not rob the garden in winter.’

‘The difference consists in their having their young to pro-

vide for at this time. I cannot, but in a case of great necessity, bring myself to destroy or to injure a bird that has, probably, a little helpless family depending upon it for warmth and food. I picture to myself the poor unfledged nestlings, shivering with cold as the evening begins to close upon them, opening wide their beaks, and sending forth the most piteous cries of hunger and of pain : a scene of distress, that must increase till death puts an end to their lingering torments. By a wanton shot or blow, I may occasion all this anguish ; and though I might lie down on my pillow quite unmindful of the misery which I have caused, yet I cannot think that He, whose tender mercies are over all his works, disregards, or will fail to punish such a deed of cruelty.’

‘I have thrown stones very often at birds,’ observed Philip, thoughtfully, ‘and hit, though I could not kill them’

‘Crippled them, probably,’ said his father, ‘and so prevented their regaining their nests ; and added to the sufferings of the perishing young, the agony of the fond parent, straining its disabled limbs in vain attempts to fly with that succour, without which, as instinct teaches, its little ones must perish.’

‘Let the birds eat my fruit,’ exclaimed Philip, ‘not a feather shall be hurt by me.’

‘It is a benevolent resolution, my boy : but we will save your fruit also. Tie linen and woolen rags of different colours to pieces of stick, and place them near,—the wind will give them the appearance of life, and frighten the thieves. I will also lend you some netting which you may spread upon your currants ; and with an old coat stuffed with straw, you and Fanny may make a formidable image, to stand as a sentry over your property. All those things you will observe in my garden. To load a gun and fire it off is less trouble, certainly ; but with what feelings can I offer up the sacrifice of praise to Him who ‘openeth his hand, and filleth all things living with plenteousness, if I spread misery and death among numbers of innocent creatures, because they claim to share in His universal bounty ?’

‘Ah ! Papa,’ said Fanny, ‘I see how much better it is to reason against cruelty, than to exclaim against it ; and that example goes farther than either.’

‘Come, Philip,’ said his father, ‘let us try how we can contrive to secure our ripening fruits from the wasteful attacks of the feathered tribe ; but if some bold plunderer, impelled by hunger or the cries of its nestlings, should brave our mock sentries and pierce our defences, let it bear off its prize unmolested ; and we will pray continually for that Spirit which teaches, that ‘it is more blessed to give than to receive,’ for new supplies of that charity which ‘seeketh not her own.’ While devoting our most zealous endeavors to relieve the bodily, and yet more, the spiritual wants of our immortal fellow-creatures, we shall view with complacency the little morsel snatched from our abundance by the birds of the air, and recall to mind the sweet lesson which they are made to teach us—“Your heavenly Father feedeth them.” May He feed us, my children, with the bread of life, and yield us refreshment from the fountain of living waters !’

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

THE VOICE OF THE GRAVE :

OR YOUTHFUL FORECAST.

THE following article is from the *TELESCOPE*, a small volume published in this city four or five years since. It is from the pen of Rev. Samuel Nott, Jr. and is distinguished in an eminent degree by the same originality of thought, vividness of imagination, and felicity of expression, which characterise the other productions of his pen. Such works as the *Telescope*, *Sermons to Children*, *Observer of the Times*, and *Sermons from the Birds and Lilies*, ought not to be forgotten, or to be suffered to float down that current which is constantly sweeping to oblivion the ephemeral productions which are daily issuing from the press. The works of Mr. Nott belong to the permanent literature of the age, and we doubt not, will long survive as a monument to his talents and piety. *En.*

THE grave at which we are going to listen, was closed in the year 1758. The history of the man, who was then buried out of sight of the living, gives to its silence, and darkness, and corruption, a sacred eloquence. He who has been hidden so long from the eyes of men, came into being about the beginning of the last century, in one of the ancient villages on the banks of the Connecticut. Almost one hundred and thirty years have passed, since his parents rejoiced over a new born son; how helpless in that infant frame! how ignorant in that infant mind! Fond parents sheltered and cherished and guided him in infancy and childhood, and blessed his youth with the means and opportunities of knowledge and religion. From that helpless infancy he arose into life, endowed with powers of thought, which made him, for thirty years, the ornament of his country, and of his kind. After fifty-five years spent on this earth, he passed suddenly from the sight of men; leaving a name which has not yet lost its lustre, nor passed from the mouths of men. It is yet an early stage in the progress of his immortal spirit. Not yet has he doubled his earthly career; but even now we may pause upon his grave, and hear from its silent chambers, his monitory, his encouraging voice: if, like the long-dead Abel, *he yet speaketh.*

It was from the height of honor that he went down to the grave. Having stood among the great men of his day, he had reached one of the most responsible and honored stations in the land, when in a few months he fell a victim to a loathsome and contagious disease, and went down to the grave suddenly, as helpless as the dying infant of a day; as separate from the

congregation of the living ; as confined to his own narrow house, his solitary cell ; yet in honor still, amidst the clustered worthies of former and later times. Turn, traveller, aside, wait a stage or two, that thou mayest walk and meditate in that retired and lonely cemetery. Sons of science and the prophets, spend your vespers there, or listen to the matins of the songsters, who at early dawn, sing to their Maker, as if about their graves they caught the songs of just men made perfect. In that hour of stillness and solitude, when the evening shades are closing thee in from the near-by village ; or when the dawn reveals slowly the record on those chiseled tablets, ere yet the observant world has waked from its slumbers, choose this grave-yard walk : ambitious youth, place thy knee upon the turf which parts the monuments of the learned dead, and recline thy head upon that which bears the date, 1758....and thou wilt hear a mysterious voice like that from the *first of human dead*. LISTEN ; thou wilt learn thy frailty : thou wilt hear report of the undying spirit, by what choice it rose to a house not made with hands, *eternal in the heavens*. One voice thou wilt hear in harmony with the clustered just.

Here for nearly fourscore years the grass has grown and withered. Near thrice three thousand times the sun has arisen and poured its light over this dark grave ; that eye has not been pleased to behold the sun ; nor that body sprung forth to enjoy 'the cool, the fragrant, and the silent air.' The eye, the limbs, the whole frame have become dissolved. The corpse has no coffin, no death-dress ; the bones are crumbled or crumbling into dust. If the spade should violate that grave, nought would be found but dust and fragments of the great and good, whose name was upon the tongue of our fathers fourscore years ago. Now, he speaketh, LISTENER, in thine ear, at least this word, '*Corruption, thou art my father ; worm, thou art my sister and my mother. The grave is my house. I have made my bed in darkness. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for thou art hastening to the grave, where there is neither wisdom, knowledge, nor device.*'

But hark again ! Within that silent chamber lie the remains of a frame whose plan was written in the book of the Almighty ; made in secret, curiously wrought, fearfully and wonderfully made : fitted for the abode and the growth of an immortal spirit. Sitting within its secret chamber, that spirit maintained, by mysterious connection with the corporeal senses, an intercourse with surrounding scenes ; with the very thoughts of

men ; with the character, and deeds, and relations of the Eternal God. In its very boyhood, it kenneled the secrets of philosophy, which sages since have discovered and divulged. During the short space of fifty-five years, the man arose, from the ignorance of new-born infancy, to an extensive knowledge of things human and divine : to a range and power of thought, which gave him, both living and dead, a commanding influence over men : which promises to reach to all nations, and to all times. Of the stroke which laid in the dust this curious frame, we have the biographical record, the chiseled memorial ; and of that spirit to which it ministered, which grew beyond its growth, his works will repeat, 'SECUNDUS NEMINI MORTALIUM,'* when this marble record has wasted into dust. Where is that mighty spirit ? Is it lost amidst the dust of its former dwelling ? LISTENER : dost thou not hear its voice from amidst the spheres ? *The dust has returned to the earth as it was, but the SPIRIT unto God who gave it.*

LISTENER ! hast thou read the earthly history of the SPIRIT which, almost fourscore years ago, returned to God who gave it ?—the testimonies of a moral and spiritual life ; of a fountain which sprung up, strong and clear, of everlasting life ; of a heart humble and contrite, already visited and revived by the High and Lofty One ! Canst thou doubt that when that spirit parted from its clayey tabernacle, it spread its wings and soared away into holier regions, and dwells fast by the throne of God, with angels and the spirits of just men made perfect ? Amidst this morning silence, sure there is a voice, in sweet harmony with these carols all around : *Though the earthly house be dissolved, I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, ETERNAL in the heavens.*

Yet hearken again, beloved youth : the sun is not yet risen, though the dawn brightens in the eastern sky. The villagers have not yet come forth from their chambers. Listen yet again to the *voice of the grave* ; and hear of that faith by which the dead obtained testimony that he pleased God ; by which he offered himself up to God, a living sacrifice. Hark ! soft as the singing of the birds ; fresh as the dew of the morning ; cheerful as the light of the sun after the darkness of the night ; the voice is mellow as the tones of youth ;—it is the voice of *youthful piety*, choosing, in the dawn and morning of existence, a day without a night, an everlasting day. Is it memory ? or

* Second to no mortal.

is the voice repeated in thine ear amidst the beauties of the morning ? ‘ **RESOLVED**, That I will do whatsoever I think to be most for the glory of God, and my own good, profit and pleasure, in the whole of my duration, without any consideration of the time, whether it be now, or never so many myriads of ages hence.’

Sublime resolve ! What forecast for futurity, for being endless and progressive ! for a soul to grow forever as it grew from infancy, to this power of thought, and forecast, and decision ! Be it thine : that when thy body shall lie mouldering and mouldered, thy spirit may dwell on high, rich in the fruits of forethought so sublime !

Ah **LISTENER** : thy heart revolts. Thy fancy has already soared away to some mountain height, whence thou canst see all the glories of the world, and call them thine. Pause, then, and hold controversy with thy deceived heart, until thy voice can sound in harmony with the sainted dead. He held that controversy, and gave example of victory. Think not, he found decision easy. Had he no sinfulness ? or lived he when there was no tempter to encourage and beguile ? Had he no aided wing of fancy, no bewildered eye ? Did not the tempter try to deceive the youth with blessings which must perish with his day ? No doubt he looked, and wished for a moment, and again and again chose the fleeting present, and forgot the ever-during future, and preferred a momentary glare to the whole weight of future glory. No doubt some plain demand of conscience and of faith seemed so grievous, as to incline his heart to give up the kingdom of heaven, as that young man did who went away sorrowful, from the Savior, because his great possessions were demanded. How fearful of a frown ! How fond of fame ! How ready to give himself the glory of his growing powers ! How cheered with the thought of higher and higher honors ! How ready was the young immortal, for a morsel, to sell his everlasting birthright ! and yet how often was he disappointed ; mocked by lying vanities—sick with desires unsatisfied—tossed with the waves of sinful passion ; of pride, or envy, or self-love, or anger, or sensual desires ! Thus Satan foiled himself, and opened the door of blessings to the soul. The inexperienced youth saw the deception, and triumphed over the deceiver. As he looked around from his fancied height, and saw the devil’s picture of the world, the divine reply sprung to his lips, ‘ Get thee hence, Satan ; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.’

Blessed season of discovery—of triumph over the usurped government of the prince of the power of the air! when the kind angels, always hovering over him, and helping the fearful struggles of the young immortal, found opportunity to aid the wings of fancy, as she flew up to the ‘Delectable Mountains,’ and to hold steadily the prospect-glass as the eye looked away into the distant future! when the spirit, long striving to enter, was welcomed to a fixed abode in the troubled heart. What aids were there, who can tell? What hosts of witnesses to the Spirit’s entry to the heart, melted to humbleness and contrition by his rising beams. Would that the grave might whisper the hour when the *resOLVE* kindled into flame to shine through the ages of eternity! Perhaps it was when weariness and night clouded his soul with gloom; or when lightning and tempest filled him with awe and terror; or when, in that pleurisy, he felt justly seized by the hand of the Almighty, and shaken over the devouring pit, and was forced to seek, ‘as he never sought before;’ or rather, when listening to the *still small voice* of rebuke and kindness, amidst the silent grove, to which afterwards he listened so often, so attentive. There, alone with God, seeing Him among the trees, in the cool of the day, in every moving branch, in every rustling leaf, in every blade of grass, and in the flood of light—hearing his reproving, winning voice, in the soft breeze, as it passed through the trembling forest—when air and sky, and growing nature, and the vocal birds, gave token of Him who filleth immensity with his presence:—In such a calm and quiet solitude, when the tempests of the outer world were lulled to sleep, *then*, perhaps a calm came in upon the tempest of the soul, a sweet and awful stillness in which God was heard speaking with a father’s tenderness, ‘My son give me thine heart:’ and eternity was seen proceeding in all its endlessness from the passing moment, and receiving its *everlasting* character from the passing thoughts.

Then perhaps the conflict ended in that sublime decision, *I will do, at every fleeting moment, that which shall be most for God’s glory, and my own good, whether NOW, OR NEVER so MANY MYRIADS OF AGES HENCE.* How lovely, then, how heavenly, must that youthful face have shone, which bore in its maturity, a youthful loveliness, an aspect fit for heaven, which even human art has been able to preserve, in its ten thousand copies! Methinks the angels must have paused a moment in joy and admiration, ere they flew from the field of conflict where that victory was won: ere they bore away the golden

copy of that Resolve, and made heaven's arches ring with their triumphant songs.

Sure, as he returned, and went forward in the pursuits of mortal life, filled with the high ambition, of seeking God's glory and his own best good, **FOR MYRIADS AND MYRIADS OF AGES**, ministering spirits kept about his path ; a Father's kindness chastened and cheered him that he might be a partaker of his holiness ; the **HIGH AND LOFTY ONE**, who inhabiteth eternity, made that humbled spirit his dwelling place. No doubt the daily prayer was lifted up, ' Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil : ' until, having been guided by the counsel of a Father, he was received to glory. While he lived, how steady, how bright, how increasing, were his piety towards God and his good will to men ! What comforts cheered him in perplexity, and care, and sorrow ! And when amidst the brightest promise of his honored life, his earthly prospects were suddenly darkened in death, how pleasantly he died with these last words upon his lips, **TRUST IN GOD AND YE NEED NOT FEAR !**

LISTENER ! does thy heart revolt ? Let thy fancy soar : Angels will bear thee up. Set thy feet once on the Delectable mountains. Look beyond thy funeral day, when thy limbs will be stiff, thy eyes closed, thy senses vanished :—beyond thy mouldered body. Take forethought for the coming century, and that which shall come afterwards and yet again. Think how thou wilt cheer thyself in the dark valley and shadow of death ; how thou wilt be joyful when thou hast just escaped from the body of corruption ; how thou wilt employ thyself, when earth's service shall be paid for a thousand years, and earth's hymns mingle in the sweet harmony with the hymns above ; how thou wilt rejoice amidst the wonders of the last day, and along the endless, endless path, on which thy immortal spirit has begun to travel ! Ah ! how thy mind changes. Methinks I hear *thy* voice, soft as the singing of the birds, fresh as the dew of the morning, cheerful as the light of the sun, in the mellow tones of youthful piety—I **WILL LIVE TO DAY AND HEREAFTER, AS SHALL BE MOST FOR GOD'S GLORY, AND MY OWN BEST GOOD, WHETHER NOW, OR NEVER SO MANY MYRIADS OF AGES HENCE.**

Look ! the sun is bursting from the east. Thine angel is speeding his way on the wings of the morning, and thy resolve, written in the golden beams, will be registered in a moment in the archives of heaven. Go back to thy chamber, and pray,

and study, and live for ETERNITY! SONS OF NASSAU! As ye float by an unbroken stream of youth, on your way to water and refresh the land, listen to *the voice of the grave*. Or if ye fear at early dawn and under the day star to listen to that mysterious voice, at midnight hour look upon the wall! Perhaps amidst the gloom, thou wilt see the hand of JONATHAN EDWARDS, writing the sublime resolution of his youth; and amidst that stillness thy heart will rise to a resolve for *myriads of ages*.

Sons of the Prophets, listen to that voice. Read that writing on the wall: and as ye go forth, oh men of God, follow after righteousness, godliness, faith, love, patience, meekness. Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life. *Trust in God and ye need not fear*.

Youthful reader, wherever thou art, at the desk, in the field, or the exchange, at the toilet, at the social party—listen to *the voice of the grave*: or if amidst temptation thou miss that voice, in the calm hour of night read thy duty and thy safety in living characters around thy bed, and resolve for *eternity*.

Traveller! if thou turn aside to visit the grave of EDWARDS, amidst the illustrious Presidents of the *College of New Jersey*, obey the counsel inscribed on the marble almost fourscore years ago. *Abi viator, et pia sequere vestigia*. Go, traveller, and follow his footsteps; seek God's glory and thy best good, *now, and for myriads and myriads of ages hence*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

PRAYERS ADAPTED TO VARIOUS OCCASIONS OF SOCIAL WORSHIP, for which provision is not made in the Book of Common Prayer. By Alexander V. Griswold, Bishop of the Eastern Diocese. Philadelphia: William Marshall & Co. 1836. 12mo. pp. 271.

The design of the venerable author of this work will sufficiently appear from the following extracts from its preface.

‘Forasmuch as many have taken in hand to set forth forms of prayer to be used on various occasions, it will not, it is hoped, be thought improper, that the author of this little book should offer it to the public. Should it be thought that what renders this attempt warrantable makes it unnecessary, it should be considered, that the Prayers which have been published, though numerous, and many of them excellent, are so limited in regard to the occasions for which they are intended, that none of them with which I am acquainted, are adapted to all the purposes for which these are designed. Many of our people, of our clergy especially, have long felt the want of a manual containing prayers suitable for all the occasions on which they are needed, and for which our church has not made particular and full provision. We have in print many excellent

forms of prayer for visiting the sick, and for family worship—for the latter especially; and on this subject we have no want of more. But on other important occasions of frequent occurrence, we have few; and on some, for which provision is attempted in this publication, we have none. It is from a sense of this need and of my duty as bishop of this diocese, and from the often repeated request of several of my brethren, and not from a confidence in my ability, that I have thus attempted what I view as a difficult and important work. Should it please God, in his merciful goodness, to make it instrumental of some good, or of inducing some person of more piety and wisdom to give us something better on a like plan, I shall have cause of thankfulness.

It will be seen that permission is given to use these forms; but no one is laid under any obligation to do it, who thinks that others are better and more appropriate.

The church has set forth forms for some occasions of frequent occurrence and general need; but some even of those contained in the Prayer Book are, as almost all allow, defective. Such are those for families, for the sick, and for funerals. In the service for funerals, we have no prayer appointed to be used at the house of mourning, or in the church. And surely on no occasions do we more sensibly feel the need, and fitness, and comfort of uniting in earnest, appropriate prayer.

The author is aware, that in the opinion of some few of our people, no other forms than those contained in the Book of Common Prayer are, for any occasions, needed. But very many are fully convinced that we should dwell with much earnestness in united prayer for things and on subjects which are but very briefly, if at all, noticed in our Liturgy. That such is the view and intention of our church is evident from her having provided forms for some particular occasions, and given directions for providing others, according as they are needed. The two extremes of wholly rejecting prescript forms, and the using of none but those which the church has already set forth, are departures from that middle course, by which, in this, as in other things, her wisdom is evinced. In the author's belief no one thing has tended more to increase the prejudice against our Liturgy, than the using of it on occasions to which it is not adapted, and for which it was not designed.

We have read a considerable number of the prayers in this volume, and have been highly gratified by the devotional spirit which every where pervades them. Even those to whom the language that they *are permitted to use these prayers* may appear new and strange, may derive no small advantage from perusing them, and from mingling their aspirations with the devout sentiments which they contain; while those who desire to be always furnished with a form of sound words adapted to every occasion, must derive great satisfaction and equal edification from their use. The book is divided into four parts: 1, Prayers for Sunday and other Schools; 2, Prayers for the use of Families, and for other occasions; 3, Prayers which may be used in Missionary meetings, and on other occasions; 4, Offices and Prayers that may be used in Churches, or in Public Worship.

THE AMERICAN BIBLICAL REPOSITORY, No. XXV. Conducted by B. B. Edwards. January, 1837. New York: Gould & Newman. Boston: Perkins & Marvin, and Crocker & Brewster. Cincinnati: Truman & Smith.

The Biblical Repository, as originally conducted by Professor Robinson, and more recently by Mr. Edwards, is probably well known to most of our readers.

It has always taken rank with the first periodicals of the day, and in its present form not only possesses merit of the highest order, but is adapted in an eminent degree to the wants of an intelligent christian community. We are glad to learn that its circulation is rapidly increasing, and that its merits are beginning to be fully appreciated in all parts of the United States.

We copy from the Prospectus the following general character of the work.

1. The principles on which the great benevolent societies and religious and philanthropic voluntary associations of the present day are founded, will be supported with the full conviction that their continued existence, in their present form substantially, and their greater efficiency are indispensable to the complete triumph of law, justice, and the christian religion over human ignorance and depravity. The great doctrines of civil and religious liberty, which were understood and upheld by most of the first settlers of this country, will be strenuously maintained in this publication.

2. A portion of each number will be devoted to subjects of a biblical character, or to essays of permanent value relating to the literature of the bible. The theological character which will be stamped on the work, it is hoped, will be distinctively and eminently *biblical*. In this way, it is conceived, it may find currency in all parts of the Union, and avoid becoming identified with a mere sect or party.

3. Many subjects in political economy, morals, and general literature will be discussed, on the most enlarged grounds, as connected with the developments of Divine Providence, and the well-being of the whole human race. Points connected with the great moral questions now before the American community will be freely and candidly examined.

4. New works, especially those combining literature and science with religion will be noticed. The effort will be made to exhibit the true character and tendency of the publications which come under review in conformity with the established principles of taste, of morality, and of the christian religion. A department embracing the most important philosophical, literary and biblical intelligence will be subjoined to each number.

THE HOUSE I LIVE IN; or the Human Body. For the use of Schools and Families. By William A. Alcott. Second edition, enlarged. Boston: Light & Stearns, 1837. 18mo. pp. 246.

‘The human body,’ as managed by a large share of its occupants at the present day, and especially by those who live in cities, is of very little ‘use either to schools or families,’—in the former it serves only as a clog to the noble tenant by which it is occupied, and obstructs it in all its literary tasks,—to the latter it is incapable of rendering those active services and energetic labors, which, to most families, are essential to their well being. Such, in a word, are the weakness and infirmities of the body, and the consequent imbecility of the mental faculties, that few of the great purposes for which the race were intended are ever accomplished. The tendency of different habits and modes of life to influence the health, and, consequently, to promote or prevent our ability to be useful and happy, merits far more attention than it has ever yet received, and must receive far more, before the human race will be prepared to accomplish their high destiny. There is probably no subject which stands in greater need of illustration by the patient labors of the inductive philosopher, and no

field which would bring a larger harvest of well deserved renown to him who should cultivate it successfully, than the one to which we now refer.

The work before us is a valuable contribution to the department of human anatomy and physiology, and has already received the stamp of a very decided public approbation. In its present more enlarged form, we have no doubt that it will receive, as it certainly merits, a still higher degree of public favor.

A COMPENDIUM OF NATURAL PHILOSOPHY: adapted to the use of the general reader, and of Schools and Academies. By Denison Olmsted, A. M. Professor of Natural Philosophy in Yale College. Charleston: S. Babcock & Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 359.

It is the boast of modern science that it is far more practical than was the ancient, and that even among those by whom the reasoning on which its truths depend may not be understood, its results are often fully comprehended. Books, in which the most interesting truths of science are illustrated in such a manner as to be easily comprehended without a profound knowledge of the mathematical principles on which their proof depends, are not, it is true, wholly peculiar to the day in which we live. To say nothing of other works, the Letters of Euler to a German princess are an illustrious instance of familiar explanation not only of the results of scientific research, but in many cases of the principles on which they depend. To the present time, they are wholly unrivaled in their simple elegance, and no young lady of cultivated mind should willingly remain ignorant of their contents. Admirable however as these Letters are, there was still wanting a text-book, written with equal elegance, but following the synthetical rather than the analytical method. It is in this mode that the principles of science are most easily retained in memory. Many attempts have been made to supply such a work, but no one has been, in our view, equally successful with the author of the work before us. His language is eminently pure and perspicuous, his arrangement of the various topics natural and clear, and his illustrations such as are either familiar to the student, or of a nature which may generally be verified by the most simple experiments. This work has reached a second edition, and is now published in a form well adapted to general use in schools and academies. We should rejoice to see it introduced into every high school in our country. Were our common schools as well conducted as they should be, no youth of good capacity need be ignorant of the important truths contained in this work, and in many kindred works on other important subjects. How great an accession of power would thus be acquired, and how valuable, both in a political and moral view, would be the knowledge thus imparted to our whole population!

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

Vol. I.]

APRIL, 1837.

[No. IV.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH.—NO. II.

AFTER passing the valley of the Rappahannoc, the soil is, in general, of an inferior quality, until we approach Richmond, and in all this distance we did not pass through any considerable town or village. The 'Bowling Green,' the 'White Chimneys,' &c. are only small clusters of houses where the stages stop to change horses and to obtain refreshments. The country through which we passed, is generally uncultivated and unfenced. The roads, though seldom good, were better than could have been reasonably expected, when so little is done for their improvement. In many places the stumps of trees were still remaining, and in others the clearing was so narrow that the limbs of the pines swept the sides of the stage coach as we passed along. The roads of the southern country often cross plantations, the owners of which, when it suits their convenience, can extend their enclosures so as to comprise a portion of the road. In this case, the traveler finds it necessary to take a circuitous course around the new enclosure, and thus to enter the old road again at some distant point.

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Richmond. As we were to continue in the mail stage as far as Petersburg, we had but one hour to devote at this time to Richmond, and this we spent in visiting the Capitol of the state, which stands upon a beautiful eminence commanding an extensive prospect over the city and country in all directions, but especially down the valley of the James River. The site of the former theatre was also pointed out to us, where, a few years before our visit,

the Governor of Virginia, with more than seventy others, of both sexes, many of whom belonged to the first families in the city, had perished in the flames. A church called the Monumental church now occupies this site, but a new theatre has been erected in a different place. The country around Richmond is beautifully diversified with hills and valleys, and there is scarcely, in this country, a more healthy city.

The road from Richmond to Petersburg runs for some distance along the left bank of the James river, but at length crosses to the right, and soon diverges from it. The country is in general rather level, but becomes more hilly as we approach the banks of the Appomattox, which, near Petersburg, flows through a deep valley. As it was late when we arrived at Niblo's hotel in Petersburg, we concluded to rest there for one day before continuing our journey.

The next morning was the fourth of July, and we were awaked by the discharge of cannon. In the course of the day we had an opportunity to witness the celebration of the birth day of our Independence among a population including a very large portion of slaves. The streets at an early hour were filled with negroes, rejoicing at the return of a holiday, for such they seemed to regard it; and though to a stranger their condition appeared in striking contrast to the principles originally proclaimed on that day, as the inherent birth-right of mankind, no such reflections seemed to disturb their joy. An oration was pronounced at the theatre, and when the procession passed our door, we observed that the blacks, who skirted the procession, were far more numerous than the whites, who were engaged in the celebration, and they appeared to participate in a much higher degree in the rejoicings.

Here we were for the first time amused with the appearance of the negroes carrying burdens upon their heads. Some were returning from the market with well filled baskets, others from the shops and stores with boxes and bundles, and others still, in great numbers, from the wells, with pails and tubs all placed upon their heads. It was evident, that their burdens caused them little more concern in this position, than did their hats or bonnets. They talked and laughed with their acquaintance whom they met, and turned around with the same indifference, that they would have felt, had they been carrying nothing, while all the time the burden was never so much as touched by their hands. There it stood, whether box or pail or tub, not only without falling but without even spilling the liquid contain-

ed in it, though often filled nearly to the brim. So habituated are they to this mode of transportation that it is rare to see a negro carrying any thing in his hand. The little children may be seen serving an apprenticeship, by carrying small baskets or pails for amusement, and thus acquiring insensibly this difficult art of balancing; an art which one who has not practised it in childhood, can scarcely acquire in subsequent life. This custom becomes afterwards too familiar to be viewed with surprise, but it never ceased to excite admiration at the wonderful effects produced by long continued practice in rendering that easy, which is at first so difficult. The strength acquired by this means is scarcely less wonderful than the nice art of balancing which is often exhibited. Burdens which a negro cannot raise to his head, are, when once placed there, carried by him to a great distance with little apparent fatigue. Females are often seen carrying, with seeming ease, the common wash tubs filled with water almost to the very brim, while their arms hang carelessly by their sides, and their gait is unconstrained and sometimes even graceful.

The Appomattox at Petersburg flows through a deep and narrow valley, and the town is generally built at a considerable elevation above the river. On the side of the town most remote from the river, is a beautiful eminence overlooking the town and all the neighboring country, the summit of which is occupied by the residence of the former proprietor of a large portion of the land upon which Petersburg now stands. The northern bank of the river, opposite to the city is also elevated, and presents many beautiful situations for country seats, few of which however are occupied. There is a small village here at the point where a bridge crosses the river, and here also is pointed out a large stone containing a deep and regular cavity like a bowl, and which bears the name of the bowl of Pocahontas. At a little distance, and upon the same side of the river, there issues forth from the side of the hill one of the purest and most copious springs of water any where to be found. There is indeed much which is beautiful and attractive in the situation of Petersburg, but the reputation of the place in respect to healthfulness, does not fully correspond to its natural beauties. There are also in the suburbs many appearances of squalid poverty and of vice in striking contrast with the beauties of nature with which the city is surrounded.

For the Religious Magazine.

HAVING NO ENEMIES.

‘If it be possible,’ said the Apostle Paul, ‘as much as in you lies, live peaceably with all men.’ And a greater than Paul has said, ‘Blessed are the peace makers.’

I LOVE the man who is thoroughly imbued with the spirit of peace. It is a glorious spirit and temper. It is the spirit and temper of heaven.

But there is a spirit which is sometimes mistaken for the spirit of peace, which is as widely different from it, as light is from darkness. I know not how to describe it, except by illustrations borrowed from real life.

Here is a man, in public life. By some means or other, and we will not stop now to ascertain how—he has contrived to work his way through life without awaking or provoking the hostility of any living being. Excellent man! say his friends; he lived and died without having an enemy.

Here is a teacher. He has gone on for years—perhaps a score of them—and nobody complains of any thing. There is no disturbance in the school. All is peaceful; all is happy. He is an excellent schoolmaster: so says public sentiment.

Here is a private christian. Quiet, unoffending, good natured, he passes along the road of life. Every body speaks well of him; he even speaks well of himself, at least occasionally. What harm have I ever done? What a peace maker I must be! He dies so. Excellent man! Excellent neighbor! Excellent church member! He never had an enemy.

Here is a physician. He meddles with nobody’s business but his own. He is all things to all men. He deals out his drugs and medicines according to his best judgment, or according to the whim of the moment,—modified, however, by the judicious advice of the patient’s best friends. He passes thus quietly through life. He has no enemies.

Here is a minister. He knows how various are the tempers and tastes of his hearers. He knows how liable divine truth is, when preached as it was by Christ and Paul, to awaken opposition in men’s hearts and disturb their quiet. But he wishes to live peaceably. He wishes to allure or draw men, rather than drive them. So he goes on through life dealing in general truths, but seldom if ever making a plain or forcible application of them to the wants of his hearers. He thus avoids disturbing

their consciences. Is he not an excellent preacher? Every body says so. Will he not dwell forever with him who said, Blessed are the peace makers?

I acknowledge most cheerfully, that it is pleasant to pass through life without having an enemy. Constituted as I am especially, unwilling by nature to give a moment's pain, in body or mind, even to a brute, the idea of living peaceably with all men, is one on which I love to dwell. And I sometimes even fondly wish, above almost all earthly things, that I might go down to the grave without ever having had an enemy.

Sometimes, I say, I wish so. Just as the good man, it may be, sometimes wishes for the moment to depart and be with Christ, while yet on the whole he greatly prefers to remain here as long as he may; and his better judgment tells him it is right to have this preference. Be the case with him, however, as it may, I cannot, in general,—and especially when I reason on the case—expect, or even so much as wish to die without an enemy.

There is a great difference in men, in regard to their management in this world. Some will do things, without awaking opposition, which others cannot. I admit all this, and I admit that some good may possibly be done, in the world, without rousing any body's enmity.

But who is the man—where is he—where did he once reside, who was extensively efficient or useful in his calling—whether minister, physician, teacher, civil officer, or private citizen—without having an enemy? He may indeed have passed along quietly, and every body may have spoken well of him; but what good did he accomplish? What impression did he make? Did he make thorough, efficient, self-taught, well disciplined pupils? Did he oppose the idle and often health destroying prejudices of his patients? Did he reprove boldly, from the pulpit and elsewhere, the sins of his parishioners? Did he set his face as a flint against fashions and customs in his own family and neighborhood, which he knew to be pernicious? Did he determine, as much as in him lay, to live peaceably with all men: and yet did he determine to do right, under all circumstances, whatever might be the results?

No person can be better constituted or better disposed towards mankind than the Savior was, and nobody can be more solicitous than he to live—so far as he might—at peace. But did he always find peace? Nay, does not he himself tell us that he came not to send peace on earth, but a sword; that is, the

sword of the truth, which always did and always will awaken opposition in the minds of those who do not love it ?

This peace loving disposition—when it suffers truth and duty and every thing else to fall before it—is a great misfortune in the world. Combined with the love of doing right, in the fear of God, it is however, excellent. It prevents our rousing opposition without necessity, while at the same time it enables us to go forward in the way of duty, through good report and through evil.

I must on the whole regard it as a reproach, rather than a tribute of praise to a man to say of him, He never had an enemy. He *may* have been a christian, but I cannot consider him as eminently so. The greater probability is that he had not much of the spirit of Christ. And ‘now if a man have not the *spirit* of Christ, he is none of his.’

JAMIE ; OR, A VOICE FROM IRELAND

FOR TEMPERANCE. A TRUE NARRATIVE. BY PROFESSOR EDGAR,
OF BELFAST.

IN a populous and civilized district of Ulster lives JAMIE, a day laborer—a fellow of right good sense and practical talent, carpenter and mason, shoemaker and blacksmith, and aught else the case requires. The variety of his powers had nearly ruined him. On all hands he was in requisition, and everywhere he was a favorite—kindness flowing to him in its common channel, spiritous liquor. Wherever he went he was *treated*. This was too much for flesh and blood, and Jamie became, in the style of the world’s false charity, ‘fond of the drop.’ His cash flew to the spirit-shop, and brought neither health nor happiness in return. The neighbors called him (alas ! for such lullabies to conscience,) an honest, good-hearted fellow, who did nobody any harm but himself. While, however, they tempted and flattered and deceived, their victim was posting to ruin.

But, while moderate drinkers were training him to drunkenness, God was raising up the Temperance Society as an ark of safety to him from the flood of their temptations. One of the publications of the Ulster Temperance Society fell into his

hands, and he read it, for he was of an inquiring spirit, and a blessing attended it. What ! said he, in amazement, can this be true ?—distilled spirits of no more use to any man in health than arsenic or opium ! ‘ distilled spirits too tempting, and dangerous, and violently intoxicating, to be used as a common beverage at all ! ’ (oh ! thought he, that at least is true ;) ‘ distilled spirits are in their very nature injurious to the human constitution ; and every man who indulges even in their moderate use, injures himself in proportion to the quantity which he consumes.’ Jamie was astonished, and well he might be ; but Jamie was conscientious, and though he had the manhood to confess, what few moderate drinkers will, that he liked a glass ; yet, because he had still a conscience, notwithstanding the searing it had got from the fiery drink, he said to himself—‘ I must, at least, *try* whether these wonderful statements respecting distilled spirits be true.’ Jamie tried, and the effects were delightful. In a very short time he found, from happy experience, that his health was better from the change ; that his purse was better ; that soul and body, the whole man of him was far better, in all circumstances, since he renounced the maddening draught.

His duty was now clear before him—to *abstain* from the raging drink which, in time past, had been emptying his pocket, destroying his character, and bringing down his body to the grave, and his soul to hell. He did his duty in the right way for doing duty—at *once* and *right on*.

He saw, however, that something more was incumbent on him than merely doing his duty in this particular—he must, for the good of others, let it be known, without ostentation, that his duty was done. Abstaining, he said to himself, has done me good—the banishment of spiritous liquors would do my country good ; what is every man’s duty is my duty ; and therefore, in love to my brethren, I’ll freely give the blessing which to me has been so freely given. Union is strength, thought he—separate efforts are a rope of sand ; united, they are the cable which holds the mighty ship. He resolved to establish a Temperance Society.

For this purpose he supplied himself immediately with a number of tracts on temperance ; for Jamie knew that when self interest or passion come in, second thoughts are not always best ; and forthwith he commenced traveling around, reading them, at spare hours throughout the neighborhood, wherever he could find half a dozen people to listen to him. He was a good reader, and very soon found that his reading was not with-

out effect ; for in a short time he heard of a decent woman telling her neighbor to send for Jamie to the wake which was to be held in her house, if she wished to save her whiskey, and have peace and quietness ; ‘for,’ said she, ‘he came to the wake in my house, and read and talked about temperance, till both the whiskey and the people seemed either persuaded or frightened, for hardly one had the courage to put to his lips what Jamie called, indeed too truly, “the accursed thing.”’

Jamie, however, soon found to his cost that he had commenced a very great and a very sore work. The spirit-sellers, four of whom were at a single cross-roads in his neighborhood, he expected to be against him, and drunkards he expected would be against him too ; but he soon found that his chief opponents lay in quite another quarter. Sensible people soon began to see that spirit sellers are drones on the community, doing no good, but much harm ; and besides, one of them having first allowed a temperance meeting to be held in his barn, conscientiously shut up his spirit shop, and joined the Temperance Society, being convinced that spirit selling is poison selling, and that each spirit shop might justly have on its sign board—‘Beggars made here.’ Of the drunkards, some indeed did call him hard names, and impute to him base motives ; but from among even these, lost as they seemed to be to all hope, he was, by God’s grace, enabled to reclaim some, as brands snatched from the burning, while others of them said to him, in the bitterness of their reflecting moments, ‘Go on, Jamie, your work is God’s work. Had you commenced but a little sooner, what a blessing might your society have been to us ; but alas ! it is all over with us now !’

What at first surprised Jamie much, was, that the fathers or husbands of these very drunkards were his most bitter opponents. He went to them with a glad heart, expecting that they would hear with delight of a plan by which drunkards, in great numbers, have been reclaimed, and by which the temperate can be effectually secured against temptation ; but his heart sunk when he found—not that they received him coldly, for to such receptions he was accustomed, but that they, as well as others, who boast much of being ‘temperate enough already,’ lost all temper at the very sound of temperance.

Some of these neighbors of Jamie were regular in attendance on public worship, orthodox and strict, which gave them an influence in the neighborhood. Jamie, therefore, was anxious to enlist them on the side of temperance. Yet he could not

but know, and very seriously consider, that whether in market or fair, these same men either bought or sold, there could be no such thing as a *dry* bargain ; that at *churns*, and wakes, and funerals, and marriages, and such like, they always pushed round the bottle cheerily ; that they held it churlish to refuse either to give or take a treat ; that at their evening tea parties it was not uncommon for six or eight gallons of spiritous liquor to be consumed by a few neighbors, men and women, in a single night ; that in every house which their minister visited, the bottle was put to his mouth ; and that as the natural consequence of all this and far more, not only was the crime of drunkenness, whether in minister or private layman, treated with much false charity, and called by many soft names, but drunkenness was spreading its ravages through many families, and bringing down many heads in sorrow to the grave.

Jamie was indeed charitable, but he was unable to persuade himself that, amid such universal drinking, all the objections to his Temperance Society arose merely from ignorance, or prejudice, or conscience ; and therefore, when people were telling him, as they often did, that they cared not a rush about spiritous liquor—‘they could either drink it or let it alone’—he used sometimes to reply—‘Oh ! I know well enough that you can drink it, what I want to know is, whether you can let it alone :’—and at other times he would tell them Dean Swift’s story of the three men who called for whiskey in a spirit shop :—‘I want a glass,’ said the first, ‘for I’m very hot ;’ ‘I want a glass,’ said the second, ‘for I’m very cold ;’ ‘let me have a glass,’ said the third, ‘because I like it !’

As Jamie’s opponents were no match for him in argument, they tried the plans usually resorted to when the wisdom and the spirit by which truth speaks cannot be resisted. For awhile they tried ridicule. That, however, neither satisfied their own consciences nor frightened Jamie, for Jamie could stand a laugh, what many a man can’t do who has stood grape shot. Then they circulated reports about his having got drunk on different occasions, and having been caught drinking in secret ; and some believed them, being of the same mind with the distiller, who asserted it to be mere humbug that any man could live without whiskey, and that wherever the croaking cold water society men did not drink in the day time, they made up for it by drinking at night. These evil reports, however, fell dead after a little, and nobody was vile enough to take them up again ; and though attempts were made to circulate

the lie, that Jamie had grown weak and sickly since he gave up drinking, yet every body who looked him in the face saw, that though he had neither a purple nose nor whiskey blossoms on his chin, yet he was stronger and healthier than ever ; and that he could say, what every member of the Temperance Society, whether temperate or intemperate formerly, can say with truth, after abstaining for a single month from distilled spirits, that in every sense of the word he is better for the change.

Foiled thus in all their attempts, the opponents of Jamie and of temperance rallied strong for one last charge ; and as it was against Jamie's weak side, (who has not a weak side ?) they already chuckled in triumph. Jamie had thrown away his glass for ever, but his pipe stuck firm between his teeth still. The time was, when he was strong and well without tobacco, and when the taste of tobacco was disgusting and sickening to him ; but respectable people were smoking, and chewing, and snuffing around him, and when he went to the wake, the funeral, or the evening gathering, ' why,' thought he ' should I be singular, and not take a whiff like the rest ?' He chose smoking, likely, because he considered it to be the most *genteel* way of being dirty and disgusting ; and, according to the general law of habits being most inveterate, where the article used was, at first, most nauseous, he soon became so confirmed a smoker that one half of what he smoked would have kept him decently clothed.

The lovers of strong drink, therefore, thought that they had Jamie on the hip completely, when they told him that his only reason for giving up whiskey was, that he could not afford to buy both it and tobacco ; and promised, though with no sincerity, that they would quit drinking if he would quit smoking.

The reproach stuck like a bur to Jamie's conscience. He asked himself again and again—Is my use of tobacco a stumbling block in the way of any ?—Does it do injury to the great cause which has all my heart ? He read, he thought, and read and thought again ; and the more he read and thought, the more was he convinced that the habitual use of tobacco in any of its forms is useless ; is wasteful of time and money ; is dirty ; is offensive to others, and a breach of Christian charity ; is a bad example to the simple and young ; is a temptation to drunkenness, and injurious to health. He resolves to renounce it, and flung the old black pipe from him to lift it again no more. Thus Jamie was conqueror still ; and his victory was one which Alexander, the conqueror of the world, could not gain. Jamie

gained a victory over himself, and he that ruleth over his own spirit is better than he that taketh a city ; but Alexander, who wept because he had not other worlds besides his own to subdue, died as a fool dieth, and sleeps in a drunkard's grave.

Jamie learned an important lesson in his victory, which will be of use to him as long as he lives. 'Whatever bad habit,' he says, 'has got hold upon you, *break it off at once*. Would you pull your child out of the fire cautiously and gradually ; or would you out with him at once ? So let it be with every thing wrong. Don't prepare for ceasing from sin to-morrow, or next year—but cease from it *now*. Do so yourself—go right up to your neighbor without fear, and in love tell him to do the same, having this assurance on your mind continually, that *what ought to be done, can be done*.'

Jamie, seemed, from the commencement, to have taken for his motto, expect great things, work for them, and you shall have them. Work as though all depended on self ; pray as knowing all to depend upon God. He knew his place, and modestly kept it ; yet when opportunity offered for dropping a word on behalf of temperance in the ear either of clergyman or layman, whatever his rank, he did what conscience told him was right towards a neighbor and a brother. Jamie's pockets and hat were filled with tracts, which, as the most suitable plan for his shallow purse, and perhaps, too, for securing a reading of them, he generally lent, and sometimes gave away, to all who promised to read. Let it not be supposed that amidst such active benevolence he neglected his own business. No ; Jamie had not learned in vain the apostle's maxim—'Let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.' It was nothing for him to start off half a dozen miles of an evening after his work was finished, to procure some new tracts, or attend a temperance meeting, or read and talk kindly to some poor drunkard, whose wife had sent him a hint that her husband would be glad to see him—or else to procure the services of some clergyman to address the next meeting of his Temperance Society. Jamie is one of those who imagine that the business of a minister of the Gospel is not finished when he has preached a couple of discourses on the Sabbath ; he really presumes to say that both minister and layman should be 'instant in season and out of season,' and like their great Master, going about continually doing good. He does not set up for a preacher nevertheless, but confines himself to his own proper sphere. He applied to

ministers to address his meetings, and though some few of them refused, telling him significantly that they preach the Gospel, even when Jamie did ask in his simplicity, if Paul forgot his resolution to know nothing but Christ and him crucified, when he reasoned of righteousness, *temperance*, and judgment to come ; yet to the honor of the ministry around him be it told, that whenever he got up a meeting, a minister was at Jamie's service to address it.

Though, as a body, Jamie's Temperance Society was most steady, yet a few, and only a few, fell. It would be harsh to say that some were glad at their fall ; at least many temptations were thrown in their way ; and when they fell, a shout of triumph was raised against the Temperance Society. Such trials as these only urged Jamie on with fresh vigor.

'Suppose,' he used to say, 'that every drunkard should return again to drunkenness and ruin, would not this be another proof that truth, and honor, and principle, are all as nothing before the drunken appetite—would not this be a louder and a stronger call to save the young, to stop young sons and daughters, now safe, from filling the place of drunken parents when they are gone ? What ruins these poor wretches ?' he would ask—'Is it the mere *abuse* of a good and wholesome thing ? No. Distilled spirits are tempting, deceitful, and too violently intoxicating to be at all habitually used with safety ; and as four hundred of the ablest doctors now living have established, and unnumbered facts prove, they are unwholesome and injurious to body and soul. Let every man, then for his own sake, abstain ; and for the sake of others too, especially such as are near and dear to him, oh, let him abstain for ever.'

'Who,' he would ask, 'give currency and influence to the absurd fooleries which are circulated respecting the marvellous excellencies of spiritous liquors, while common sense tells that they are of no more use to a man than to a cow or horse ? Not drunkards, surely ; for on such a subject at least, they would not be believed. Who give support and respectability to spirit-shops, and the whole spirit trade ? Drunkards surely could make nothing respectable, and no spirit-seller would put on his sign-board, 'the drunkard's spirit-shop.' Again, he would put it to men's consciences to answer, who give respectability and permanence to all the *treatings* and other customs by which each successive generation of drunkards is trained ? There was no getting over the undeniable fact, that moderate spirit drinkers must bear the responsibility of all this ; and the more

the matter was canvassed, the more clearly was it seen that the only way in which drunkenness can be put down is the very way which Jamie and the Temperance Society proposed—the *union of the temperate in refraining from intoxicating drinks, and promoting temperance.*

To parents Jamie addressed himself with unwearied and anxious importunity. ‘Would you object,’ he would say to them, when other arguments had failed, ‘would you object to your son becoming a member when going away from you to live, perhaps, amidst the temptations of a large town? Would you be afraid lest keeping him away from the temptations of the bottle would make him an easier prey to the solicitations of the strange woman, whose house is the way to death, and whose steps take hold on hell?’ He met with none, whether spirit-sellers or spirit-drinkers, who were able to resist this appeal; and from this, as well as other causes, the young formed a large and zealous portion of Jamie’s society. The young he was particularly anxious to enlist in his cause, not merely because youth is the time of truth, and of open, warm hearts, and in an especial manner God’s time, but because he believed spirit-drinking parents to be the great agents in making their children drunkards. A case which happened in his own neighborhood gave him a melancholy confirmation of this opinion. A respectable moderate drinker, who only now and then exceeded his single tumbler of punch, had seven daughters, whom he was in the habit of treating to a little glass of punch each day after dinner. He, of course, considered it good, and they were soon taught to consider it so too. They began first to like their one glass—then they began to like two glasses much better; one glass called for another, till, in the end, they found, according to the adage, that though one glass of spirits is too much for any one, two glasses are quite too little. Right onward they went to drunkenness and crime; for, alas! it was too true in their case, as in all others, that any one may be ruined who can be persuaded to drink distilled spirits. With the help of whiskey, as the murderer said, a man can do any thing; so, at least, it was with these poor girls; they are living with broken character, virtue and all lost. There is, however, one exception—the youngest—and how did she escape? She was too young when her father died to be influenced by her father’s example; and her father, with the character of a moderate, regular man, died sitting at table with his tumbler of punch before him.

Principally through the prudent and laborious exertions of

Jamie, a great moral reformation has been effected throughout an extensive district ; three hundred names are enrolled on the list of his Temperance Society ; wives and sisters are blessing him for husbands and brothers reformed ; the standard of public sentiment in regard to temperance has been nobly raised ; people don't talk now as formerly of a man's being somewhat elevated or tipsy, or merely overtaken, when he is drunk, for they have learned to call things by their right names, and not practice imposture by slang phrases. Public resolutions have been passed against giving spiritous liquor at wakes or funerals, churns, ploughing matches, or evening parties ; men and women can go to market and fair, buy and sell, and yet never think of *treating* or being *treated* with spirits ; and what still more fully exhibits the extent of reformation, it has reached, in some cases, even the most degraded victims of iniquity, some of whom at least are now consistent members of the Temperance Society.

Arguing on the subject of temperance has, in a good degree, ceased in the neighborhood ; and though a number of the old or ill-disposed appear decidedly resolved to have their glass, whatever the consequences, in the spirit of the fellow who told his doctor that he loved his glass, and did not care a fig for his liver, yet the young and conscientious are becoming more hearty in the cause of Jamie and temperance.

Nothing gladdened Jamie's heart more than the success which crowned his efforts in the Sabbath School, of which he is superintendent. Spirit drinking he knew to be a barrier against the progress of the Gospel, not only in preventing drunkards from hearing it, and grieving away the Spirit of God from the moderate drinker, but he felt it to be peculiarly distressing to the young, in often swallowing up that money which should be spent in their education, and in withholding from many even the poor pittance which should cover their nakedness in the Sabbath School and the house of God.

As, therefore, the children of the poor had wrung out so much of the bitter dregs of spirit drinking, he was anxious that Temperance Societies, the sworn foes of spirit drinking, should, with their earliest, warmest efforts, return blessings to them for years of sorrow, oppression and wrong. Sabbath School teachers, too, he saw to be among God's choicest instruments in the work of reform. Young, yet serious, active and benevolent, possessed of the confidence of their scholars and their parents, and from their own character, and their connection with a noble

system of Christian enterprise, exercising a mighty moral influence, wide as the world, what could they not do for the regeneration of the public mind, especially of that mind which shall be all active in good or ill when the present generation are mouldering in the grave.

He commenced, therefore, the work of reformation in his own Sabbath School, and he commenced in the right way, by communicating information, and bringing both teachers and scholars to think and apply the truth for themselves. He wished none, he said, to join his ranks against the great enemy, but volunteers ; he wished for no influence over any one, but the influence of truth, and no bond upon any but the bond of an enlightened conscience. He introduced a proposal for each teacher in rotation to read an interesting extract to the scholars on some suitable subject, and temperance of course was not excluded. The mere hearing of the principles of Temperance Societies was sufficient to make converts of some of the teachers ; for what can be more rational than abstaining from distilled spirits and promoting temperance ? but it was not so with others. Free-thinkers may talk as they please about a man having no more control over his belief than over the hue of his skin or the height of his stature, still it is a simple fact of Jamie's experience, that it is mighty hard to convince a man who does not wish to be convinced, and that, when any body first resolves to continue to drink, he is then marvelously fertile in objections against the Temperance Society. One of the teachers especially, who had been at different times *overtaken* by the bottle coming from the market or fair, was so opposed to temperance, that when his turn for reading on the subject came, he had still some excuse ; and Jamie, without in any way wounding his feelings, was prepared with an extract to read for him, till at length, finding him softening down under the influence of truth and love, he, on one morning of his turn for reading, put an extract into his hand, and said kindly, 'Just go out for a little and read it over by yourself, and that will prepare you for reading it nicely to the children.' He did so, and came in and read it as one who felt its power. Jamie saw that his heart was full, he knew that *now* is the time for doing good, and not tomorrow, and therefore rising up and proposing that a Temperance Society should be formed in the school, he put his own name to the usual declaration—*we resolve to refrain from intoxicating drinks, and promote temperance.* The next man who stepped forward was the self-same teacher who had so long op-

posed. ‘Children,’ said he, ‘spiritous liquor is a bad thing—it has done me harm—it is doing harm to every thing good, and to show that I hate it and renounce it, I put down my name.’ The other teachers followed ; the elder children followed the noble example of their teachers, and as a proof that they knew and felt what they did—when, after school hours, on next candlemas day, the master of a day school which some of them attended, brought forth whiskey to treat the scholars according to custom, the noble little temperance heroes rose, as if by concert, and marched out of the room.

While thus Jamie urged on the good work of reforming others, his own soul knew the blessings of the promise—‘He that watereth others shall be watered also himself.’ After renouncing whiskey, he felt a sweetness and power in God’s word which he had never known before. He almost doubted whether it could be the same old Bible that he used to read. He had been abusing God’s mercy by indulging in sin in time past, as if in expectation that sovereign grace would some moment descend in a miracle and drag him to holiness and heaven ; but now he saw clearly that God is sincere in all his promises, and that the gracious invitations of the Gospel mean just what they say.

His first duty, he saw clearly, was to give his own self to the Lord. To that God of love who asked his heart he gave it. He heard God in his word saying—‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved ;’ and he took God at his word, and obeyed his command. From what he knew to be sin he ceased at once ; and what God told him was duty he did at once, as God enabled him, without stopping to calculate consequences, for he left them with his Maker. He knew that no one goes to heaven or hell alone, the influence of the most humble being necessarily exerted either for good or ill ; and as though travailing in birth for immortal souls, he was each day, by his conversation and example, saying to his neighbor, Come with us, and we will do you good. The more heartily and fully he obeyed God, the better he liked God’s service ; and the more extensive acquaintance he obtained of the great salvation of the Gospel, the more strongly did he feel himself drawn by a Savior’s love to accept, to adorn, and propagate it. Though beyond middle life, he had never celebrated his Savior’s love at the Lord’s table. Now, however, he saw it to be his duty and privilege ; and those whose hearts are set on winning souls, can conceive with what holy joy a worthy young temperance

minister, whose church Jamie had lately joined, saw him sitting down to commemorate with his fellow Christians the dying love of the great Redeemer.

Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give praise, even for thy truth and for thy mercy's sake.

HOUSES AND FURNITURE.

MANY of our readers are already acquainted with a little volume entitled 'Ways of Living on Small Means,' by the author of the 'Young Man's Guide,' &c. On some subjects the sentiments of the author are somewhat peculiar, but, on all points, they seem entitled to a very respectful consideration. The fact that his views differ from those of many others, is indeed of itself no valid reason for either adopting or rejecting them. They should stand or fall by their intrinsic merit, by their conformity to truth, or their want of such conformity. It will be evident, we think, to any one who will seriously reflect upon the topics discussed in this work, and in the small work recently noticed by us, entitled 'Three Experiments of Living,' that many of our wants are, at least in their degree, artificial, and that in endeavoring to satisfy them, much misery, and often great guilt are incurred. A large portion of society are rendered miserable by the state of their affairs, and are consequently prevented from enjoying the bounties of Providence fairly placed within their reach ; and a still larger part are so enslaved by artificial wants, as to leave no time for intellectual or moral improvement. To live completely within our means, we believe to be a universal duty, however moderate those means may be, and, next to this, is the duty of laboring industriously to increase our means both of enjoying happiness, and of communicating it to others. For the benefit of such of our readers as have not seen the work to which we first referred, we introduce the following chapter, remarking only that it is in no respect more interesting than the other chapters of the same work. ED.

THE common defence which people make of large and costly dwellings is, that they are convenient and healthy. In all probability the real reason (people usually give every reason for conduct which they know is questionable, except the true one) is, that they have the money, and therefore the *right* to build thus. Without stopping here to show that they are deceiving themselves in this matter, I will merely observe, that as long as those to whom public sentiment has conceded the right, continue to act thus, others, down to the very poorest, will come as near them as they can.

Let us look at the convenience and healthiness of large buildings. A large room is unquestionably more healthy than a small one. But is it necessary to have a large dwelling, in order to have large rooms? This depends upon the number we demand. If that be great, it is quite obvious that a large house is necessary. But do we need a large number of rooms? Can any one family really use half the rooms of some of our modern fashionable dwellings?

There are multitudes of people—people, too, who regard health—who do not find a large number of rooms necessary. Many a family in Boston—and some, too, of the highest respectability, need but three rooms, besides the accompanying closets. These are, first, a large square room, in which they live chiefly, in which they eat, and in which they also receive company. Another, directly over this, is a sleeping room. Both these rooms have closets. There is also a third room, a small sleeping chamber; it is for the children of the family, such as do not sleep with their parents. The closet adjoining the sleeping room, is for clothes; the other is used to keep food in, &c.

Now I will not say that here is room enough; especially for a very large family; for I do not think so. Another bed room, at least is needed. But I do say that if the rooms are large enough and high enough, and are kept duly ventilated, there is no danger to the health. It is the character of the rooms of a house that determines its healthiness, and not their number. A house which contained no more rooms than I have named would be as healthy, at least, as one which contained ten times as many, provided their dimensions were the same. Nay, it would even be rather more so.

So much for the healthiness of buildings; now for the convenience. But this point depends so much on other circumstances, connected with food, drink, customs, &c, that I must defer it till we come to treat of those subjects.

In regard to the importance of selecting a dwelling, or a part of a dwelling, which is conducive to health, I have one word to add. No one will probably go farther in this matter than myself. I consider it a sacred duty to God, as well as to our families, to pay special regard to health. I believe, moreover, that it is bad economy not to do so. I have no doubt that he who should undertake to live a little cheaper by narrowing the dimensions of his rooms, or taking up with an unhealthy location would, in the end, lose far more than he would gain. I

have seen more than one poor but sensible man, who had been taught this to his heart's content. The loss of time and the bills of physicians would more than pay the additional rent. He who would live on *small means*, therefore, must not expect to save anything by selecting dwellings or rooms which jeopardize health. Such rooms as I have spoken of above, do not usually rent at much above a hundred dollars, in the most expensive portions of our cities.

As to furniture, this point is somewhat settled by a decision about the house. The fewer the rooms, the smaller the amount of furniture needed. Still, what is necessary may be more or less expensive, according to our view of the circumstances, and our devotion to fashion.

But the demands of health and convenience in this matter, are by no means exorbitant. A few plain wooden chairs, a table or two, two or three bedsteads and beds, and suitable bedding, and a few plates, and tumblers, and spoons, and knives and forks, do not cost a very large sum. The most expensive item of these bills would be mattresses; but even these would cost less than feathers. Feathers, I take it for granted, no one would think of, who regards health, or who wishes to live on small means, or even within his means. With my present views, I should almost as soon think of introducing household gods as feather beds.

If, however, expensive furniture, at the outset, should even be thought best, and should be procured, the bills would not be very large for a small tenement or a simple and rational suit of rooms; nor the labor of keeping it clean and in good condition, very oppressive. Much of human strength and effort, in the fashionable world, both in city and country, is expended in taking care to preserve that which is of no possible service.

Let me not be understood here as going the whole length of the utilitarian scheme. I am indeed a utilitarian; but then I believe that the eye, and the ear, and even the imagination, and the fancy, need their appropriate objects of gratification—their food, as I might call it. He alone is a consistent utilitarian who would make provision for all the real wants of man's nature, animal, social, intellectual and moral. But all this should be done in due harmony. We should never go beyond our means. I have seen some of these simple establishments which I am recommending and describing, that were in good taste, I assure you.

It is true, he who would live within his means, and especially he who would live on small means, must expect to deny him-

self, for a time, many things which he may afterwards find it proper to obtain. I mean by this, that if all mankind would consent to live for a time on small means, they would all soon become able to spread their sails a little, and indulge themselves in houses and furniture, a little more in taste with the refined eye and fancy. The reason why so large a part of the civilized world cannot do this now, is, that they will not consent to live on small means till they can afford it ; but every one pushes beyond his means to get what he fancies, or what fashion demands, till he embarrasses himself, and keeps himself—and in the result his posterity—always poor.

We shall never have good times in the civilized and refined world, till every one is willing to go back to simplicity, and live on small means—till the animal, social, intellectual and moral wants of all are so well satisfied, that all can afford to live on means a little larger, without detriment to themselves or others. Such a state might be easily brought about. It would indeed be so, if we were truly christians, and enlightened ones. Let not the idea be rejected as Utopian ; nor him who broaches it, as a dreamer of perfectibility, equality of property, &c. I am none of those.

It is true, that when all mankind come to be christians in the sense to which I have alluded—when all are willing to live on small means till they are really able to branch out and live on those which are more ample and liberal—when all this is fairly effected, my book will not be needed. But give me only a tolerable prospect—a reasonable hope—of seeing such a state of things, and I will be satisfied, even if the book, and the name and fame of him who writes it, shall be forgotten.

I have hitherto gone upon the supposition that you must live upon hire, and that but one family should occupy a house. It would undoubtedly be cheaper, in the end, to buy a small tenement—a cottage, perhaps, or a small house of one story—if *you have the means*. But do not run in debt in order to do it. Keep within your means.

If it were not a commonly received maxim, in New England especially, that no house is large enough for two families, I would here stop a little to show, in half a dozen points of view, the economy as well as usefulness and happiness of building all dwellings, both in city and country, for the accommodation of several families. Nothing would better fall in with the plan of living with very small means than this ; and few things are, in my view, more indispensable to the perfection of humanity.

The usual objection, that little differences and disagreements between the several members of a family thus occupying a large tenement will be perpetually coming up, though often made, is scarcely to be considered an objection. Indeed it is, as it seems to me, one of the strong reasons in favor of such a method. It shows at least that our temper and character are not what they should be. We ought to be able to live thus without quarreling; and if we are not so, it is high time we were subjected to the appropriate discipline, till we can. But actually to live together, is one important way to fit us to live together.

He who has thought of half the moral, social and intellectual advantages—to say nothing of the physical and pecuniary gain—which would result from having several families occupy a single tenement, especially if they are connected with each other by the ties of consanguinity, will not need any urging in this matter. He who has not begun to think on the subject, will not be argued out of his propensity to laugh at the scheme as visionary, by any representations of its advantages and practicability which, in this little work, I have room to present. I may advert to the topic again, however, occasionally, as we pass on.

CROWN POINT.

It was on a quiet midsummer day, that myself and my traveling companion paid a visit to the ruins of the old fort at Crown Point on Lake Champlain. For a couple of miles before we reached the fort, we passed through a beautiful grove of young trees, among which numbers of fine cattle were enjoying the luxury of the defence their foliage afforded against a blazing sun. A farmer, the owner of the land occupied by the ruins, met us as we approached, sweating from his labor in a fine meadow which stretched along our right upon the shore of the Lake. He gave us a kind reception, and we followed him to his house.

The walls of the fort were still in a good state of preservation. They must have been constructed with immense labor, as they could not have been less than twenty feet in height, and not less than sixteen feet in thickness at the bottom, embracing an area of at least two acres. The ditch on the outside is a deep excavation encircling the whole fort, and carried at a great

distance through solid rock. I sat down on 'the highest point of the rampart, covered as the whole was with grass, to survey the scene before me.

On the right the wall, for thirty feet, had been thrown down nearly level with the ground, by the explosion of the powder magazine, which had been located there. This had been set on fire by a retreating garrison as a stronger foe approached. Nearly opposite this spot were the entire walls of three barracks built of stone, near an hundred feet each in length. One of these had been fitted up for the residence of the present owner of the farm. The other barrack buildings showed, in various places, the remains of burnt beams, indicating that the wooden part of them had been consumed by fire. I saw a rude chiseling of the figures 1754 upon a corner stone.

These buildings, I mused, were once thronged with living men. Their voices once resounded within these now desolate walls. Here they ate—there they slept—yonder were hung their arms. But the strength that laid these stones one upon another, has perished! Here was martial music once—the morning and the evening gun—the song—the jest—the merry game—But the actors are gone. All is silence now!

On my right lay the placid Lake, reflecting the brightness of a glowing summer sky. A narrow bay stretched away southward upon my left, diverging a little from the Lake, and thus leaving the narrow point upon which the fort was built. A musket shot would easily reach the eastern and opposite shore, making this, therefore, an important position for a fortress to secure from an enemy the upper waters of the Lake. Looking north, the Lake expanded to a width of several miles, with here and there a wooded island. The shore on either side was occupied by beautiful farms, making a delightful resting place for the eye, as it was raised from the surface of the Lake to the noble ranges of mountains beyond. A couple of sloops were floating on the quiet waters, heading this way or that, as the current directed, the wind, as it seemed, having declined being abroad on so sultry a day.

While this scene was before me, my thoughts involuntarily ran back on the past. This whole region was once an unbroken wilderness. At distant intervals only was its silence disturbed by the yell of the savage, or these peaceful waters divided by his passing canoe. The first white man seen here, was a French nobleman, Samuel Champlain, who, in 1609, explored this Lake, and gave it his own name. The Iroquoise, a

fierce and powerful nation of Indians, then occupied this whole territory.

In the year 1731 the French built the first fort erected at Crown Point. From this place, in connection with their Indian allies, they carried desolation into all the English frontier settlements. It remained in their hands until it was taken by the English General Amherst in 1759, then on his way to the conquest of Canada. It remained an English fortress till the commencement of the Revolutionary war, when it was surprised and taken by a small party of Americans under Col. Warner. It was surrendered, however, the next year, to a British force under Gen. Carleton, and remained in their hands until the defeat of Gen. Burgoyne at Saratoga, when this and other British posts on the Lake, fell once more into the hands of the Americans.

Here, thought I, as I sat on the grass covered battlement, here have been assembled, at different times, the fleets and armies of contending nations. In this place they have respectively gathered and deposited their munitions of war. From this spot they have departed, in different directions, to their work of rapine and blood. Here were collected the spoils of desolated fields and villages, and the scalps of murdered men and women and children. Here has the captive languished 'in affliction and iron.' Here has the savage rioted in his projected or accomplished schemes of violence. Here too, in their turn, have been seen the Frenchman, the Englishman, and the American, in 'all the pride and pomp and circumstance of war.' This place, now a peaceful solitude, has been trodden alternately by the victor and the vanquished—has been disturbed by the rattling of armor—the roar of cannon—'the thunder of the captains.' Here men's bosoms have been swollen with the pride of triumph—have raged with the flames of revenge—or have been wrung with the anguish of defeat, as they have bewailed the adversities of war.

Such have been the scenes of departed years ; strange scenes, we might have said, had we not known the nature of man. Strange let them be, in this that they recur no more. Go down to the dust, ye moss covered walls, ye emblems of the hateful passions of men. Let the mound sink into the place from which it was raised. Let the stone be removed from its fellow. Let the driven ploughshare make the 'rough place a plain.' Let it be forgotten, that on these quiet shores man was ever the foe of man—that ever were seen here the trappings of war, or heard here the thunder of battle.

SIMON.

For the Religious Magazine.

REMARKS ON 'CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.'

MR. EDITOR: I was much interested in reading the article in the last No. of the Magazine, upon 'Christian Self-Denial.' It is a subject upon which I have thought much, and upon which no doubt, the practice of christians in general is at fault. Yet it seems to me that the precise mark of reform cannot be drawn without much difficulty—circumstances are so various that what is duty in one case, fails to be so in another.

Your correspondent has taken an extreme case, and carried it to an extreme point. Perhaps it is a wrong inference; but it seems to me, that his principles acted out, would tend to the levelling of all ranks and orders in society—a state of things, which the providence of God certainly does not inculcate.

One remark appears to be particularly objectionable. In the list of retrenchments, which he would have made, one is expressed in these words, '*and let Mrs. S. do the work herself.*' We will suppose his advice taken. Mrs. S., under the circumstances which he has described, dismisses her '*hired help.*' As it would be natural to suppose, she is a pious, well educated lady. Her circumstances have been such during her past life, that she has never had occasion to attend at all to the laborious duties of domestic life, yet she has ever superintended the affairs of her family with dignity and propriety, and has been accustomed to improve her time, in the cultivation of her mind and heart, and in performing those duties, which her station in life demands of her. But she has now changed her course of life entirely—and she takes hold of her new duties, with a resolution to accomplish them to the best of her ability. But alas! she finds that to do half the '*work,*' is more than she can possibly accomplish; it requires the strength of one who is inured to labor, and long before the day is through, she is wearied and exhausted. Her husband returns to dinner, but instead of the smiling, cheerful countenance he is accustomed to meet, the disconsolate brow and anxious looks of his wife, tell him of the weary and dissatisfied state of her mind. Perhaps he says, 'My dear, our good friend, Rev. Mr. ——— is in the city. He called on me this morning, and I invited him to spend the night with us.' A sigh escapes her, as she replies, 'I should be delighted to enjoy his improving society, but consistently with my present occupations I should be able

to spend very little time with him, and more than all, I feel quite unable to bear the addition which company would make to the work of the family,'—and so the husband, though doubting whether Christ demands of him to sacrifice the society of those he esteems most—calls upon the good minister, and begs that he will excuse him from exercising his hospitality.

When night comes, Mrs. S. can, to be sure, look back upon a day of effort; but she cannot feel that it has been a day of profit to herself or others,—her children have been neglected; she has had no time for friends; and those higher duties which she is qualified to perform, have been left unattended to. But is her influence increased by this course of conduct? Would not most observers suppose she was actuated by a short-sighted, and bigoted view of her duty? Unbelievers, especially, would they not say that there was neither reason nor common sense in it. Before, she was the means of supporting and making happy her domestics—now they are out of her reach. How many there are in our population, ignorant and oppressed with poverty, who are saved from degradation and want, only by being employed as domestics! I should be glad to know how your correspondent would dispose of such, under existing circumstances.

These are some of the thoughts, which occurred to me while reading the article above alluded to—not that I would advocate the style of living described and deprecated there, but I question whether the extent and manner of the retrenchment advised, is expedient. That I have not treated the subject with the ability it deserves, I am fully aware. If you, Mr. Editor, would comment more fully upon it, or if some other able pen would give it the attention it deserves, *one* I am sure would be gratified.

P.

A STRANGER'S TALE;

OR, THE DEATH OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

THERE is an indescribably pleasant melancholy attendant on the bright sunny morning of a Sabbath in summer, to an individual who is among strangers. A solemn stillness pervades everything; even the lovely works of nature seem to put on a sacred aspect. The feathered songsters breathe forth their

melody in subdued strains, and the distant waterfall,—now swelling to a deep bass undertone, and now diminishing till the listening ear scarcely perceives its sound, as the breeze increases and dies away,—breaks the silence, only to make the intervening pause the more deep—the more impressive. Perhaps this is all imagination ; be it so : at any rate, it is a feeling which has, again and again, touched the finer sensibilities of the soul, and mellowed down the rough exterior which human nature almost unavoidably assumes, by a contact with the numberless perplexities attendant on the tumult and bustle of the week. If ever man is capable of one holy emotion,—if ever susceptible of any feelings kindred to angels, it must be at such a time, and under such circumstances.

I had arrived late on the previous evening, in the city of ———, and taken the most retired lodgings I could find. Exhausted with the fatigue of travelling, I sought rest, and was not disturbed, until the chiming of the bells from the dome of a neighboring edifice, announced the dawning of the Sabbath. For the first time, I looked from my window. It opened toward the east, and the clouds upon the horizon for a long distance were tinged with a bright golden hue, which, as the eye wandered from the point of the sun's approach, gradually became less and less rich, until they were finally exchanged for the mild blue of the sky beyond. Directly before me, a broad sheet of water rolled majestically, and being calm, reflected from its own bosom the beauties delineated in the heavens above. Beyond its farther bank opened an extensive prospect into the adjoining country, sufficiently near for me to see the birds sporting from bough to bough, and now and then to hear the carol of their morning songs. About me, the spires from the churches of a populous city lifted themselves, seemingly, as sentries to the numerous habitations below them. To all these, I was a stranger : not one from the thousands about me, could I call friend ;—not one was there on whom I could bestow a look of recognition ;—not one with whom I could exchange the salutation of sympathy. No wonder, then, if my thoughts reverted to the circle at my own home ;—no wonder that the scene before me, had produced that melancholy I have before described.

The breakfast bell rang, and I descended to the large dining-room, not in a mood to join in the conversation that was introduced. I encountered strange faces on every side, and, except interchanging civilities with those in my immediate vi-

cinity, indulged in my own musings during the meal, and then returned to my room, to meditate unnoticed and alone. Would that I might always enjoy the same communion with my Savior as then;—would that the ‘fever of the world’ might always be, as then, subdued.

This was but one of the bright spots that light the vale of life, and like every other ravishing pleasure in this world, destined to be of but short duration.

Time passed unheeded, and before I was aware of it, the hour of morning worship had arrived, and I descended to the street. But I could not divest myself of the train of thought I had been indulging. The streets were thronged with passengers, and without knowing whither I went, I followed the multitude. I soon found myself treading the carpeted aisles of a spacious church. I entered a pew which was opened to me, and sat down. The deep, swelling tones of the noble organ, as its keys were swept by a master’s hand, alone aroused me from my reverie, and told me I was in the house of God. The voice of song ascended in rich harmony from the choir in the gallery above, and directly behind me, and then arose the holy man of God, who poured forth the desires of his heart, in one of the most soul stirring petitions it ever fell to my lot to hear. One might almost feel himself to be in the presence of the King of kings, and see the bright seraphim bowing before the throne. Another hymn was sung, and the minister of the sanctuary read from Psalm xvi. ‘I will pay my vows unto the Lord now, in the presence of all his people, in the courts of the Lord’s house.’ The accents of his voice, as he expatiated on the character of God, falling upon the ears of his hearers, at once prepossessed them in favor of the speaker, and convinced them that he uttered the language of a warm and generous heart, while at the same time the infinite greatness of the subject he advocated, was brought home to the mind, with an unwonted force. He exhibited the law of God in all its holiness and purity, and thundered forth its awful denunciations to the ungodly, while at the same time,

‘———— in strains as sweet as angels use,
The gospel whispered peace.’

He looked back upon the little band that were led by the Savior, tracing the history of the church down to the present time, and showed that God had never left himself without a witness. He pointed to the sacred emblems before him, as a memorial

of the covenant into which his own flock had entered, and entreated them to 'be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves;' to 'walk worthy of the high vocation wherewith they had been called,' 'redeeming the time, because the days are evil.' He closed the book, and descending the steps of his pulpit, requested the candidates to offer themselves for the baptismal rite. For a moment a breathless silence pervaded the assembly, when the door behind me opened, and looking round, I saw the form of a maiden slowly walking up the aisle. Such a countenance I had never before seen. A modest blush, occasioned by the agitation of the scene, was diffused over her lovely features, while the expression of her dark eyes seemed almost unearthly. Is it possible, thought I, that this young and beautiful creature can forsake the gay circles of pleasure, and put on the sanctity of religion? Can it be true, that she has so far triumphed over the vanities of the world, as to be willing to identify herself with a band of christians, often calumniated,—often made the byword of the votaries of pleasure? Aye 'twas true. She had tasted the cup of earthly bliss,—she had drunk deep of its alluring, tempting flow,

'——— till presently, it turned
Bitter within her, and her spirit grew
Faint for quiding waters.

Then she came
To the pure fount of God, and was athirst
No more.'

She stood before her spiritual guide; he read to her the confession of faith, to which she assented; then raising the silver chalice in one hand, with the other he impressed upon her fair forehead the seal of the promise. The worshippers arose; and taking her right hand, he welcomed her to the fellowship of the saints. The ceremony ended. She retraced her steps, and I again saw the expression of that face! Never does woman appear half as lovely as when her soul is warmed by the influence of piety. Of all things in nature, the irreligious female appears to me the most inconsistent. To woman we look for all that can beautify and adorn the character,—for the cultivation of the social sympathies of our nature,—for all that is generous and ennobling. And we are seldom disappointed; but, if to all these is added the glowing flame of piety, a ten-fold charm is diffused over the whole character. Such were my reflections. And now once more the voice of prayer ascended to heaven, and the congregation dispersed. I returned

to my lodgings, and spent the remainder of the day in solitude.

The ensuing day I resumed my journey, and for several weeks was continually shifting scenes,—now rattling over the craggy, rocky cliff in the tiresome stage-coach,—now rolling swiftly over the level track of a railway,—now, again, upon the crowded deck of a steamboat, gliding smoothly over the bosom of the unruffled waters. But wherever I had been, or in whatever situation, at every interval of reflection, that form, that face, and that scene were still before me. Why it was, I know not ; but the more I tried to banish its recollection, the more vivid would be its delineation to my mind. On a Saturday evening, five weeks after the event, as the sun's last declining rays lingered on the hills, I again entered that city, and searched out my old lodgings.

The coming morning was one of almost unclouded splendor. The heavens bore much the same appearance, as when, a few weeks previous, I had first viewed them from this place, and I indulged in similar thoughts and feelings, with the exception, that now, there was one, at least, among the vast multitude, whom if I met, I should recognize, and who, although unconsciously, had awakened the strong sympathies of my soul. When the hour of public worship drew near, I again bent my steps towards the sanctuary where I had joined in the praises of the Most High. I entered, and seated myself as before. Soon the organ's swell echoed through the courts of the Lord's house,—but it was a requiem strain. The dissonance of its notes produced a solemn feeling upon all. The doors opened, and a train of mourners advanced clad in the habiliments of sorrow. Then followed a bier, on which was borne a rich mahogany coffin, covered with a deep sable pall, that reached the floor. The organ ceased its sound :—for a moment a death-like silence pervaded the house ; then the voice of weeping burst forth, which till now had been stifled in the wounded breast, or had found vent in silent tears. A singular sensation came over me. I felt assured that the coffin before me contained that lovely form, which so lately I had seen on that same spot, in magnificence and beauty. This assurance haunted me. I tried, in vain, to make myself believe I was superstitious ; I saw, in my mind, the seal of death upon that brow, and I dreaded to have the truth revealed. A prayer was offered,—a mournful dirge was chanted,—and the minister began his discourse in the words, ‘Blessed are the dead, who die in the Lord.’ There

was no studied, elaborate eulogy upon the character of the departed,—no attempt at display or effect ; but a simple recital of her worth and virtues. When he spoke of the many endearing associations connected with her memory, and her labors of love in the midst of them, the whole congregation seemed melted, and the speaker gave free scope to his own emotions, in audible sobs. He exhorted the young, especially, to make a wise improvement of this voice of God, speaking directly to them, and showed them, that though called to an early grave, if like her they were prepared for the coming of the Son of Man, it would be to them a change of unspeakable joy. A few Sabbaths before, she, who was now a lifeless corpse, had stood up and avouched the Lord Jehovah to be her God,—and now, without doubt, her spirit had entered upon an eternal Sabbath of rest in Heaven.

The mourners rose, and slowly moved from the sanctuary. The assembly, one by one, followed, and silently looked upon the face of the dead as they passed. I approached. An awful shivering seized me, and the cold sweat gathered on my forehead. I knew that my darkest fears were about being tested, and I trembled. I raised my eyes, and beheld that countenance :—it was the same ! A gentle smile still played upon the features, and no marks of suffering were written there. Those lips seemed on the point of speaking,—but they were closed forever !—A space of time elapsed,—but what had passed I knew not. I had been lost in reflections forced upon me by the awful change that had taken place, and had no recollection, till I found myself in the midst of a large crowd in a church-yard. The sculptured urns and monuments that had been reared to mark the places where reposed the remains of parents, children and friends, rose on every side. Directly in front was a long range of granite tombs. One near the centre was open, and around it the throng were assembled. I heard the sound of music,—it was the last funeral hymn :—

Sister ! like the flower of morning,
 Thou hast gone from us away ;
 Brightest hues that flower adorning,
 Withered lie, while yet 'tis day !

Thou shalt rest secure from anguish,
 In thy narrow house below ;
 While alone, our fond hearts languish,
 That no more thy smiles we know !

Sleep, then, sister ! while above thee
Flows the sad and silent tear ;
Oft at eve, shall those that love thee,
Weep and pray, unnoticed here !

The last, lingering note of that plaintive melody died away upon the breeze, as the procession of mourners departed for their homes. I gazed upon the coffin until the creaking of the door of the vault, as it was turned upon its rusty hinges, told me that that form was hid from my view, till I should meet it at the judgment seat of Christ. I looked up : the large concourse of spectators had gone, and I was alone in this vast city of the dead. I turned from the spot, and offered up the fervent prayer, ' Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.'

CARPATHUS.

DISPENSING WITH HIRED HELP.

WE very cheerfully insert in our Magazine, the following note from our valued correspondent, whose article on Christian Self-Denial we published in our last Number. It is but fair and reasonable that he should have an opportunity to add to his former communication such restrictions as existed in his own mind, and which not having been fully expressed, gave occasion, as appears from a preceding article in the present number, to some misconceptions respecting his views. For ourselves we suspect that even the present views of our correspondent stand in need of some additional limitations, but that when these are all made, there is still remaining an extensive field within which his remarks are of great importance as respects the prosperity and happiness of families.

ED.

MR. EDITOR : In an article which you inserted in your last Magazine, entitled Christian Self-Denial, there was one sentiment advanced which was not sufficiently explained. And yet I wonder that I should have left it so, since I had been more than a year in preparing the article, and had submitted it to the critical examination of several literary and religious friends, of different sects in various parts of the state.

I allude, Sir, to the suggestion that the mistress of a family, whom I called Mrs. S. ought to dismiss her ' hired help' and ' do the work herself,' and which led to the following editorial remarks. ' We can see no reason for a literal compliance with

this direction, provided Mrs. S. will industriously employ her time in some other useful way. It can no more be necessary for her to dismiss her maids, than for her husband to dismiss his clerks or apprentices, or for a manufacturer to dismiss his workmen.'

Now, Sir, I meant to be understood as speaking of families as the great mass of our New England families are, with no other members but their own. If foreign members are admitted, it alters the whole state of the thing in my view. In that case I see no reason why foreign aid should not be necessary. If there are students or clerks, or factory girls in a family, and especially in considerable numbers, there must indeed be foreign assistance. To him who should object to this, would the editorial remark which I have quoted be applicable; but not to him who only objects to foreign aid in a family where there are no foreign members.

My own opinion, in short, is that the health of every mother—in the ordinary circumstances of ordinary New England families—demands most imperiously just such a routine of physical exercise as the *judicious*, not the fashionable physical education and management of a household involve. It is not on the ground, therefore, of economy, merely, that I would have the mistress of a family dismiss her hired help, but on the score of health, too. Indeed, were it worth while to undertake the task, I feel myself competent to show, that the principle I lay down, viz. that every family, already in health, and embracing no foreign members should perform its own household labor is sustained by every consideration which regards economy, health, and intellectual and moral improvement. If these things are so, the position that 'it can be no more necessary for a housewife to dismiss her maids, than for her husband to dismiss his clerks or apprentices, or for a manufacturer to dismiss his workmen,' is untenable. But perhaps you will not admit my premises, and will therefore deny my conclusion.

THE FIRESIDE.

From Tales of Intemperance.

THE TRUANT BOY.

THE schoolhouse, where two of my winters were spent, in the routine of labors which the schoolmaster can better understand than describe, was situated on the sunny side of a beautiful forest, by which it was concealed from the little village that furnished most of my scholars. In that village was a smoky looking building, where the surplus rye of the surrounding country was converted into American gin; and the slumbering conscience of the nation had not then fixed the seal of reprobation upon it. The business of distilling was then reputable. Many of the inhabitants of the village were interested in it; some worked the distillery; others made the casks; others, again, carried the gin to market, and procured the raw materials; and others sold 'groceries' to the laborers. The village school had acquired a reputation rather undesirable, as teachers had occasionally been dismissed, because they differed from the scholars or parents on the propriety of discipline, or the mode of its administration in the school. An affair of this nature, the winter previous, created more anxiety for the result of the first efforts. Some apparently formidable cases of discipline, however, were soon disposed of in a way to give permanency to measures adopted in the school, and to promise a pleasant winter. But there were some cases of a trying character. One little fellow, six or seven years of age, I can never forget. His complexion was pale, his expression downcast and sorrowful, and it was apparently impossible to awaken any desire to learn, or to be respected by his fellows. He was not wanting in intellect, but in application. He was at school nearly every day, but always late: for he played truant. It was some time before he was fairly detected in this, for he always had a plausible excuse for being late. Poor boy, his difficulty in part could be understood: he had an *intemperate mother*. His father, who was almost incessantly engaged in the distillery, and heavy hearted, in view of his domestic calamity, could know but little of the obliquity of his favorite boy, and could bear still less to correct his wanderings. Indeed, he could not believe his son seriously wrong, for he was a

goodnatured, affectionate child, when indulged with the society of his father ; and, the winter previous, when the little fellow had been detected in stealing from the teacher's table, and was to receive punishment on the following day, the misjudging father sent a message forbidding the teacher to punish him. The message was effectual in screening the lad, and, with other similar matters, successful in breaking up the school. Still these circumstances did not destroy the hope of inspiring the boy with spirit, and persuading him to look up in my face like other boys. But efforts were unsuccessful. He studied only by compulsion, was always the dullest scholar in his class, and was still late at school, and would look no one in the face. Perhaps the suspicions of the other scholars rested upon him, and led them to treat him with contempt or unkindness ; but I watched for evidence of it in vain, and labored in vain for the welfare of the child, till the occurrence which I shall now explain.

It was a mild day in February ; the sun shone in dazzling brightness upon the snow, which was wasting under its influence. The hour for commencing the afternoon exercises had arrived, and, as I was returning in haste from the village, this little boy came round a corner of the

wood, near the schoolhouse, and was going home. He was whirling something attached to a string round his head, which, in certain positions, glittered in the sunbeams. The moment he saw me, the string and its appendage were suddenly coiled, and concealed in his pocket, in a manner to excite suspicion. When we met, he sought to go by with his usual downcast look ; but I spoke to him kindly, and the following conversation took place :

‘ My little man, where are you going ? ’

‘ I'm going home, sir. ’

‘ But it is school time now, and you would not like to be absent from school. ’

‘ Mother said I must come home at noon. ’

‘ But then you should have gone when school closed, and you might have returned by this time. ’

‘ I want to go now. ’

‘ Well, what was that you put in your pocket just now ? ’

‘ Nothing. ’

‘ O, you must not say so. When you turned the corner of the wood, you was whirling a string, with something shining at the end of it ; and then you saw me and put it in your pocket. ’

‘ I hain't got nothing but a plummet. ’

‘ Well, I want you to let me see it. ’

He then reluctantly pulled

out a bright new plummet with its string, which I recognized as the one brought to school that morning by one of the oldest girls.

‘Where did you find this?’

‘I found it down there by the door.’

‘But how shall I know that what you tell me is true? You know I have often told you that when boys are once detected in falsehood, we shall not know when to believe them. Now you just told me that you had put nothing in your pocket, when you had put this plummet in. That was a falsehood. You was trying to deceive me. And how shall I know that you are not deceiving me now?’

‘I *did* find it there, sartin!’

‘Well, now go back and show me just where it was, and I hope I shall find you have told me the truth.’

‘I want to go home: mother said I must.’

‘Well, go back to the schoolhouse now: we must settle this matter first, and then I can tell better whether to believe your mother told you to come home or not. You have told what is not true once, and how can I know that your mother told you to come home?’

We were soon at the door of the schoolhouse; but it was with manifest faltering and misgiving that he pointed out the spot where he pretended that the plummet was found, and

then he seemed to feel as if the falsehood was written on his countenance. Without questioning him farther, as soon as the school was assembled and seated, I held up the plummet to view, and it was at once recognized by the owner, in a distant part of the schoolroom. Keeping him by me, and in such a position that he could not possibly see the owner, I requested her to place her hand in the very place where the plummet was left. This was done, and immediately removed, and she resumed her seat. I then told him that I supposed he took the plummet from the schoolhouse; and if so, I wished him to be honest, and go and place it where he had taken it. He went and placed it in precisely the right place, which under these circumstances, confirmed the evidence of his guilt. His conscience now appeared to be troubled, although perhaps his fears were more so. He wept bitterly, and yet nothing had been said to terrify him. I then took him by the hand, and, in as kind a manner as possible, explained to him the nature of his faults, and noticed the several instances of his falsehood. Then another scene came up.

‘Now tell me,’ (I said to him in a mild manner) ‘what you did with my pocket comb.’

‘I never see it—I never took it, sartin.’

‘Well, perhaps not.’ But you know my comb was taken from the table here several weeks ago ; and when I asked the scholars about it, and looked all round the room, to see how they would answer the question, you was the first and almost only one to say, ‘I hain’t got it—I hain’t got it.’ I did not think you stole it then, but you know I told all the scholars they must take care not to steal, because if I should detect any one in stealing, I should be likely to think he took the comb. Now you have been caught in stealing a plummet, and you have told several falsehoods ; and how shall I know that you did not steal the comb. It is true that I do not know you took it ; but your denying it now that you have told several falsehoods, cannot be trusted, as if you had always told the truth. Now I wish you to think of it a little while, and see if you can tell me the whole truth. If you stole the comb, you had better say so honestly. You will feel happier afterwards, if you tell the truth. I do not wish you to say you took it, unless you did actually do so, because that would be lying. I wish you to tell just the truth. It will be much better for you to do so than for me to find it out some other way. You may sit down here by yourself a little while, and then I will talk with you again.’

After attending to some necessary duties of the school, as the little boy had become composed, I took him by the hand, and asked him if he was now prepared to tell me the whole truth.

‘Yes, sir,’ was his reply.

‘Well, then, what did you do with my comb ?’

‘I lost it.’

‘Then you took it from the table, did you ?’

‘Yes, sir.’

The tears now began to flow in torrents, accompanied by sobs, as expressive of real sorrow as one can imagine.

‘Well, now, tell me where upon the table you found it.’

‘I found it there,’ said he, pointing to the very place where it had been left.

‘Was the comb open, like this knife blade, or was it shut up, when you found it ?’

‘I found it open.’

‘Well, what did you do with it ?’

‘I put it in my pocket, and when we went out, I put it down by a little tree beyond the play-ground, and put some leaves over it.’

‘Well, is it there now ?’

I can’t find it : I went to get it afterwards, but I could not find it ; and I have not seen it since.’

‘Will you go with one of the boys, and show him where you left it, and look for it again ?’

‘Yes, sir.’

He led the scholar designated for this purpose to a concealed spot beyond the playground, and pointed out a little tree, and said he put it down by the side of that ; and he began to search for it among the leaves. Both of them engaged in the search, till they had removed most of the leaves within several feet of the tree, and then returned without finding it. All these circumstances confirmed the conviction that he had now confessed the truth, —that he had stolen the comb, and lost it in the way described. The evidence of his sorrow was as apparent as the evidence of his guilt. But was this sufficient ? Would this effect a cure, as well without corporeal punishment as with it ? Would it be safe for the interests of the school to spare the rod in such a case ? It was evident that every scholar felt a deep interest in the result of the case, and a deep sympathy for the little offender. But I dared not dismiss him without punishment, painful as it was to inflict it, and uncommon as it was in my practice. Taking him again by the hand, I said to him, ‘ Well, sir, what do you think I ought to do now, to cure you of such faults ? You have been guilty of two very wicked things, stealing and lying ; and what is it my duty to do for you ? ’

‘ You ought to punish me.’

‘ Suppose I punish you with this heavy rule, how many times do you think I ought to strike you with it ? ’

‘ Forty.’

‘ Perhaps you deserve so many blows, but I should be glad to cure you without so severe a punishment. If I should strike very hard, so many blows would be hard to bear. I will think of it awhile, and then decide what will be necessary.’

Another hour was spent in the duties of the school, while the little boy sat in the silent anguish of suspense, heaving a deep and long drawn sigh, occasionally, and giving vent to an occasional flood of tears. Then calling him to me again, I endeavored to impress upon his mind the nature of his offences, and the pain it gave me to punish him for them. I then felt how sad a thing it is for a teacher not to be a Christian. I knew that the sanctions of religion ought to be brought to bear upon his mind, and upon the whole school, but had no heart or courage to apply them. Concealing, however, as much as might be, the workings of conscience on this subject, and nerving for the conflict with my feelings, I told him I would forgive him without farther punishment, if I dared to do it ; but I was afraid that it would not cure him ; and I was afraid other scholars would take courage and steal too. ‘ But I

shall not punish you so much as you think you deserve. I must leave something for your father to do. You must go home, after school, and tell your father that you stole the teacher's comb and a plummet, and told several lies about them, and got punished for this at school, and that the teacher says it is father's duty to punish you too. You have confessed the truth, I believe, in regard to the comb, and I shall not punish you so much as if I had found out the truth from some other person. I hope, too, you are sorry for it, and will not do such a thing again. I expect also that, hereafter, you will not play truant again, but will be at school in season in the morning, and be active in trying to learn. So I shall not punish you with the heavy rule, but with this light one : I hope this will cure you. And I shall only give you ten blows instead of forty. I expect they will hurt you a good deal ; but if they cure you of your faults, you will have reason to be glad that you were found out.'

The punishment was then inflicted, and borne with much fortitude, and seemed to produce nearly as much effect upon the other scholars as upon himself. When his tears were wiped away, and he was composed, I again requested him to go home and tell his father what had happened, and that he

ought also to punish him ; and that if he would hereafter be a good boy, I should love and respect him, as if nothing of the kind had occurred, and that the other scholars would treat him kindly. The scholars were then required to treat their little companion with kindness, and not to reproach him with his faults or his punishment. 'He now thinks he shall be a good boy ; and, if he is, all the scholars must treat him as such, and encourage him to continue so.'

The next day was Saturday, and there was no school till Monday. It was intimated by some, that it would be more difficult to settle this affair with the father, than it had been with the son. Nothing, however, was heard from him till Sabbath evening. On returning from a meeting to the public house where I was boarding, several neighbors, with the father, were sitting in the bar-room, as it was not the custom there to observe this as a part of the Sabbath. As I entered, the father asked me to walk out with him. A momentary anxiety as to the result of the interview, did not prevent my complying with his request. When we were fairly by ourselves, he said, in a subdued tone, 'I wanted to see you about my little boy.' And here a flood of tears, for a moment, prevented farther con-

versation. After he recovered from this overflow of feeling, he proceeded :

‘What ought I to do with him ; must I whip him again ?’

‘How does he appear, and what does he say ?’ I inquired.

‘Why, he came home tother night, and said he got punished at school, because he stole the master’s comb, and a plummet, and because he had told lies ; and that the master said his pa ought to whip him too. But then the little fellow begged so, and sobbed as if his heart would break, and I could not bear to whip him. But if you think it necessary, I will, hard as ’tis ; but I hate to do it. He is the best boy I have : he’s always so kind and willing ; and he pleads and promises so earnest, I can’t bear to punish him, but I will if you say so.’ I assured him that if the boy had come home and frankly confessed his faults and seemed penitent as he described, I thought he might safely forgive him without farther punishment. This seemed a great relief to his feelings, and his whole appearance and conduct were so different from what was expected, that the interview was affectingly interesting. He alluded to his domestic calamity as connected with the delinquency of the boy ; but I did not then understand the full measure of his meaning, nor till I learned from other

sources that the poor child had been systematically *taught to steal and lie by his drunken mother*. The idea was horrid ; but the proof of the fact was abundant. She had taught him to steal eggs from the neighbors’ barns, and small articles from various sources, by which a few cents could be obtained to buy liquor. Her husband endeavored to keep liquor from her, but she taught this little boy to watch his opportunity and steal gin from the distillery, and to procure it at the stores and taverns, on false pretences. As the keepers of these establishments were forbidden to sell to her, she instructed the boy to say that his father sent him, and to give some reason for it. At one time, he must say that his father had cut his finger, and wanted some spirit to bathe it ; at another, that father had the headache, and at another that he had friends. Thus the appetite of the mother was gratified at the expense of the moral principle of the child. And where the matter would have ended but for the stolen plummet, no one can tell. This led to disclosures which, perhaps, saved the boy from the lowest stages of crime. The reformation in him in this respect, seemed complete. On Monday morning I was in school, at an early hour ; and found him there engaged with his book, while the other boys

were at play about the house. He was no longer the little *truant boy*, nor was he an idler in school, nor was there occasion to censure him for any thing. From being the most backward, he became, in six or eight weeks, the most faithful scholar in learning his lessons, and stood at the head of his class as often as any of his comrades.

But this reformation was a vexation to his drunken mother. She could no more prevail on him to steal or lie for the gratification of her thirst. * * *

A few months only passed away, before that mother found means to help herself. She broke into the distillery, and drank a quantity of 'high wines,' and in a few hours was a bloated corpse.

The winter following, this little boy was again my pupil, in the same school, and a happier boy is not often to be met with. A powerful revival of religion occurred in the neighborhood: the school house was a Bethel. The teacher had no such struggles with conscience on the subject of religious instruction as is

noticed above. Many of their scholars, from week to week, were seen weeping over their books, or retiring to the forest, where the pocket comb was lost, to vent their sorrow in secret prayer. Some who thus went weeping, returned with the smile of joyful hope upon their countenance. More than twenty of the scholars expressed hope of an interest in the Savior; and among the number was this little *truant boy*. He had then a quiet home, rendered cheerful by the attentions of a kind step mother, and his affectionate disposition won the hearts of those who knew him. His love for his teacher was unbounded, and his progress in study rapid and uniform. * * *

A few years after this, while passing through the place, I was gratified to meet this pupil, now a large boy, and to hear a good account of him from his employers. This good account has been confirmed by all reports from him up to this period, and gives strength to the hope that the *reclaimed truant boy* may become a useful man.

GENERAL VIEW

OF THE PRINCIPLES AND DESIGN OF THE MOUNT HOLYOKE FEMALE SEMINARY.

THIS is the title of a pamphlet of 18 pages lately put into our hands, the objects of which are, to state the want of female

teachers in this country, and to call upon the benevolent of all classes to aid in establishing the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, which, it seems, is specially designed to supply the want abovementioned.

The writer of the pamphlet, who is understood to be the expected principal of the Seminary, remarks at page second, that 'the usefulness of this institution like [that of] all others,' [meaning, we presume, 'all other literary institutions,'] 'must depend on the character of the school. This [whether "usefulness" or "character" we are not certain,] may be very great for a time, [even] when there is [in them] no principle of perpetual life, as is the case of some of our most distinguished female seminaries. Amidst all their prosperity they have no solid foundation, and in themselves no sure principle of continued existence.' The 'sure principle of continued existence' here referred to, is 'a large fund committed to an independent self-perpetuating board of trustees.' Institutions established in this manner, it is justly remarked, 'have outlived every trying struggle, and survived every long protracted season of inefficiency, and all indications of final decay.'

How far the public interest, and the cause of education are promoted by the obstinate vitality of institutions distinguished for 'their long protracted seasons of inefficiency, and their multiplied indications of final decay,' we will not stop to inquire, but certainly this view of richly endowed seats of learning, is one of the last which we should have presented to the public, had our object been to add another to the number of institutions thus endowed.

The only answer which we find to the inquiry what is to be the 'character of this school?' is contained in the following paragraph.

'The general course of study, and the general character of the instruction given, are to be like those of the Ipswich Female Seminary. The successful labors of many, who have been educated there, and the powerful influence which they have been able to exert over the school, the family, and the neighborhood, proves [prove] that its intellectual discipline and moral culture are of no inferior order—and the continual applications for teachers, not only from our most important schools in New England, but from almost all the states and territories in the Union, shews [show] the estimation in which that institution is held by the community.'

Now to a great part even of the people of New England, we

suppose, this is rather vague information. Many of them have doubtless heard through the advertisements and appeals to the public made by that school, that such an institution was in existence, but more than this is probably known to comparatively few. They will still find it necessary to inquire what is the course of study there pursued, who are the persons, eminent in any department of learning, who direct the education at that school, and who is the Mrs. More, or the Madame Roland, whose splendid endowments, elegant manners, and extraordinary accomplishments, are to serve as models of imitation for the young ladies who resort to that seminary? Especially will they ask, 'Who are the eminent individuals to whom are to be committed the various departments in the projected seminary?' A thorough education will never be given by those whose own education is strikingly deficient, and young ladies will rarely become distinguished for delicacy of sentiment, or for refinement and elegance of manners, by studying models presenting only the more masculine traits of character.

That the tendency of female education at the present day, and especially 'in some of our most distinguished female seminaries,' is at best to produce only mediocrity of literary attainment, while the graces and elegances essential to female loveliness are wholly neglected, no well informed person can reasonably doubt. In place of all which is most attractive in female manners, we see characters expressly formed for acting a *manly* part upon the theatre of life. They are trained to mingle in the bustling and exciting scenes of active life, to act as public teachers, as presidents and secretaries and committees of societies intended to operate upon public opinion and control it, to make themselves heard through the press, and even in public assemblies, to brave mobs, and openly to set at defiance public sentiment, when this sentiment happens to be at variance from their own more profound views of what is proper or expedient. Under such influences the female character is fast becoming masculine, and all that is elegant, all that is attractive in woman is sacrificed that she may become a school mistress in the 'Great Valley,' or fill some other 'high and important station.' We have no fear that this process of unsexing can long continue, but we deprecate the evils which attend it, even when confined to a limited period. That females trained in this way may 'be able to exert a powerful influence over the school, the family, and the neighborhood,' no one can doubt; and it is precisely for this reason that we should wish the character of

this influence to be better understood. We have, moreover, some doubts whether 'continual applications are made for teachers' of this class, 'from our most important schools in New England,' but if such is the fact, it shows very clearly the necessity of enlightening the public mind upon this subject.

Such is the deference properly paid to females, that it is difficult for them to know the precise place which they hold in the estimation of their acquaintance and of the public. In the ordinary intercourse of society, and while females continue to occupy their proper sphere, very little inconvenience and many advantages result from the chivalrous deference which is paid to them. But the case is widely different when emerging from the privacy of the family and the social circle, they aspire to control public sentiment and to direct the destiny of nations. Flattered by the seeming deference paid to their sentiments, in comparison with that which is usually accorded to those of the other sex, they naturally conclude that the cause is to be found in their superior sagacity and wisdom. This supposition has often occasioned developments of character more ridiculous than could ever have been made under other circumstances. The most remarkable instances however of even female self-complacence which any age has witnessed, has been exhibited, we believe, in our own day and country, by ladies engaged in conducting 'some of our most distinguished female seminaries.'

At page fourth, of the pamphlet, it is remarked, that 'the principle of entire equality among the pupils is to be adopted.' If by this is meant that all will be subject to the same rules, and under similar circumstances, will all receive the same treatment, we have never heard of a school, in this country, in which a different principle was adopted.

At page fifth, it is said, 'The young ladies are to take a part in the domestic work of the family—not as a servile labor, for which they are to receive a small weekly remuneration, but as a gratuitous service to the institution.' This is, perhaps, a necessary regulation, if the school is intended principally to educate the poorest classes, but in this view only can it be tolerated. Young ladies do not need to leave home in order to learn to do the work of a kitchen. For this branch of education a school is open in every house, and very competent instructors provided. Whatever name may be given to such labor, for the sake of making it palatable to the young ladies, it is still 'servile labor,' which, we take it, means the labor usually performed by servants, whether they receive a compensation for it or not.

Such labors are of indispensable importance in every family, and should be well understood by females of all classes, but being understood, it is not necessary to go to a boarding school to practise them.

Before concluding these remarks, we must take the opportunity to express our doubts of the expediency of separating a large number of young women, for a considerable period, from all but female society, and immuring them within the walls of a boarding school, even were the plan of education otherwise well digested, and the ablest instructors provided. In an age when the expediency of this monastic course, even in regard to young men, is seriously questioned, to attempt the same in the education of females, is certainly a rash and unpromising experiment. Human nature is the same, whether confined to a Catholic or a Protestant nunnery, and whether subject to the control of a lady abbess or a maiden schoolmistress. Our own observation leads us to be decidedly opposed to such an education for either sex, and especially for females. We have watched its effects with care, and have seldom known its influence to be otherwise than hurtful and often disastrous. If practicable, we would always adopt such a plan of education as would leave the young lady under the care of her natural guardians, with all the influences of home clustering around her, and where her best affections can be daily cultivated by exercise. Should this be impracticable, we would place her at a school where she could board in some private family in which we had entire confidence. With our present views, we would rather dispense with the branches of education usually taught at public schools, than to send a young lady to a boarding school to acquire them, unless, indeed, we expected ultimately to send her on a half missionary, half school keeping expedition to the *Great Valley*, 'in search of a husband,' for in that case, we confess, we should not know what kind of education was most suitable.

We have but one more remark to make, at present, on this subject. We dislike appeals made to the *church* upon subjects of this kind. We have known institutions supported for a series of years upon the cry that they were the offspring of the church, when the church might well have been ashamed of such offspring. Their deficiencies and blunders have been charitably concealed, lest the reputation of the godmother should suffer, while other institutions, less sagacious in securing patronage, have been compelled by the wholesome influence of public sentiment, to assume, in every respect, a far more elevated char-

acter than these puny nurslings. Sound piety is certainly to be encouraged in schools and colleges, but it is not necessary to this end, that the church should thus identify herself with particular institutions. She ought, on the contrary, to encourage excellence wherever it appears, and to discourage every attempt to prop institutions by an unnatural connection of them with the church. The tendency to seek for such props is observable in every community which is greatly divided in its religious sentiments, and is one of the prominent evils of such a division. It leads to the support of measures and institutions because they are ours, and to the neglect of other measures and institutions, because they belong to others, with little regard to their real merit. Many things are thus fostered, and many neglected, for no reason which could be openly avowed in the face of the world.

We have been induced to make these remarks in consequence of our conviction, that few subjects are of equal importance with the right education of the female sex; and that every thing, which tends to lead public sentiment astray upon this subject, is greatly to be deprecated. Such we sincerely believe to be the project partially developed in the pamphlet before us. On such subjects, however, we are aware that most men have no well settled opinions, and are hence ready to try almost any experiment, especially when it makes an appeal to their religious or party prejudices. We do not doubt that the proposed institution will go into operation, and probably its first success will be hailed as decisive in regard to the wisdom of its projectors. But it must be remembered that 'truth is the daughter of time,' and that sooner or later even the most fondly cherished errors are discarded.

THE PRAYER OF FRIENDSHIP.

WHEN called in foreign lands to roam,
Forsaking country, kindred, home—
The thought, that friends so kindly bear
My daily wants to God in prayer,
My hours of loneliness shall cheer,
And nerve my heart, no ill to fear.

My hopes, should disappointment meet—
Or sinful ways allure my feet—

Should grief, or fears of coming woe
 My sinking spirits overflow—
 The voice of interceding prayer
 Will calm my breast, and quell despair.

If threat'ning sickness interpose
 To waste my frame—my toils to close,
 And art and skill combine in vain,
 To check disease, and soften pain—
 The prayer of faith, availing more,
 Shall life and health and strength restore.

Should death, commissioned from above,
 Enter the circle of my love—
 This prayer, though distant, will impart
 Submission to my stricken heart ;
 Or if for *me* the call be given,
 'Twill waft my spirit home to heaven.

LITERARY NOTICES.

ELINOR FULTON ; or a Sequel to Three Experiments of Living. Boston : Whipple & Damrell. 1837. 18mo. pp. 144.

To commend such a book as the 'Three Experiments of Living,' of which twenty thousand copies have been called for in the course of two months, and to do this in the hope that our commendation could add to its celebrity, or increase its circulation, would be abundantly absurd. Scarcely less so would it be to suppose it necessary to call the attention of our readers to the work now before us, which is a sequel to the 'Three Experiments,' from the pen of the same gifted author.

The general object of the Sequel is the same as that of the 'Three Experiments.' It is a continuation of the history of the Fulton family, during their years of depression and poverty, and until by industry and good management they are enabled to recommence life with a fair prospect that the evening of their days may be calm and serene.

The principal interest of the Sequel arises from our sympathy with Elinor Fulton in her heroic efforts to support the family, and to second the manly efforts of her father. In addition to the general purpose of the author in the composition of these tales, or rather in furtherance of this object, the relation of female domestics to the families in which they are employed, and the means of preventing the evils so commonly growing out of this relation, occupy a considerable space in the Sequel. Those whose admiration of these works is direct-

ed principally to the interesting narrative which they contain, and all who read them in the same spirit as they would read the last new novel on any other subject, will probably think that too much space is devoted to domestics, or at least that the didactic style is adopted in too great a degree. To those, however, and the number we believe is not small, who read for the purpose of better understanding their duties, this subject cannot fail to be interesting. The petty troubles so common in most families, and which grow out of the relation now in question, show conclusively that something is wrong in their internal administration. We believe that the habits of some domestics are so perversely wrong, that there is little hope of their amendment, but we fully believe also, that four fifths of the complaints made of the misconduct of domestics, arise from the injudicious treatment of their employers. To desire their best good, and to manifest that desire by a corresponding conduct, will seldom fail to secure their affection and faithful services, and on the other hand, nothing can be more absurd than to complain of their want of affectionate interest in their employers, when no rational efforts are made to secure it.

THE FIRST ANNUAL REPORT of the New York Committee of Vigilance, for the year 1837, together with important Facts relative to their Proceedings. New York : 1837.

The object proposed to be accomplished by the Committee of Vigilance, whose report is here presented to us, is of great importance to the cause of freedom and humanity. They propose, by united effort, to prevent both the clandestine and forcible removal of colored persons from the free states, for the purpose of reducing them to slavery. It is truly a most humane object, and one which, if pursued with a proper spirit, must entitle the committee to the lasting gratitude, not only of those whom they may rescue or defend from lawless violence, but of all who estimate aright the value of that liberty which free Americans enjoy.

The task which they have undertaken, is not only important, but also in a high degree difficult. Those whom they would defend, are, in general, ignorant, and peculiarly exposed to imposition, without a knowledge of the means of defence and redress : and the community, in the bosom of which they reside, are too often slow to aid them in their comparative helplessness. The wrong to which they are specially exposed, and from which it is the object of this Committee to protect them, is one of the greatest which can be inflicted on a human being, inasmuch as the loss of liberty implies a liability to be deprived of every other external blessing. The labors of the Committee are rendered more arduous by the difficulty, in many cases, of distinguishing between slaves who have fled from service, and such people of color as are entitled to the enjoyment of liberty. There is reason to believe, independently of the evidence afforded by the pamphlet before us, that the crime of kidnapping is by no means rare either in the Middle, or in the Northern slaveholding states, and while a single case is known to occur, no effort should be spared to bring the guilty perpetrators of the crime to punishment.

There is some danger, in the present excited state of public feeling, that the laws of the land will be violated in attempting to protect the slave from the dominion over him recognized by the laws as belonging to the master, and this danger is increased, in the case of the Committee whose report we are considering, by their belief that the dominion of the master is in all cases a high-handed oppression. Their hatred of unjust power, does not, however, terminate with that which they believe to be exercised by masters over their slaves, but is directed with at least equal bitterness, towards the courts of New York, with whose proceedings the Committee are dissatisfied. In this respect the language of the Committee, whatever may have been their provocation, seems to us to be characterized by a tone of remark, far too fierce and denunciatory, and to be strikingly in contrast with the respect with which the Scriptures require us to speak of rulers.

THE GAME OF LIFE, or the Chess Players, a drawing by Moritz Retzsch. Boston : Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837.

This is an interesting emblematical representation of the perils to which man is exposed in this state of probation. It is a picture in which a young man of very beautiful countenance is represented as seated at a chess board intent upon the game which he is playing, and apparently all unconscious of the character or even of the presence of his formidable opponent in the game, while he, who is no other than the prince of darkness, sits opposite to him, and watches every movement with a countenance in which are mingled high intelligence with satannic cunning and malignity. All the accompaniments of the picture are in excellent keeping, and unitedly tend to produce a deep impression of the fearful nature of that game which every man is playing, and in which his soul is the stake.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER, AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND. Vol. II. Nos. 1, 2 & 3. Boston : Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837. 18mo. pp. 54.

This is one of the neatest of the Sabbath School periodicals, which have fallen under our notice. Like other works of the same kind, it is intended partly for the use of Sabbath School teachers, and partly for that of their pupils. The literary character of many of the articles which we have perused, is of a superior order, and their views of duty elevated and practical.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Several valuable communications, intended for the present number of the Magazine, have been necessarily deferred, but will appear in our next.—Communications to the editor will be duly received, if left either at 26 Beacon Street, at 121 Washington Street, or at the Post Office.

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

Vol. I.]

MAY, 1837.

[No. V.

MOBS AND INTOLERANCE.

ALL sober-minded men are alarmed and grieved at the frequent occurrence of mobs and of lawless violence in our country for a few years past, knowing, as they do, their tendency to the destruction of our civil liberties and the introduction of arbitrary power. No people can be long content to be overawed, insulted, and abused by irresponsible assemblages composed of the dregs of society, and they ultimately yield themselves to the tyranny of one or of a few to escape from that of the many.

There is at this time but little scope given to freedom of opinion in some parts of the United States, and that little is daily exposed to progressive diminution. Few men, for example, residing south of the Potomac have the courage, at this moment, to express, however dispassionately, their conviction, that the constitution of that society in the midst of which they live is radically bad, and yet we know that multitudes entertain such a conviction. The declaration of such sentiments would expose even a native-born citizen to insult, but a northern man uttering similar sentiments, would hardly escape without personal violence.

Such intolerance, however, is, unhappily, not confined to the southern bank of the Potomac. It is true, indeed, that north of that limit, opinions on all subjects are expressed with far more freedom, but even here there is not now, and, since the first landing of the pilgrims upon these shores, there never has been, that degree of toleration which the interests of freedom and of religion, alike demand.

The early history even of New England, is, in no inconsiderable degree, the history of religious intolerance. The period of the American Revolution was distinguished among us, though happily less so than in some of our sister states, by deadly political animosities ; and from the establishment of our government to the present time, our liberty has been sullied by religious and political dissensions.

Mobs are but the natural consequence of a fierce and intolerant spirit. The orator who can by his eloquence render his antagonist an object of contempt, and the politician who can by cunning deprive his rival of office, or blacken his character, need no other arms for attack or defence ; but the multitude who possess no such advantages, while their passions are equally excitable, and their corporeal powers are greater, as naturally resort to personal violence, as the ox and the ass to the use of their horns, and their heels.

Mobs then cannot be prevented, unless by the strong arm of power, so long as the feelings are cherished from which they spring. The only remedy is religious principle, directed not against this consummation of the evil, but against its first conception in the heart.

To love those, who differ from him in his opinions, is one of the most difficult lessons which even the christian ever learns ; but it is the only method of insuring peace on earth. ‘He that hateth his brother is a murderer.’

We do not see, moreover, that those have any right to complain of mobs and of personal violence, who on every occasion make free use of the offensive weapons with which nature or education have furnished them. What right has the dog who barks at every passenger, to complain if he is stoned in return. No one ought to imagine that in such cases a strict regard will be paid to reciprocity of injury ; on the contrary he is to expect to receive his own with usury. No more has the assailant a right to claim that no weapons shall be brought into the field but such as he shall choose. Even the laws of duelling permit the challenged to choose his own weapons. He who by obloquy, insult, and reproach, either written or spoken, assails his neighbors, and disturbs the peace of society, makes but a sorry figure, while complaining that his windows are broken or his person rolled in the kennel, by those whom he assails, and whose muscular strength constitutes their natural defence.

Do we then justify personal violence in any case ? By no means. But on the other hand we have little commiseration

for those who wantonly provoke violence, and then complain of its exercise. Our quiet and peaceable citizens have much reason to complain of mobs and of every species of lawless violence, but they have even more occasion to complain of those sins of the tongue and the press, which naturally tend to provoke such violence. What would be thought of a quaker who should claim exemption from personal injury on the ground of religious scruples respecting the right of self defence, while he should still give full course to his tongue in railing at his neighbors ? What, but that his cowardice was equal to his malevolence, and that while he was willing to indulge his evil passions he was afraid to risk its natural consequences to his own person ?

It must not however be understood that the persons towards whom the rage of mobs is directed are always blameable. When the custom is established of controlling opponents by brute force, it is soon found convenient to apply it to every case in which the populace desire to overawe or intimidate. Henceforth their power is usually exercised for evil purposes only, until a military despotism restores tranquillity and ends the semblance of liberty.

We have thought an allusion to this subject important at this time, because we perceive in the discussion of many topics, at the present day, a peculiar tendency to that excited state of mind in which all outward acts of violence take their rise. There is, if we mistake not, an uncommon tendency to exaggeration in regard to the various subjects of interest which claim the public attention. The human mind is indeed ever prone to put an extravagant estimate upon the objects of its present interest, but this tendency is fearfully increased by the facility with which impressions are now communicated through the press, and by public lectures, but especially by the modern practice of associated action. By these means the minds of a whole nation may be simultaneously goaded on to madness, while each esteems himself and his associates the only sane men in relation to the agitated topic. Happily for mankind as the most violent, and even the most protracted fevers have but their appointed day and then cease their ravages ; so likewise the most exciting topics after a few years pass away and are forgotten.

From Nott's Sermon to Children.

THE SCENERY OF SIN AND SATAN.

MATTHEW iv. 9. *'All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.'*

WHAT a cast and coloring do sin and Satan give to all surrounding objects ! What an unreal beauty and glory do they shed upon what is vile and worthless !

When sin and Satan delude you, how lovely does the world seem and the things of the world—how lasting and unperishing their loveliness ! Yes, lasting and unperishing, amidst the death and ruin which every eye beholds ; lovely, though still unsatisfying to every heart. Though to all that live 'tis emptiness and vanity ; and to countless millions their grave ; yet sin and Satan make it seem unperishing and lovely ; so that it is chosen rather than God himself, and heaven for ever.

Yes, treasures where moth and rust corrupt, seem better than that incorruptible inheritance which Christ gives to his disciples. The praise of men is far more lovely than the praise of God ; the favor of men far more desirable than the favor of God. And the employments or amusements which keep you away from God and his service, they are the most pleasant employments and amusements, and lure your minds away as if to greater blessings than God to all eternity can give.

Thus, deceiving sin sheds a false coloring and glory over all ; Satan, the old deceiver, helps your deceitful hearts to see and trust in lying vanities. He does now with you—with all, what he tried, but could not do with the Son of Man when he carried him into an exceeding high mountain, and showed him in a moment of time all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them ; saying, 'All these will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' In how short a moment do *you* see all that you desire, as if that moment, and that deceived sight made it all your own : until God seems not worthy to be loved, or obeyed, or prayed unto, or praised ; and Sabbaths, and prayer, and all of heaven below is despised and forsaken ; until before your deceived eye, no God appears, no death, no eternity, no heaven, and no hell.

Nay, sin itself is dressed in an inviting garb, and evil wears the aspect of good. Even the most vile cannot see their vile-

ness, but are vain-glorious of their fancied goodness, or vain even of their wickedness.

Even irreligion and vice, in all their horrid forms, are never so horrible that sin and Satan cannot give them beauty to the eye of sinners ; that other sinners cannot desire to be like them ! and glory in their shameful success. What crowds of imitators do I see, and hear, who are ambitious of the accursed fame of sinning like the vicious around them ; how do frivolity, and idle words, and misspent time, and wasted sabbaths, and disobedience to parents, and profane talk, and riot, and drunkenness, and debauchery, put on beauty and gain admiration, and awake the eager desire of those whom sin and Satan delude and deceive !

Oh be not deceived, there is nothing beautiful in sin, nothing that should lure you to its imitation. There is nothing on earth to be desired in comparison with God ; there is nothing sure and certain to your hope in all the favor of the world ; there is nothing here that moth and rust will not corrupt ; nothing here that can satisfy your high desires.

Look off from these delusions to those sacred scenes which will fix your mind upon God, your portion and your friend, upon heaven the abode of his glory, and the eternal home of all his people.

But there are other lands where sin and Satan maintain a full control. There, generation after generation has arisen and passed away, amidst the vile and polluting scenes of idolatry. And now, behold ! what crowds of young immortals are coming up to life, fixing their eyes with eager interest, and earnest inquiry upon the scenes of pagan homes !

At home, the household idol, the pictures on the wall, the daily worship, the family preparation for festal days, for near or distant pilgrimage, engage the eye, and attract the attention of the little family. And while they ask the story and the meaning of all they see around them, how eagerly do they receive the mischief which sin and Satan have given them as their accursed birthright.

Abroad, as soon as they go forth into the streets, and as they go farther and farther from their birthplace, how thick are the scenes of idolatry around them ! What frequent idols ‘made like to corruptible man, and to birds and fourfooted beasts, and creeping things ;’ what frequent temples, where enshrined these helpless gods receive the worship of the people ! On the hill-top and in the valley, and in all the plains, in the grove

and in the city, the tall spires, and the waving flags mark out the presence places of the gods.

What splendid festivals ! where idolatry comes forth to the eye in all its glory ; where procession follows procession ; and hour after hour the stream of a mighty population is seen flowing towards some sacred spot, where the parents and children meet to gaze upon the splendor of idol worship ! Yes, from age to age, parents are the helpers of sin and Satan, and by parental error the scene of idolatry is fresh and permanent amidst the wreck of generations.

But I forbear to dwell upon the scenery which I have myself seen spreading itself out before the millions of children in Hindoosthan ; and rather urge you to remember that Christian scenes have not always blessed our happy country. Cast back your thoughts to other times. Was it always thus as now ? When the sun arose serenely from the eastern ocean, did he look forth upon these cultivated and fertile lands as the abode of Christian families, the seat of Christian temples ; and glorious with Christian scenes ? Did the hills and valleys smile under the hand of Christian cultivation ? Were fathers seen leading their sons in useful and healthy toil, and heard explaining over the plough, and the sickle, and the scythe, the scenes of Christianity ?

No ; there was a time when the whole land was a wilderness, the abode of savage men. Then it was not as now. Parents did not so sanctify their homes ; nay, homes the wanderers had not ; nor blessings and comforts for their children ; their toil was in the chase of wild beasts, and in warfare with each other ; the scalps of vanquished enemies, and the war-dance were their scenes. Your happy village, the sacred spot where you go with your parents and your neighbors to worship the true God, may have often been the resting place of wandering Indians, as they paused from hunting or from war. There may have been practised their savage worship ; there the midnight fires have glared upon the war-dance, and made their savage faces shine out with all the inward vengeance of the war-whoop. Such once was the scenery of our country, and here from age to age, each rising generation were tutored to revenge and blood.

CAUSES AND CURE OF INFIDELITY.

THE following extracts from the recent work of Dr. Nelson of Illinois, on the 'Causes and Cure of Infidelity,' relate to a subject in which all persons feel a deep interest,—the state of the soul on the near approach of death. Dr. Nelson had himself entertained infidel sentiments in his early manhood, and his work, which is full of interesting anecdotes, contains an account of the various causes which by their combined operation, ultimately led him to abandon infidelity and to embrace the christian hope.

'WHILST attending medical lectures at Philadelphia, I heard from the lady with whom I boarded, an account of certain individuals who were dead to all appearance, during the prevalence of the yellow fever in that city, and yet recovered. The fact that they saw or fancied that they saw things in the world of spirits awakened my curiosity.'

'After this I felt somewhat inclined to watch when it became my business, year after year, to stand by the bed of death. That which I saw was not calculated to protract and deepen the slumbers of infidelity, but rather to dispose toward a degree of restlessness ; or, at least, to further observations. I knew that the circle of stupor, or insensibility, drawn around life, and through which all either pass, or seem to pass, who go out of life, was urged by some to prove that the mind could not exist unless it be in connection with organized matter. For the same reason, others have contended that our souls must sleep until the morning of the resurrection, when we shall regain our bodies. That which I witnessed for myself, pushed me, (willing or unwilling,) in a different direction. Before I relate these facts, I must offer something which may illustrate, to a certain extent, the thoughts toward which they pointed.'

'If we were to stand on the edge of a very deep ditch, or gulf, on the distant verge of which a curtain hangs which obstructs the view, we might feel a wish to know what is beyond 't, or whether there is any light in that unseen land. Suppose we were to let down a ladder, protracted greatly in its length, and ask a bold adventurer to descend and make discoveries. He goes to the bottom, and then returns, telling us that there he could see nothing : that all was total darkness. We might very naturally infer the absence of light there ; but if we concluded that his powers of vision had been annihilated, or that there could surely be no light in the land beyond the curtain, because, to reach that land, a very dark ravine must be crossed,

it would have been weak reasoning : so much so, that, if it contented us, we must be easily satisfied.' ' Suppose this adventurer descends again, and then *ascends* the other side, so near the top that he can reach the curtain and slightly lift it. When he returns, he tells us that his vision had been suspended *totally* as before, but that he went nearer the distant land, and it was revived again : that, as the curtain was lifted, he saw brighter light than he had ever felt before.'

' Something like this was penciled out by the facts noted during many years employment in the medical profession. A few cases must be taken as samples from the list.'

' I was called to see a female who departed under an influence which causes the patient to faint again and again, more and still more profoundly, until they depart entirely. When recovered from the first condition of syncope, she appeared as unconscious, or as destitute of activity of spirit as others usually do. She sank again and revived : it was still the same. She fainted more profoundly still ; and, when awake again, she appeared as others usually do who have no thoughts which they can recall. At length she appeared entirely gone. It did seem as though the struggle was forever past. Her weeping relatives clasped their hands and exclaimed,—“ She is dead !” but, unexpectedly, she waked once more, and, glancing her eyes on one who sat near, exclaimed,—“ Oh, Sarah, I was at an entirely new place !” and then sunk to remain insensible to things of the *place* we live in.'

' Why she should not have thought, as others have not, when in her first stages of syncope, when not half as near death as she afterward was when she had thought, I could not clearly explain. Why her greatest activity of mind appeared to happen during her nearest approach to the future world, and whilst so near, that from her stage scarcely any ever return who once reach it, seemed somewhat perplexing to me. I remembered that, in the case recorded by Dr. Rush, where the man recovered, who was, to all appearance, entirely dead ; his activity of mind was unusual. He thought he heard and saw things unutterable. He did not know whether he was altogether dead or not. St. Paul says he was in a condition so near to death, that he could not tell whether he was out of the body or not ; but that he heard things unutterable. I remember that Tennant, of New Jersey, and his friends, could not decide whether or not he had been out of the body ; but he appeared to be so some days, and thought his discoveries *unutterable*.'

'The following fact took place in recent days. Similar occurrences impressed me during years of observation. In the city of St. Louis, a female departed who had a strong portion of the comforts of Christianity. It was after some kind of spasm that was strong enough to have been the death struggle, that she said, in a whisper, (being unable to speak aloud,) to her young pastor,—“I had a sight of home, and I saw my Savior!”’

'There were others who, after wading as far as that which seemed to be the middle of the river, and, returning, thought they had seen a different world, and that they had had an ante-past of hell.'

'I was surprised to find that the condition of mind in the case of those who were dying, and of those who only *thought* themselves dying, differed very widely. I had supposed that the joy or the grief of death, originated from the fancy of the patient; (one supposing himself very near to great happiness, and the other expecting speedy suffering,) and resulted in pleasure or apprehension. My discoveries seemed to overturn this theory. Why should not the professor of religion who believes himself dying, when he really is not, rejoice as readily as when he *is* departing, if his joy is the offspring of expectation? Why should not the alarm of the scoffer, who believes himself dying and is not, be as uniform and as decisive as when he is in the river, if it comes of fancied evil or cowardly terrors? The same questions I asked myself again and again. I have no doubt but that there is some strange reason connected with our natural disrelish for truth, which causes so many physicians, after seeing such facts so often, never to observe them. During twenty years of observation, I found the state of the soul belonging to the dying was uniformly and materially unlike that of those who only supposed themselves departing. This is best made plain by noting cases which did exist.'

'1. There was a man who believed himself converted, and his friends, judging from his walk, hoped with him. He was seized with disease, and believed himself within a few paces of the gate of futurity. He felt no joy, his mind was dark and his soul clouded. His exercises were painful, and the opposite of every enjoyment. He was not dying. He recovered. He had not been in the death-stream. After this he was taken again. He believed himself dying, and he was not mistaken. All was peace, serenity, hope, triumph.'

'There was a man who mocked at holy things. He became

seriously diseased, and supposed himself sinking into the death slumber. He was not frightened. His fortitude and composure was his pride, and the boast of his friends. The undaunted firmness with which he could enter futurity was spoken of exultingly. It was a mistake. He was not in the condition of dissolution. His soul never had been on the line between two worlds. After this he was taken ill again. He supposed as before that he was entering the next state, and he really was ; but his soul seemed to feel a different atmosphere. The horrors of these scenes have been often described, and are often seen. I need not endeavor to picture such a departure here. The only difficulty in which I was thrown by such cases was, "Why was he not thus agonized when he thought himself departing ? Can it be possible that we can stand so precisely on the dividing line, that the gale from both this and the coming world may blow upon our cheek ? Can we have a taste of the exercises of the next territory before we enter it ?" When I attempted to account for this on the simple ground of bravery and cowardice, I was met by the two following facts.'

'First, I have known those (the cases are not unfrequent) who were brave, who had stood unflinching in battle's whirlpool. They had resolved never to disgrace their system of unbelief by a *trembling* death. They had called to Christians in the tone of resolve, saying, "I can die as coolly as you can." I had seen those die from whom entire firmness might fairly be expected. I had heard groans, even if the teeth were clenched for fear of complaint, such as I never wish to hear again ; and I had looked into countenances, such as I hope never to see again.'

'Second, I had seen cowards die. I had seen those depart who were naturally timid, who expected themselves to meet death with fright and alarm. I had heard such, as it were, sing before Jordan was half forded. I had seen faces where, pallid as they were, I beheld more celestial triumph than I had ever witnessed any where else. In that voice there was a sweetness, and in that eye there was a glory, which I never could have fancied in the death-spasms, if I had not been near.'

'The condition of the soul, when the death-stream is entered, is not the same with that which it becomes (oftentimes) when it is almost passed. The brave man who starts on the ladder across the dark ravine, with eye undaunted and haughty spirit, changes fearfully, in many cases, when he comes near enough to the curtain to lift it. The Christian who goes down the lad-

der, pale and disconsolate, (oftentimes) starts with exultation and tries to burst into a song when almost across.'

'A revolutionary soldier, wounded at the battle of German-town, was praised for his patriotism. The war ended, but he continued still to fight, in a different way, under the banner of one whom he called the Captain of his salvation. The applause of men never made him too proud to talk of the man of Calvary. The hurry of life's driving pursuits could not consume all his time, nor make him forget to kneel by the side of his consort, in the circle of his children, and anticipate a loving meeting in a more quiet clime.'

'To abbreviate this history, his life was such that those who knew him believed, if any one ever did die happily, this man would be one of that class. I saw him when the time arrived. He said to those around him, "I am not as happy as I could wish, or as I had expected. I cannot say that I distrust my Savior, for I know in whom I have believed; but I have not that pleasing readiness to depart which I had looked for." This distressed his relatives beyond expression. His friends were greatly pained, for they had looked for alacrity. His departure was very slow, and still his language was, "I have no exhilaration and delightful readiness in my travel." The weeping circle pressed around him. Another hour passed. His hands and his feet became entirely cold. The feeling of heart remained the same. Another hour passes, and his vision has grown dim, but his feelings of soul are unchanged. His daughter seemed as though her body could not sustain her anguish of spirit, if her father should cross the valley before the cloud passed from his sun. She (before his hearing vanished) made an agreement with him, that at any stage as he travelled on, if he had a discovery of advancing glory, or a foretaste of heavenly delight, he should give her a certain token with his hand, his hands he could still move, cold as they were. She sat holding his hand hour after hour. In addition to his sight, his hearing at length failed. After a time he appeared almost unconscious of any thing, and the obstructed breathing peculiar to death was advanced near its termination, when he gave the token to his pale, but now joyous daughter; and the expressive flash of exultation was seen to spread itself through the stiffening muscles of his face. When his child asked him to give a signal *if he had any happy view of heavenly light*, with the feelings and opinions I once owned, I could have asked, "Do you suppose that the increase of the death-chill will add to his hap-

pininess? Are you to expect, that as his eye-sight leaves, and as his hearing becomes confused, and his breathing convulsed, and as he sinks into that cold, fainting, sickening condition of pallid death, that his exultation is to commence?"

'It did then commence. Then is the time when many who enter the dark valley cheerless, begin to see something that transports; but some are too low to tell of it, and their friends think they departed under a cloud, when they really did not. It is at this stage of the journey that the enemy of God, who started with look of defiance and words of pride, seems to meet with that which alters his views and expectations, but he cannot tell it, for his tongue can no longer move.'

'My attention was awakened very much by observing the *dying fancies* of the servants of this world, differing with such characteristic singularity from the fancies of the departing Christian. It is no uncommon thing for those who die to believe they see, or hear, or feel, that which appears only fancy to bystanders. Their friends believe that it is the overturning of their intellect. I am not about to enter into the discussion of the question, whether it is, or is not, always fancy. Some have a different view of the case; but inasmuch as in many instances the mind is deranged whilst its habitation is falling into ruins around it; and inasmuch as it is the common belief that it is only imagination of which I am writing, we will look at it under the name of fancy.'

'The fanciful views of the dying servant of sin, and the devoted friends of Christ, were *strangely* distinct as far as my observation extended. One who had been an entire sensualist and mocker at religion, whilst dying, appeared in his senses in all but one thing. "Take that black man from the room," said he. He was answered that there was none in the room. He replied, "There he is standing near the window. His presence is very irksome to me, take him out." After a time, again and again, his call was, "Will no one remove him? There he is, surely some one will take him away!"

'I was mentioning to another physician my surprise that he should have been so much distressed if there had been many blacks in the room, for he had been waited on by them day and night for many years; also that the mind had not been diseased in some other respect: when he told me the names of two others, (his patients,) men of similar lives, who were tormented with the same fancy, and in the same way, whilst dying.'

'A young female who called the Man of Calvary her greatest

friend, was, when dying, in her senses, in all but one particular. "Mother," she would say, pointing in a certain direction, "Do you see those beautiful creatures?" Her mother would answer, "No, there is no one there, my dear." She would reply, "Well, that is strange. I never saw such countenances and such attire. My eye never rested on any thing so lovely." Oh, says one, this is all *imagination*, and the *notions* of a *mind collapsing*, wherefore tell of it? My answer is, that I am not about to dispute, or to deny that it is fancy; but the fancies differ in features and in texture. Some in their derangement call out, "Catch me, I am sinking: hold me, I am falling;" others say, "Do you hear that music? O were ever notes so celestial!" This kind of notes, and these classes of *fancies* belonged to different classes of individuals, and *who they were*, was the item which attracted my wonder. Such things are noticed by few, and remembered by almost none; but I am inclined to believe that if notes were kept of such cases, volumes of interest might be formed.'

'My last remark here, reader, is that we necessarily speak somewhat in the dark of such matters, but you and I will know more shortly. Both of us will see and feel for ourselves, where we cannot be mistaken in the course of a very few months.'

'AN OVER TRUE TALE.'

If the following narrative from the New York Sun should awaken in any of our readers a conviction of the folly of living in such a manner as to make no provision for a reverse of fortune, and especially should it arouse them to a sense of the utter worthlessness of all that is most valued in the circles of gaiety and fashion, our purpose in giving it a place in the Magazine will have been answered. Such catastrophes as the one here detailed ought not to happen in vain and be forgotten, but should ring their dreadful notes of warning in the ears of the living, until they fully realize the truth that 'sin when it is finished bringeth forth death.'

ED.

EIGHT years ago, there was not, in the large, gay and fashionable circle in which she moved a gayer, more fashionable being, than was *Jane Blossom*; and many readers of this sad chronicle of her horrible end, will bear us witness, that at the time when she was just fully budded into womanhood, surrounded by prosperity, and friends, and luxury, she was one of the most beautiful that mixed in the fashionable society of our city. On Sun-

day evening last she died in the street a miserable, houseless, friendless, diseased outcast, whilst a watchman was sustaining her tottering steps toward the watch house, for a night's shelter.

She was the widow of the gifted and well known — Blossom, long a clerk with the late Henry Eckford ; and subsequently principal clerk in the memorable Life and Fire Insurance Company, in which Mr. Eckford and Jacob Barker were largely concerned. Blossom died soon after the bursting of that bubble ; and as he lived even beyond his income, he left her without any other means of support than she derived from the sale of her jewelry, dresses, and other expensive articles purchased in her days of prosperity. Penury by degrees crept upon her, and she shrunk and fell beneath its withering grasp. She had long been in the habit of using opium ; and as distress and misery grew upon her, she indulged more freely in the use of that drug, as an antidote to the mortification and chagrin her proud but ill directed spirit sustained by her fallen estate.

Gradually, by yielding to the weakness of mind betrayed by her indulgence in opium, she sunk from one stage of poverty and wretchedness to another, till she entered the precincts of vice ; and when her means for procuring her favorite and baneful opiate failed her, she resorted to the use of the poisonous and loathsome intoxicating liquors that are so easy of access in the low haunts, to which, amongst blacks and whites, she finally betook herself. Rags and filth soon became the raiment of the beautiful form that was once wont to be clad in finery, and to attract universal admiration, and the lowest sinks in the city became her only places of resort.

Whilst in this situation, she was seen and recognized in the street by a lady who had been her associate in better days, and who humanely persuaded her to go home with her. This charitable lady gave her clean apparel, and then took her to the alms house. At that institution Mrs. Blossom remained some months, conducting herself with sobriety and propriety ; and she was there visited by the Good Samaritan, who had snatched her from the kennel of depravity, and also by many others who had known her in better days. They never came without bringing her presents of articles of food, &c. not to be obtained at the alms house ; and always treated her with the utmost respect and kindness.

She finally left that institution, and was not again heard of by her friends till she was a second time found in the situation from which she was previously rescued. A second time did her fair

friends provide for her suitably, and got her back again to the alms house. There she remained, however, but a short time, leaving very suddenly, and without notice to any body. No one knew whither she had gone; and the melancholy intelligence of her death given above, is most probably the first that any of her friends have heard of her, since she last left Bellevue.

On Sunday afternoon last, as Mr. Grossart, an officer of the 13th ward, was on duty in Delancy street, his attention was attracted by a parcel of children making game of a woman in a ragged and filthy condition, and evidently helpless from disease and suffering. He went up to her, drove off the children, and in reply to his enquiries she stated that she had not where to lay her head; that she slept the night before in an open alley; that she had not eaten a mouthful during the day, and knew not where to procure a particle of food; and that, withal, she was deadly sick, and felt that her end was nigh. Mr. Grossart helped her into a little shop hard by, kept by a very humane and excellent woman named Catharine Moore, who cheerfully permitted the poor wretch to remain in her shop till the watch should be set, and extended to her food and drink, and every attention in her power. Mrs. Moore became perfectly satisfied that the wretched object of her charitable kindness was on the verge of the grave, and took the liberty of asking her name. 'Alas!' replied the trembling creature, 'that *Jane Blossom* should have come to this!'

Soon after night fall, Mr. Grossart and a watchman called for her, to assist her to the watch house at the Upper Police Office where she could have been provided with every thing necessary to render her comfortable; but they had not proceeded two blocks with her, before her limbs failed her entirely, she dropped to the pavement, and in an instant was a lifeless corpse. She was brought down to the dead house Park, where the Coroner held a view of her body; and then all that remained of the once gay, fashionable, proud, and much courted *Jane Blossom* was consigned to that miscellaneous receptacle of all that makes up the refuse of our city's dead—Potter's Field.

MARKS OF RELIGIOUS DECLENSION.

American Tract Society.

1. WHEN you are reluctant to religious conversation, and the company of serious, heavenly-minded Christians ; and enjoy yourself best with men of the world.

2. When from preference, rather than necessity, you are often absent from meetings of the church for prayer and conference, confine yourself to Sabbath meetings, are easily detained from them, and are ready at an excuse or pretext for such neglects.

3. When there are certain duties which you are afraid to consider closely and seriously, lest your conscience rebuke past neglect, and insist on your fidelity now.

4. When it is more your object, in going through with a duty, to pacify conscience, than to honor Christ, obtain spiritual profit and growth in grace, or do good to others.

5. When you have an over-critical spirit respecting preaching ; are dissatisfied with the *manner*, as inelegant, or too plain, or too intellectual, or not according to some favorite model ; or with the *matter*, as too doctrinal, or too preceptive ; or when you complain of it as too close, or are suspicious of personality.

6. When you are more afraid of being accounted strict, than of sinning against Christ by negligence in practice, and infidelity to 'your Lord and Master.'

7. When you have little fear of temptation, and can trifle with spiritual danger.

8. When you have strong thirsting for the complacency of men of the world, and anxiety to know what they think or say of you, rather than whether you honor the Savior in their sight ; in short, more occupied with the question, 'What will men think of me ?' than 'What does God see me to be ?'

9. When scandals to religion are more the subject of your censorious conversation with men, than of your secret grieving and prayer before God concerning them, and of your faithful endeavors for their removal.

10. When you are more afraid to encounter the eye and the scorn of an offending man, by rebuking his sin, than of offending God by neglect to rebuke him.

11. When you calculate more carefully for the security of worldly prosperity than for that of your precious soul ; are more bent on being rich than holy.

12. When you cannot receive, patiently and humbly, de-

served and kind reproof for faults ; are unwilling to confess your faults, and in the habit of always justifying yourself.

13. When you are impatient and unforbearing towards the frailties, misjudgments, and faults of others.

14. When your reading of the Bible is formal, hasty, lesson-wise, or merely intellectual ; and unattended with self-application, quickening to conscience, and gracious affections, increase of prayerfulness, watchfulness, readiness for every good work ; or when you read almost any other book with more interest than the book of God.

15. When you have more religion abroad and in public, than at home and in secret ; are apparently fervent and elevated when ‘ seen of men,’ but languid, cold, careless, when seen only in the family, or by God alone.

16. When your religious taste is more for the new things of men, than for the old things of the treasury of God’s word.

17. When you call spiritual sloth and withdrawal from Christian activity by the names of prudence and peaceableness, while sinners are going to destruction, and the church suffering declension ; unmindful that prudence can be united with apostolic fidelity, and peaceableness with most anxious and diligent seeking of the salvation of souls. Also,

18. When, because there is fanaticism and false zeal abroad in the world, you will neither trust yourself, nor countenance in others, even that ‘ fervency in spirit, serving the Lord,’ which Paul taught and practised.

19. When you are, secretly, more gratified at the missteps and falls of some professor of another denomination, or at variance with you, than grieved for the wounds he inflicts upon Christ, and the hazard at which he places his own soul.

20. When under chastisement of Providence, you think more of your sufferings than your deserts ; and look more for relief than purification from sin.

21. When you *confess*, but do not *forsake*, easily besetting sin.

22. When you *acknowledge*, but still *neglect* duty.

23. When, for slight pretexts, or under slight temptations—*any* indeed—you step across the strict, straight lines of the Divine law : for example, doing improper things on the Sabbath ; not being exactly just in business transactions ; swerving from strict veracity ; and do such things without much shrinking of conscience.

24. When your cheerfulness has more of the levity of the unregenerate, than of the holy joy of the Son of God.

25. When you live so little like a Christian, that you are embarrassed and ashamed in attempting religious duties to, or in the presence of, men of the world.

26. When you say in yourself, of *this* or *that sin*, 'is it not a little one?' or 'the Lord pardon thy servant in this thing;' and think so lightly of some sins, called *small*, that you are learning not to be much disturbed respecting some *great* ones : when, also, you laugh at sins in others, instead of reproving them, and mourning before God.

27. When the *habit* of neglecting some known duty is pleaded as an *excuse* for the neglect, instead of an *aggravation*, and a reason for deeper penitence.

28. When you have so many worldly plans, and please yourself so much with success, that you are unwilling or afraid to think of death, and even of 'departure to be with Christ;' and in your daily manner of living say, 'I would live here always.'

29. When you think more of being *saved* by Christ, than of *serving* Christ : more of security of heaven, and the comfort and quietness of such security, than of deliverance from sin, saving dying men, and thus honoring God.

30. When you shut your eyes from self examination, for fear of what you shall find in yourself to alarm you and shake your hope.

31. When you lean on the opinion of others that you are a Christian, instead of faithfully searching your heart and life, and comparing them with the 'sure word,' so that you may find scriptural evidences of your hope.

32. When you speak more frequently of declension in the church than in your own heart ; or talk of both more than you mourn and pray before God, and labor for a better state of things.

33. When the worldly spirit, savor and cares of the week follow you farther into the Sabbath than the spirit and savor of the Sabbath follow you into the week.

34. When you are easily induced to make your *duty as a Christian* bend to your *worldly interest*.

35. When you can be in frequent association with men of the world, without solicitude lest they *do your soul hurt*, or you *do theirs no good*, or both.

36. When, in your thoughts, reading, or conversation on religious subjects, your clearness of head, ingenuity, and just-

ness of conclusions, far outgo your spirituality, and heartiness, and love to Christ and his Gospel.

37. When your orthodoxy is the most or all there is which is right in you ; and when you contend more about its positions, and against the erroneous theories and opinions of men, than you strive for holiness, and fight against sin in yourself and in the world around you.

38. When your zeal, instead of being ‘according to knowledge,’ is according to your pride and prejudice ; and more occupied in censuring the coldness of others, than in affectionate endeavors to persuade them to do their duty, and quietly and humbly to do your own.

39. When your activity in religion depends upon the excitement of occasions, and the peculiarity of means and measures ; instead of being the fruit of steady, spiritual-minded, disinterested principle ; and when you take more delight in the bustle of outward and popular religious movements, than in secret communion with God, and in duties in which you are retired from the notice of men.

40. When you think more of ‘the mote in your brother’s eye,’ than of the ‘beam in your own.’

41. When you find it difficult to tell wherein you are essentially different, as to your state of heart and habits of life, from what you were before you professed to be a Christian.

Many additional marks might be mentioned. But, reader, search yourself for them, and seriously consider these.

We have called the above ‘*marks of religious declension.*’ Some of them may perhaps be rather considered marks of unconversion. Let them lead the professor in whom they appear, to inquire, anxiously and solemnly, Am I a Christian ? May I not yet be ‘in the gall of bitterness and bonds of iniquity ?’

The dangers of that state, bearing such marks, are many and great. You may spend life in a profitless, trembling, comfortless state ; poorly honoring Christ, if at all ; and in doing great injury to souls. If a Christian, yet you will scarcely know it, or have the comfort of knowing it. You may live and die under a cloud of doubt, gloom, and fear, in which you will tempt the world to draw inferences against your Christian character, or the religion you profess, or both. If—which is seriously possible—you are not really a Christian, you run the fearful hazard of living in ruinous self-deception, dying in your sins, and plunging, from the visible church into the lowest hell !

Declining professor of religion ! will you use these pages as

a help to self-examination, that you may know yourself and your state. 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked ; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' Be jealous of yourself. Be afraid of finding, at death, or '*the moment after death,*' that you have lived in delusion, and died 'a vessel of wrath fitted to destruction.' Foretell such a fearful end, by searching, faithfully, now. If nothing but a *professor*, 'repent ye and be converted.' If a declined Christian, return to a forsaken God. 'Be watchful, and strengthen the things that remain and are ready to die, (saith the Master,) for I have not found thy works perfect before God.' 'Be zealous, therefore, and repent.'

ADVANTAGES OF EARLY RELIGIOUS IMPRESSIONS.

IF we faithfully examine the faults, of which men are accused, who display a high standard of Christianity, we shall see that these faults are due to the incomplete action of the regenerating principle, in the midst of a corrupt world ; to the state of conflict connected with such a principle in society, in families, and even in the bosom of individuals. What is proved by the inconsistencies, which are so much censured, in certain persons, who think themselves holy, if it is not the excellence of a doctrine, whose purity contrasts with the weakness of the human heart, and gives an odious coloring to its vices ? What is proved by the hypocrisy, of which false devotees are guilty, if it is not that the reality of the Christian virtues is so far seen, that it is thought to be an advantage to assume the garb of piety ? What is proved, in short, by fanaticism, notwithstanding the fear which this word justly excites ; what is proved by it, if it is not that there is such a beauty, such a grandeur in religious perceptions, and they are attended by so much happiness, that they may become a passion, in despite of their immaterial nature ? Let us repress every disorderly movement, however noble may be its origin ; but in order to prevent this kind of excess, as well as every other, a religious education early commenced, and judiciously conducted, is the most effectual means.

We may ask enthusiasts in every kind of worship, where they make the most zealous proselytes ? Is it in pious and well-regulated families, where Christian habits are contracted

from the cradle ? ' Undoubtedly not ; it is among those abandoned beings who have long remained strangers to religion. Whether the aberration of passion, or an education altogether worldly, has turned the thoughts of man from the great interests of eternity, when once these interests are presented to him, when he fully considers the destiny of the immortal soul, no one can answer for the course his imagination will take. To reserve for the most dangerous age, the novelty of perceptions always striking, and sometimes terrible, is to risk a revolution too potent for human weakness. A sudden conversion is, I admit, often a happy, and sometimes a necessary crisis, but it is one which might be spared by a pious education.

Whether you desire, then, to preserve your child from the wildness of fanaticism, or the desolate sterility of an existence without hope, there is but one course to follow ; inspire him with the mild sentiments of piety. Religion, which pervades the heart of infancy, takes the happy tint of that age, and is connected with its innocent enjoyments. United to all its pleasures, she has nothing sad ; and to its studies, she has nothing rigid. Intellectual and religious culture constrained to take the lead, follow a common direction, and transmit a character of reason and sanctity. The whole work of education is thereby facilitated. That which is most familiar to the soul, religious feeling, adds to the warmth of the natural affections. The chain which connects man with God, unites us also to our children. A feeling of decided respect subjects them to our authority, and even softens the impression of our discipline, by persuading them that it is not optional with us, and that a necessary severity is the effect of our obedience to the common law. We are the representatives of the Supreme Being, whom we adore with them ; and from the sublime idea of a Heavenly Father, a sacredness descends upon the earthly parents, which human imperfection cannot destroy.

Madame Necker de Saussure.

From Roujaine's Life of Faith.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

WITH what rich and copious matter does this Scripture abound, tending to show the absolute safety of resting upon God's promises ! How strong are the arguments, to persuade the heirs of promise to put their whole trust and confidence in the faithfulness of their God ! who, having provided an infinitely glorious and everlasting inheritance for them, was willing to make it over to them in the strongest manner of conveyance, and therefore, he has given them the promise and the oath of God, which cannot possibly change or alter, that their faith might never doubt or waver, and their hope might at all times be sure and steadfast ; and until he bring them to the inheritance itself, he has given them many sweet and blessed promises of all things needful for their temporal and spiritual estate, upon which he would have them not only to live comfortably at present, but also to receive them, as a part of the inheritance, allowed them for their maintenance, till they come to age, and enter upon the possession of the whole. And what God intended in his promise and oath, has its effects in a good degree among those, who have the word of God abiding in them. They cast their anchor where he commands them, and they are not only safe, but also, in time of the greatest troubles and temptations, have strong consolation. When enemies come, corruptions arise, and difficulties are in the way, they have a promise and a promise-keeping God to depend upon. Whatever straits they are in, the word abiding in them brings some promise of support and deliverance ; the promise shows what God has engaged to do, and faith receives the fulfilling of his engagements : when they draw nigh to God in duties, in ordinances, they know what he has promised to them that wait upon him, and they judge him faithful who hath promised ; and lo, he is present with them. In short, while they live like themselves, as the heirs of promise, they are preserved from all evil, and want no manner of thing that is good. This is their happy case, thrice happy, because the means used to deprive them of their happiness are overruled of God for the establishing it : the enemy rages against them, but in vain ; he was a liar from the beginning : the word is truth, and he abode not in it ; therefore he hates it, and with a greater hatred, because the Lord has made it the means of strengthening those believers. He knows that all his

temptations will be fruitless while the word abideth in them ; he fears no weapon formed against him, like the sword of the Spirit ; he has felt its sharpness and its power ; with it the Captain of our salvation cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon ; with it all his good soldiers resist the devil, and make him flee from them. For these reasons he has great variety of temptations to weaken the believer's trust in the word, and his reliance upon the promises of God.

Sometimes he attacks them in a matter where his hopes are founded in their ignorance ; he is cunning to spy out the particular way in which they have been led, and their readiness to maintain their ground, by making use of the promises suited to that way : he resolves, therefore, upon some new temptation, with which they have been exercised ; and he watches the favorable opportunity to inject it with all his strength. Upon his doing it, the soul is put into a great hurry, because it has no promise ready to apply to the present case : for want of which the understanding is confused, faith wavers, doubt enters, and Satan carries his point. This demonstrates the necessity of searching the Scriptures, and meditating upon them night and day : in them God has graciously treasured up all sorts of promises. There is not a possible case for a believer to be in, of spiritual or temporal concern, but there is a promise suitable to it, which he ought to have ready against the hour of temptation. If he has not, he neglects the Lord's kind provision, and lays himself open to the enemy's attack. Reader, if thou wouldst not be ignorant of Satan's devices, follow Christ's counsel—' Search the Scriptures.' Remember they are able to make thee wise unto salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus ; therefore, store up his promises—pray him to sanctify thy memory to retain them, and to enable thee to make use of them in every time of need.

If this temptation fail, the enemy will soon have another ready. I have known him often try, and often succeed, in endeavoring to take off the attention from the most easy parts of Scripture, and to fix it upon those parts which are hard to be understood. Upon those the believer dwells too much, and puzzles himself ; his head grows confused ; he consults commentators, and they confuse him more : and if he does not fall from hence into questioning the truth of Scripture, yet he certainly neglects the right use of it, forgetting it is the means of building himself up in his most holy faith. Reader, whenever thou art tempted about difficult texts, look up to the incar-

nate Word, and pray him by his Spirit to open thine understanding, that thou mayest know what thou readest; and, if thou still dost not find the meaning of them made plain to thee, pass them by for that time. Do not puzzle and distress thyself about them. Perhaps when thou meetest with them again, they will appear easy, Christ will give thee light to see and to comprehend them.

If thou sayest, I do look up to him to teach me, but, nevertheless, I find many hard and difficult texts. Remember thou knowest but in part, and therefore thou standest in need of daily teaching. These texts are profitable, if they humble thee; and make thee live more upon the teaching of the divine Prophet. The humbler thou art, thou wilt be more teachable: the lower thou sittest at his feet to hear his words, thou wilt learn the most. The Master himself has declared, ‘Whosoever shall humble himself as a little child, the same is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven.’ If these difficult texts thus humble thee, and make thee live more upon Christ’s inward teaching, they will be the means of thy growth in saving knowledge. Thy hearing and reading the word in a constant dependance upon him, will keep thee from the dangerous errors and heresies of the times: most of those arise from unlearned and unstable men, full of pride and self-conceit, whom God resisteth; but he giveth grace to the humble.

If he has given thee grace to hold fast the form of sound words, which thou hast learned and been assured of, the enemy will change his attack, and pursue thee with new temptations. Envious of thy happiness, he will be often assaulting thee, and try to move thee from thy steadfastness. He will at times, insinuate every lie that he can raise against the word of God, and he will not begin with reason or argument, but by way of surprise, with sudden injections, darting into the mind doubts like these: How do I know the Scripture is inspired? What proof have I? And if these be not immediately rejected, he will follow them like lightning with others: How can that be inspired which is full of contradictions, and full of doctrines above reason? Who can defend the matters of fact related in it? The language is low and mean, unworthy of God—the Scripture is false—perhaps there is neither God nor devil.

These blasphemous thoughts sometimes put the believer into a hurry and confusion, and, through the suddenness and violence of them greatly distress him. The apostle calls these assaults ‘the fiery darts of the wicked one’—darts, because he

throws them with all his might against the soul ; and fiery, because he would have them to catch hold of, and to inflame its corruptions and lusts, and they do, if the shield of faith be not ready to stop their force, and to quench their fire. This is a piece of the armor of God, prepared for the believer's safety at such times, and the right use of it is this : the Lord having promised to be a shield to them that put their trust in him, and to compass them about with his favor as with a shield, the believer looks up when these fiery darts are flying thick about him, and says, ' O Lord God of hosts, who hast promised that thy faithfulness and truth should be my shield and buckler, now establish thy word unto thy servant. In thee, O my God, do I put my trust, save me in this hour of temptation.' Then the battle becomes the Lord's. He is engaged to put forth his strength, to shield thee from the enemy. Thus thou shalt conquer, and shalt happily experience what is written—' Resist the devil, and he will flee from you.'

He will flee for a season, but will return again. He has other temptations, and he will try them all to disparage the word of God, and to lessen the believer's confidence in it. Sometimes he will insinuate—How can these things be—in what way or by what means can such a promise be fulfilled ? If you begin to reason upon the point, he will get you from your stronghold, and conquer you. Beware of his lies, and have always your answer ready—' It is written.' What God hath said put your trust in, if all the world gainsay it ; for he is faithful who hath promised, and all things are possible with him.

If this temptation does not succeed, and he cannot bring you to doubt of the truth of the promises, then he will try you about your right to them. When you are in darkness, or walking heavily, in sickness or any trouble, and you have been praying for deliverance, but Christ does not presently answer you, then he has a favorable opportunity to suggest—Now you see the promises do not belong to you, Christ will not hear you, and therefore you have been deceiving yourself with a vain notion of faith. This is a common temptation, against which still oppose, ' It is written.' Thy case, be it what it will, has a promise either of support or deliverance. If thou art not delivered, yet if Christ support thee, so that thy faith and patience fail not, does not this show his infinite goodness to thee ? He will have thy faith tried, and he will put it into the fire, not to consume it, but that it may come like gold out of the furnace, purer and brighter. And what if thou art in the fire a great

while, thou wilt see more of his tender mercies in keeping thee there, and wilt thereby learn to live in a more simple dependance upon him. Cast not away therefore thy confidence in the written word : the promises in it, and faster than the strong mountains. If all the powers in earth and hell should join, they cannot defeat one single tittle of them. When the world and all the works therein shall be burnt up, and the place of them shall be no more found, then the promises shall stand fast as the throne of God, and shall receive their full and perfect accomplishment through the ages of eternity.

These are some of Satan's temptations against the young men in Christ, who are strong, because the word of God abideth in them. His design is to weaken their reliance upon its promises : till he can do this, he despairs of success ; and, therefore, he tries every method, which his wicked cunning and rage can invent. His busy active spirit is night and day plotting against the word of God. See a lively picture of his utter hatred to it in the parable of the sower. While the good seed is sowing, the devil is indefatigable in picking it up. He exercises all his wiles to keep it out of the hearers' hearts, and he prevails with the greater part to reject it. Among those who seemingly receive it, he cheats three out of four, so that the word does not take root, nor bear fruit to perfection. Since Satan is thus successful, is it not absolutely necessary, reader, that thou shouldst be well acquainted with his devices ? And the word abiding in thee, the ingrafted word, will both make thee acquainted with them, and also strong to resist them : because then thou wilt be taught by Christ's wisdom and strengthened by his almighty power. As thou growest in the sense of thy want of him, and livest in a closer dependance upon him, thou wilt understand more of his word, and experience more of his power. By which means the enemy's continual attacks, driving thee to Christ for the fulfilling of his promises will make thee continually safe. Let the roaring lion rage, what hast thou to fear ? Let him go about seeking whom he may devour, the Lord is thy shield and thy defence : in him is thy trust. Thou hast his promise, that he will preserve thee from all evil, and will make all things, even Satan's spite and rage against thee, work together for thy good. How dear and precious then should the word of God be to thee ! If thou art weak, because it is the means of thy growing, and being nourished up ; and, if thou art strong, because by its abiding in thee, thou wilt be established. May it be thy study and thy delight, and may every

reading of it bring thee to a better acquaintance with, and a greater dependance upon the adorable Jesus : and, if thou desirest thus to profit from the Scriptures, I would advise thee, reader, to observe two things, which will be much for Christ's glory, and for thy edification.

First, In thy frequent and careful perusal of the Bible (and, mind, thou canst not read it too much) take particular notice of the promises, which are most suited to thy age, state, and condition in life : because these God has graciously made for thy use, and about these the enemy will be most busy with thee. Treasure them up then in thy memory, and have them ready against the time of need, looking up,

Secondly, To Christ for the fulfilling of them. All the promises are made in him, and made good by him : thou art therefore in a humble dependance upon his faithfulness and power to expect whatever thou wantest, and he has promised. Trust him, and he will not fail thee. Stagger not at any of his promises through the seeming impossibility of their being made good ; but depend upon his almighty power, and thou wilt find him a faithful, promise-keeping God, whose word standeth fast for ever and ever.

Thus thou shalt not only be safe, but shalt also overcome the wicked one, which the apostle John makes the last part of their character, who are strong in the Lord. They overcome him by the strength of their faith : they hold fast their confidence in the Lord's promised strength, and he fights for them. That mighty arm, which bruised the serpent's head, brings them victory, as it is written of that noble army mentioned Rev. xii. 11. ' They overcame the accuser of the brethren by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony.' Through faith in his blood they were pardoned and justified freely, and they knew that in him they had righteousness and strength ; therefore they were at peace with God, and the accuser of the brethren could not lay any thing to their charge. Thus they were delivered from his power, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son ; and they testified this by adhering to the word of truth. They believed that whatever Christ had therein promised, he would fulfil to them, and they bore their testimony to their being safe in depending upon his word in the most trying circumstances. They would not give it up whatever they lost for trusting to it : nay, they stuck steadfastly to its truth, although it cost them their lives for maintaining their testimony : for, it is said of them, ' they loved not their lives un-

to the death ;' that is, they loved the truth more than life, they were not afraid publicly to own, that their trust and confidence was in the blood of the Lamb, and they believed they should be infinite and everlasting gainers by holding fast the word of their testimony unto death. And the Lord was with them, and mightily strengthened them, so that they joyfully sealed their testimony with their blood, although they died in flames and in the most exquisite torments. Thus they overcame Satan. A most noble company of those conquerors are now standing round the throne of the Lamb, enjoying his exceeding great and precious promises : he has crowned them with glory—he has clothed them with robes washed and made white in his own blood—he has wiped away all tears from their eyes, and taken all cause of sorrow from their hearts—he has put palms into their hands, to show that they are eternal conquerors, and that they shall stand confirmed in bliss for ever and ever. May thou and I, reader, ere long join them ; and, until that happy time come, may our faith be daily more established in the blood and righteousness of the Lamb of God, that we may be growing in our love to him, and in our dependence upon him, until he admit us to see him as he is.

THE FIRESIDE.

For the Religious Magazine.

IDLE HABITS CORRECTED.

'WHAT a dull, tiresome morning this has been. I wonder if it will ever cease raining,' exclaimed Emily B. as she threw herself upon a sofa, after idling away half an hour or more in watching the clouds. What made the morning so tiresome, had she no books with which to occupy her mind ? O yes, the centre table displayed many an interesting volume, and many of the latest periodicals—half of which had never been read by Emily. But Emily was tired of reading. Had she no other way in which to occupy herself ? The fact was, Emily was indolent, and so strong had the habit become, that one hour's steady employment was exceedingly irksome. A rainy day therefore, in which she could neither walk out, nor receive company—in which she was dependant upon her own resources for occupation and amusement, was regarded by her as one of the greatest evils that could befall her, and was

yawned and sighed away without any benefit to herself or others. Alas ! poor Emily had no kind mother to teach her the value of time, and the luxury of idly improving it—and deeply did she suffer from the deprivation. Since the age of six years, (and she was now 15) she had been motherless. Her father was kind and indulgent, but being immersed in business, he had been satisfied with sending her to the best of schools—though he had weakly yielded to her intreaties to allow her to leave school before her mind was half matured, or she had any just appreciation of the value of knowledge. She foolishly thought that when released from the tiresome round of school duties, she should have nothing to do but what she chose to do, and should therefore be happy—but six months experience had taught her that her happiness was by no means increased; on the contrary she was more discontented than ever.

When Emily's father came home to dinner that day, he took from his pocket a letter and handed her to read. It was from a sister of his, requesting that he would spare his daughter to spend the ensuing summer in her family. Emily was much attached to her aunt M. who was a well-educated, sensible lady. Mrs M. resided in the country and devoted

herself to the education of her three daughters. Knowing Emily's situation, and fearing the effect upon her character, she had thought of this plan of benefiting her. 'O papa,' cried Emily when she had finished the letter, do let me go—I shall have such delightful times with the girls.'

'But,' said her father, 'do you feel quite willing to leave me for so long a time?'

A cloud passed over her face—in her eager hopes of going, she had not thought of the separation from her father. Will you not come and see me often papa !' said she, unwilling to give up her visit, and yet wishing to enjoy her father's society.

'I will come as often as I can,' he replied, for I have decided that you had better go, notwithstanding I shall miss you very much; but I am unwilling you should lose the advantage which I hope it will be to you to be under the instruction and guidance of your aunt. And I trust Emily that you will feel it to be a privilege and will endeavor so to improve it, that I shall be richly rewarded on your return by seeing that improvement manifest in your deportment. You are now at that age when a mother's care is more than ever needed, and I know of no one who will so well supply that place as your kind aunt. If you think you

can be ready by to-morrow morning, and the weather is favorable, I will take you to C——. Emily answered her father that with Nancy's assistance, she could easily make all necessary preparations—and the afternoon was as busy and happy, as the morning had been idle and tedious.

The next morning at dawn of day, Emily awoke. She opened her window and looked out upon a cloudless sky. Presently the sun in a blaze of glory, emerged from the eastern horizon, and shed his resplendent light on all around—and nature after a refreshing rain once more delighted in his vivifying and genial influence. Emily's heart was light, and the joyous carol of the birds struck on her ear in sweet harmony with the emotions of her bosom. Exhilarated with the prospect of her ride, and of meeting her aunt and cousins, she thought she should never again feel the ennui and discontent of yesterday—without reflecting that even this bright morning would have failed to make her happy, had she spent the precious moments in the listless inactivity which had characterized many of the recent days of her life.

After a pleasant ride of a dozen miles, they reached the place of their destination, and were welcomed with affectionate cordiality.

Mr. B. had not been insen-

sible to the sad fault in his daughter's character, and before his departure from C——, he took occasion in a private conversation with his sister, to make her acquainted with the fact, and to beg of her to use her influence to eradicate it. He knew with what judicious care the minds of her own children had been cultivated, and he hoped it was not too late for his dear Emily to be corrected and improved by it.

The next day every thing went on with its usual order and regularity in Mrs. M.'s family. Every hour had its peculiar occupation. What was useful and ornamental had each its due share of attention, while recreation and amusement were not forgotten. Emily was allowed to pass the day as she pleased—she was not a little chagrined to find that during all the morning she was the only idle one, and that neither of her cousins suspended their employment to endeavor to amuse her.

'O cousin Mary,' said she, 'what a long time you have been sewing, I should think you would feel tired, for I am tired doing nothing.'

'Doing nothing always tires me,' replied Mary, 'but I am not at all tired of sewing.'

'Cannot you lay down your work, and walk in the garden with me?' asked Emily.

'I will go with you a little while before dinner, but this is

not play hour, and mother would be displeased if I should go now.' So Emily was obliged to content herself with walking alone in the garden—though she wondered much, how her cousins could be so happy while they were obliged to study and work so much.

The afternoon passed more agreeably, as a pleasant walk in which all participated, was enjoyed by Emily, as well as the rest.

The next day, after lessons had been attended to, Mrs. M. and her daughters were sitting busily engaged with their work, but Emily, as usual, was doing nothing.

'Emily,' said Mrs. M. 'we are just now very busy. There is a poor little deaf and dumb girl in the village, and she is going very soon to the Asylum at Hartford. As she is dependant upon charity, we are doing our part by making her some necessary articles of clothing—perhaps you would like to assist us a little while this morning?' Emily, ashamed to decline, expressed her acquiescence, and commenced some work with apparent alacrity—but bad habits are not overcome at once, and before an hour had elapsed, she had imagined herself tired, and had laid aside her work.

But Emily's character was improving. Mrs. M. sedulously endeavored to instil into her

mind those principles which would make her feel her obligations to improve her time and all her talents, to the best advantage; and before many weeks had passed, through the influence of *precept* and *example* the change in her habits was quite visible, and the amount of her happiness was greatly increased. She no longer wondered that cousin Mary could sew so long without being tired, but that she herself had been so blind to the true secret of happiness, was more a matter of surprise.

It was on a rainy day, very much like that with which our story commenced, that Emily exclaimed on being summoned to dinner, 'what a short morning this has been! I did not think it was near dinner time.' And why was it that the hours had glided so imperceptibly away? The truth was, Emily had been industrious. With books and work she had occupied the morning, and in the sweet consciousness of doing her duty, it had passed happily away—the rain had called forth no sighs, nor had her confinement to the house been regarded as a misfortune.

In a little more than three months from the time she left it, Emily returned to her father's house—and it was with a joy that doubly recompensed him for the pain of separation, that that father beheld the de-

lightful improvement in his daughter's character. He had now the satisfaction of seeing her improve her time, not only for her own benefit, but with the benevolent object of doing good to others. As he was expressing to her the pleasure he felt at observing this change, she gaily remarked, 'my dear father I have now found out the secret of happiness. When I first went to aunt M's, I was quite surprised to find written in large letters over the mantel piece in the schoolroom, this maxim—"Occupation is bliss." I very much doubted the truth of it—and confess I was not a little vexed to find that all the members of the family appeared to act on this principle—but I could not deny that they were all happy, much happier than I was myself; so that by degrees I was inclined to follow their example, and I soon found from experience, that constant employment is the only foundation for happiness.'

ZELLA.

For the Religious Magazine.

ANNA GREENVILLE.

THE hour for tea was over in the family circle of Mrs. Greenville; and its happy inmates had gathered around the fireside. Little Anna had placed the chair for her kind mother close beside the warm, glowing grate; aunt Martha, good aunt Martha, was sitting at her own small work table, on the opposite side of Mrs. Greenville. Sisters Mary and Ellen had drawn the centre table in front, and with work boxes before them, were engaged with the needle. And Anna, for she too was there, with her pencil, and her paper, sat at aunt Martha's table, drawing a cottage which she would like for her home; and from images existing in fancy,

not in nature; placing her lambs, and her doves, together in the same group; and her flowers, as the favorite carnation, and the almond blossom, overshadowing window and roof; for she thought 'how pleasant it would be to reach the pinks from her chamber window.'

Mrs. Greenville, as she entered the parlor, and her eye met the pleasant seat Anna had selected, thanked the little girl for her kindness, but proposed a removal where more light could be given her, as she could not spend so long an evening, free from all domestic duty. 'And had I thought once more, I should have known;' said Anna. 'You *never* sit without

a book in your hand, or some work to finish for papa, or for us. And I wonder, mother, if you always did just so ; and never was idle *for a moment.* ' Oh, how Miss Hurd,' said Anna, smiling at her own idea, and brightening as she spoke, ' oh, how Miss Hurd would like you, mother, in her school ; and she always says, to be *engaged*, is to be *happy*. And is that why you always seem so, mother ?'

Anna's conversation had given time for a change of place to Mrs. Greenville, and a new thought of the little girl's, with reference to the drawing before her, had changed the subject of her dialogue, and the questions she had asked were forgotten, as she commenced anew. ' Mary,' said she, ' I am going to draw you now, hid among the flowers, and Ellen shall be leading the lambs to drink from the brook which I have made before the front door ; and here is a boat in the pond, for it runs close beside the door step, and no one can go into the garden, till she has crossed over my brook.' Sister Mary suggested that a foot path should intervene between water and house, as it would be difficult at all times, to obtain a rower skilful in his art ; and Anna's plan was changed.

Soon the landscape, designed and completed by her own unaided skill, was exhibited ; and received the smile, the ap-

proving smile, we will call it, of the entire circle, and the implements she had employed, were all laid aside for future use.

Anna was never silent long ; and as the shades of the evening deepened, new life seemed to breathe its animation and vigor upon her. ' I had forgotten,' she said, ' it was so cold, and so stormy ; for we can hear no wind, all hid in our warm room, and it seems as if we were all, in a little world of our own.' Then she seated herself nearer the fire, that she might be warm, and ready to leave for her chamber, when her Father should enter. Now and then, was her seat vacant ; for Ellen's thimble had fallen ; or search was to be made for the needle, that was gone ; and Anna ' could find them ; she could see them glistening upon the carpet ;' and when found, if the owner could discover in which hand they were hid, it should soon be restored. ' And then,' said Anna, ' you don't have to lay aside your work, and find them for yourselves.' Her sisters assented ; and accepting the *intentions* of Anna, meant in kindness, received the lost articles from her hand. It was a pleasure to Anna ; for she thought she had aided ; and if more time was taken, by her playful act, than they themselves would have devoted ; yet the exercise of her affection had strengthened its ardor.

Soon was heard the well known step of her father, and then in quick succession, his welcoming voice as he entered, and found all so peaceful. Anna sat a few short moments, to see him ; and then bidding each one good night, and giving all her soft sweet kiss, she left the room, hand in hand, with her mother.

After they had knelt together, and before Mrs. Greenville had whispered the last farewell to the little girl ; ‘ Mother,’ said Anna, ‘ *I have been happier to night ; and I wish I could never again be unkind.*

I feel just as you said I would have felt last night, had I been dutiful and affectionate. Oh, I shall sleep so sweetly. And if I dream, it will be of you, and of papa, and of my sisters, and now, I shall know the way to be always happy. And now mother, good night.’

Mrs. Greenville left the little girl to her own quiet slumbers, and returned to the parlor, silently asking that Anna might be made more happy, and early know in her own young heart, the true bliss of a devoted christian.

CARLINA.

THE CHILDREN WHO LIVED BY THE JORDAN.

THE following beautiful story is from the pen of Miss Martineau, and, as appears from the Salem Gazette, from which it is copied, was written for the children of the Sabbath School in Barton Square, Salem. We recommend to our young readers to study it carefully, until they understand the sources of that beauty which they will all admire.

Ed.

A VERY long time ago, there had done for their nation. were two little children living But they liked also to return with their parents in a place home when the feast was over, which every body has heard of and see the clear waters of the —on the banks of the river river again, and to sit under the Jordan. Rachel and her willows, where they could brother Elec liked very much watch the wild ass come down to travel to Jerusalem once a the steep bank to quench its year with their parents and a thirst, or the glittering dragon large company of friends : and flies rise into the bright sunrise to listen to the music in the from the reeds on the brink of temple, and be lifted up to the stream. In the winter see the sacrifice offered ; and time it was too cold for them to hear what great things God to sit under the willows ; the

dragon fly had disappeared, and the wild asses had hidden themselves in the sheltered caves of the desert; but there was much for Rachel and Elec to do at home. Their father had gone up to the feast of Dedication; their mother kept her new-born baby warm within the house, while the snow fell on the tops of the mountains; and Rachel and Elec liked to be with her, and hear the things she had to tell them. She often wondered what news their father would bring back from the feast; and whether he would learn any thing of the appearance of the Deliverer whom every one was looking for. If any travellers came near her door, weary with travelling over wet or frozen roads or chilled with the north wind, she would ask them to rest in her dwelling, and as sure as they became warm and felt themselves rested, they began to talk of the Deliverer, and of the hope of every man, woman and child in the nation, that the Messiah of Jehovah would soon arise. When their father returned, he brought the news; and when he was told of the birth of another child, and that it was a daughter, Rachel thought he looked disappointed, as if he had wished for a son, for the chance of that son being the Deliverer.

The winter rolled away and the spring sunshine called up the young corn in the furrows

of the pastures, and caused the branches of the palm to sprout. The children were sometimes allowed to carry their infant sister out into the sweet air; and they tried to make her listen to the birds as they twittered about their nests, and to look at the travellers who forded Jordan as they went their way in the warmth of the morning; but the baby was too young to listen and to notice as they wished, and they thought her a helpless little thing, whom they loved very much, but who could be of no use to any body else.

Then came the great feast of the Passover—still in the early spring. Rachel had hold of her mother's hand, and Elec of his father's, when they went round the house, the night before the feast, to see that no leaven was left in any closet or corner. They ate of the feast with their parents, and stood up when the wine cup was to be filled. Elec being the youngest of the company (his infant sister being asleep in the inner chamber) asked according to custom, to be told the story of the coming out of his forefathers from the land of Egypt, and of the goodness of Jehovah, in bringing them forth from captivity. His father related the story, and told how the goodness of God had followed their nation; and how it was soon going to bless them

yet farther. He added very solemnly that there were tidings in the land of a man who was now in Galilee, showing great goodness in his countenance and speech, and wonderful power in the works which he did. The children listened in silence and awe ; for every one was moved while their father prayed God to show whether this was the true Deliverer, by giving him a throne and an army, and great wealth and glory in the land.

Some of the company were not pleased at Rachel's father for having mentioned in his prayer, the Holy Man who was doing wonderful things in Galilee. They had lately come from thence, and knew that he had refused to be made a king, and had gone into the mountains alone sometimes, when the people would have given him a throne and an army. It was true that he had cured a man with a withered hand in the synagogue ; but then the Pharisees said he could not be the Christ, because he wrought the cure on the Sabbath day. It was true that he had raised the son of a widow from the dead ; but then he had not brought down the vengeance of Jehovah upon the Romans, therefore he could not be the true Deliverer ; and what would the Pharisees say if they heard that his name had been mentioned at the table of the Passover ?

While the guests disputed in this manner, Rachel asked her mother to stoop down and listen to her.

'Do you remember,' asked Rachel, 'the holy man who stood on the rock in the wilderness, and told us about the Deliverer coming ?'

Rachel's mother smiled at the idea that she could forget John, who would not be persuaded to come and stay in their house, but remained in the wilderness, nourishing himself with the wild honey that he found in the hollow trees, and sheltering himself in the caves of the rock, that he might be found by all those who came out to hear him tell of the Deliverer that should appear.

'If he would have staid with us,' said Rachel, 'he might have told us more of the Deliverer, and then we should have known whether this man he.

Not so,' replied one of the guests ; 'for John himself did not know what to think of this man. I saw some of his followers go to this Jesus, and ask him whether he was the Messiah that should come, or whether they should look for another.'

'And what did he say ?' asked the whole company.

'He had a crowd around him at the time, and had been curing some who were blind, and some who were sick. He

pointed to them, and bade John's friends tell him what had been done—how the people were cured.'

'And did he say any thing else?' asked Rachel in a low voice.

'He said something about those being blessed who should not be offended by what he did.'

'He would not have people be disappointed because he would not let himself be made a king,' whispered Rachel to her brother.

They asked as many questions as they dared about the poor people whom this Jesus had cured; but the guests seemed to think so meanly of him because he was himself poor, that the children were afraid to ask any further. It did seem strange that the Messiah of God should not have where to lay his head, but their father seemed to think that this meanness was only for a time and that he would appear in all the greatest splendor at last.

'What did you dream about, last night, Elec?' inquired Rachel the next morning.

'I dreamed about the Deliverer.'

'So did I. I dreamed that he came to see us.' 'To see us! O Rachel!'

'Well, it was only a dream, you know:—that he came to see us; and that he stood on the rock where the holy John

used to stand, and that he was just going to speak, when the baby cried in my arms, and my mother sent me into the house with her, and so I did not hear one word that he said.'

'And I,' said Elec, 'dreamed that he made my father a great captain; and that I wanted to go to war too; and begged and begged, but he did not seem to hear me. And then I was so ashamed that I awoke.'

The more the children heard of Jesus, the more they talked, and the more they dreamed of him, till Rachel's dream first seemed likely to come true. It was reported that he had left Galilee; some said he was gone to Jerusalem; others that he was coming down to Jordan. The next day Elec came running in to say that the Teacher was sitting under the same willow where Rachel and the baby had been this very morning, and that some of his followers were baptizing in the river.

Rachel quite lost her breath as she heard this. 'Is he sitting alone under the tree?'

'Yes; there is nobody very near him.—Come and see.'

'I dare not,' said Rachel. 'Wait till there are more people about him.'

Elec thought this was foolish, that the great Teacher would take notice of little children like them. So Rachel took her little brother's hand, and went out.

Already the people were resorting to the river bank, as they did to every place where Jesus was known to be. Some were crossing the ford, having come from Jerusalem ; others followed by the road by which the Teacher had come, and the inhabitants of all the dwellings were poured out of their houses. The number increased so fast that the children heard several persons say, that Jesus had baptized more disciples than John. Jesus, however, did not himself baptize, but his disciples. Several of his followers were now thus engaged on the bank of the river, while others lay in the shade, talking with one another. The children stopped to listen to this talk, hoping to hear something of the Teacher before venturing to approach nearer to him. The disciples were speaking of him—of the great power he had, and of the certainty that all who had seen him would be ready to follow him whenever he should set up his kingdom. They then talked about the power he would give to them ; how one should be the keeper of his wealth, and another be his confidential adviser, and another the governor of the Roman provinces which he should conquer. Thus far, they seemed all agreed ; but presently it appeared that two or three wanted the same office, and that they could not agree as to which should be the great-est in the new kingdom. They grew eager and spoke loud, and Rachel squeezed her little brother's hand when she saw the Teacher turn his head and gaze upon them. Just then the children saw their mother coming with their little sister in her arms. Some other neighbors were with her, each mother carrying her infant. Rachel bounded towards her mother as she generally did when the baby was in her arms ; but her mother bade her not play with the infant now. She was going to beseech the Teacher to lay his blessing on the child. The disciples heard this, and told her she must draw back ; that the Master came to be a Prince and a Deliverer, and that he had to do with men, not with infants.

On hearing this, the children stepped back behind the tree near which they were standing, while their mother stood, unwilling to retire, but hesitating to go forward. Rachel thought that she should not like to meet such a look as the Teacher cast upon his disciples when he came up to them, and said that these little children were not to be forbidden to come to him. He was much displeased. But he smiled upon their mother, and took their little sister in his arms, and laid his hands upon her head and blessed her. When Rachel saw how the infant looked up into his face,

and stretched forth its little hands, she longed to go and take hold of the skirt of his garment, and ask him why he loved a helpless little baby like the one he held. How her heart beat when she saw the Teacher look towards her, and hold out his hand to Elec, and lead him into the midst of those who had been disputing, and tell them that no one could enter his kingdom who would not receive him as this child ! When Rachel saw how her brother looked up in the Teacher's face, forgetting all about the throne and the army, longing to hear more from him, and still clinging to his hand, she did think that even some little children might possibly learn more of what he thought and felt and taught, than some who would not listen because he did not preach exactly as they had expected, and others who grew impatient for his giving them riches and glory.

‘ He means you as well as me, Rachel,’ said Elec, when the teacher was departing and the children stood on the brink to watch him as he crossed the stream, and entered a house on the other side.

‘ He means all of us chil-

dren, I think,’ said Rachel. ‘ But how glad you must be Elec, that he took your hand, and spoke so of you, and looked so at you ; I wish he would come back. But we shall always remember what he said.’

• I dare say, my dear children, that we have all thought how glad the child must have been to be noticed by Jesus as he was ; and that we believe, as Rachel and Elec did, that what Jesus said was meant of all children ; all who wish to hear what he intends for us, instead of having notions of our own. There are too many of us who would like to follow Jesus if we might only dislike our neighbor, or be idle, or long for money or praise, and so on. But this is not receiving Jesus as that little child did. We must listen earnestly for all that he has to teach us, whatever it may be ; and endeavor diligently to do all that he bids us to do, however hard it may seem. We all wish, I dare say, like those children, that Jesus would come back to us ; but, till we can see him, we can comfort ourselves as they did, with always remembering what he said.

‘ He means all of us chil-

LITERARY NOTICES.

MEANS WITHOUT LIVING. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837. 18mo. pp. 72.

The author of this new experiment in living, has directed his powers of ridicule, which are not small, against what he, in common with many others, considers the ultraism of some recent publications and lectures on the 'Science of Human Life,' and on 'Living on small Means,' not forgetting, in passing, to pay his respects to the professors of Animal Magnetism.

Although ridicule is in no sense a test of truth, it sometimes leads to its discovery, by drawing attention to the validity of those conclusions which may have been adopted with too little consideration. Such a use, we believe, may be made of this book, which, should it not convince its readers, can scarcely fail to amuse them. We believe, however, that it may do more, and that the agitation of such subjects may lead to a more general adoption of rational views, and of corresponding practice, in regard to many subjects which are of great importance to the prosperity of families, and consequently to that of society.

THE FIRST PART OF JACOBS AND DÜRING'S LATIN READER; adapted to Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar. By Prof. E. A. Andrews. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1837. 12mo. pp. 266.

This edition has two peculiarities, independently of its very superior typographical execution. The first is, that the notes, which are numerous, and which are believed to be sufficient to explain all the difficult idioms which occur in the work, consist, with scarcely an exception, of references to the grammar. By this means the student, instead of being directly helped, is put in a way to help himself. The second peculiarity consists in a greatly improved dictionary, which is now strictly adapted to the work.

FIRST LESSONS IN LATIN: or an Introduction to Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar. By Prof. E. A. Andrews. Boston: Crocker & Brewster. 1837. 18mo. pp. 210.

The first part of this small work consists of a compendious grammar, which, concise as it is, is still sufficient to explain all the more common and prominent peculiarities of the language; the second part comprises a selection of reading lessons and grammatical exercises sufficient, if faithfully studied, to render one in a great degree master of the essential idioms of the Latin language. To facilitate the progress of the student, the inflected words are carefully divided and accented, and the work is furnished with a dictionary comprising all the words which occur in the lessons.

THE LADIES' WREATH. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon. 1837. 12mo. pp. 408.

This volume consists of extracts from the writings of some of the most dis-

tinguished female poets of this country and of Great Britain, with a short biographical notice of each of the authors from whom the selections are made. The task of editing such a work could scarcely have fallen into better hands than those of Mrs. Hale, herself a poetess and a critic of equal taste and judgment. The selections are accordingly such as cannot fail to satisfy the most ardent admirers of the fair authors from whose writings they have been taken, and the biographical notices are precisely such as one poetess should write of another, sensible, discriminating, and kind.

To write her own memoir, in such a connection, and for such a purpose, was at once a difficult and a delicate task, but Mrs. Hale has accomplished it in a very satisfactory manner, and her sketch of her own life is one of the most instructive which she has written. It evinces in a very striking manner how much may be accomplished, even in the most trying circumstances, by a virtuous mind eagerly bent upon its own improvement.

No one who shall read the few extracts from the writings of Mrs. Hale contained in this volume, will question her right to be ranked among our best poets. We cordially recommend this work as a valuable addition to every young lady's library, and a very proper class-book in female seminaries.

THE NAZARITE ; or the letter and spirit of the Bible on the use of Wine. By an Abstinence Man. Boston : Whipple & Daurell. 1837. 18mo. pp. 36.

It is not one of the least remarkable characteristics of the Bible, that customs and practices, now believed to be pernicious and sinful, are frequently spoken of in its pages with no evident marks of disapprobation. The principles, according to which such practices are to be tried, are indeed exhibited with great clearness, but their application, even to cases then existing, is often left to the discernment of those who should, in subsequent ages, read the volume of inspiration.

Who, for instance, in modern times, does not, in the light of history, perceive the suffering and sin which were the consequence of the almost universal customs of polygamy and divorce? The youngest student in political economy, no less than the professor of ethics, is able to demonstrate that these customs were contrary to the intention of nature, and that their effects both upon the happiness of the parties concerned, and upon the right education of their offspring, were equally disastrous. Yet these practices continued for ages, and that too in the view of prophets and priests, during all which time no one, so far as we know, raised his voice expressly against them ; nay, the canon of scripture was even brought to its final consummation, and still polygamy had not been directly pronounced, by the voice of inspiration, a sin against nature and against God. Yet, in the midst of this silence, principles were gradually unfolded, which, by their influence, sapped the foundation of these vicious customs, and caused them to be in a great measure abandoned even before the coming of the Messiah.

In like manner cruelty and oppression are every where denounced, and the

law of kindness is inculcated, and yet in the midst of God's own people, as well as in the nations among whom they sometimes lived in captivity, slavery, with all its wide spread and desolating evils, prevailed openly and without rebuke. The spirit of our Savior's golden rule is the spirit of God's entire revelation to man, in all which concerns his treatment of his fellow man, and still the last surviving apostle is gathered to the long succession of prophets and teachers, while slavery remains exempt from all direct denunciation, and subject, like polygamy, to be drawn in question only by a comparison of its nature and effects with the general spirit of natural and revealed religion.

One of the most memorable instances of the kind we are alluding to is the silence of the scriptures on the moral nature of war. In every age it has been a principal source of misery and crime, and that in every nation, whether savage or civilized, pagan or christian. The history of mankind is a history of their wars, and this is scarcely less true of sacred than profane history. Yet what prophet was ever commissioned to pronounce the wrath of God against those who engage in war? The slightest acquaintance with the spirit of the Bible shows that it is the spirit of peace; but the application of the principle is left to the understandings and consciences of men, enlightened by the general influence of revelation.

Other remarkable cases of the same nature might be adduced, but we will mention only one—the use of wine and other intoxicating liquors. This is, in some respects, even more remarkable than any of the preceding, since their use seems to be more directly countenanced by the Savior himself, than any of the other practices to which we have alluded. Against the intemperate use of wine the scriptures are clear and explicit; but they seem everywhere to recognize a use of it, against which they direct no censure. In such use of it holy men participated with thankfulness, and the Savior of men performed his first miracle to increase the supply of what was deemed requisite on an occasion of joy and festivity. It is true that from age to age there appeared men, who, probably in view of the danger attending the free use of wine, prudently determined wholly to abstain from its use, but no special commendation is given them on account of their abstinence. John Baptist came eating no ordinary food and drinking no wine, but the Savior, it is evident, in both respects conformed to the customs of the society in which he lived, and for so doing was called a wine bibber by those whom no course of life in holy men could please. What then shall we say of the example of the Savior? Was his conduct in furnishing wine, and in making use of it himself, sinful? God forbid. Was it such as we are bound to imitate? No one probably will contend that in this respect his example is authoritative upon us. Should any one claim that it is, we would ask, whether we are bound also to use the same dress and the same food as he did? If not, what is the ground of distinction in the two cases? Are we, in a word, to suppose, that in regard to dietetics, our Savior intended to leave us a perfect example? No one can doubt that he was able to determine, conclusively, all the disputed questions respecting the proper kind and quan-

tity of food requisite to insure the most perfect health and the longest life. Are we then to believe that his practice was, in every respect, in accordance with his perfect knowledge, and that a faithful and minute history of his personal habits would serve as a complete solution of all the present questions in regard to diet and regimen? We are not indeed quite sure, that in offering these queries, we may not unintentionally suggest to some perfectionist in these matters, a new form of extravagance; and that such may be induced to form a new scheme of diet consisting only of articles found in Palestine.

To us it is clear, that the effects of meats and drinks upon the human system and upon human happiness, is left to be determined by man, through the cautious induction of experience. Whether such induction will determine that pure wine, in every quantity, and in all cases, is injurious to the human constitution, it would, in our view, be premature to decide. In this we are aware our perceptions are lagging far behind those of some of our more mercurial contemporaries, but we trust our practice is the same as theirs. Personal experience, so far as we can rely upon our own, is decidedly adverse to the smallest use of alcoholic liquors of all kinds, and it is our prevailing belief that such is likely to be the result of a faithful experiment in all cases.

From the preceding remarks, it will be evident to our readers, that we have little confidence in the argument attempted to be drawn from the scriptures, either for or against the use of wine, except in so far as such argument rests upon the general morality of the Bible.

The tract, whose title stands at the head of this article, purports to be an analysis of the instructions of the bible in relation to the use of wine. The reader, however, will find in it more of direct and earnest argumentation than properly belongs to mere analysis, and though something may by this means be gained in present effect, it tends in some degree to put us upon our guard respecting its conclusions. Although the work is in general satisfactory, some of the alleged scriptural facts appeared to us too uncertain to serve as the basis of argument. Such, for example, is the assumed position that the antediluvians made no use of wine. We confess, we should rather have inferred the contrary from the scriptures. Several of the instances cited as the 'disastrous consequences of drinking,' seem scarcely chargeable to that cause, such as the fall of the house upon Job's sons, while they were drinking wine, and Haman's conspiracy against the Jews. We had always supposed that the Rechabites had received a special blessing on account of their filial piety in obeying the command of Jonadab the son of Rechab, but in this essay we find the blessing attributed to their abstinence from wine. It is contended again, that the phrase occurring in the epistles to Timothy and Titus 'not given to wine' implies that a bishop must practice total abstinence. The argument adduced in support of this conclusion, can scarcely be considered sufficient to set aside the meaning of the term as derived from its etymology and its use in profane authors. We have not room for farther remarks of this nature, and choose rather to present to our readers the following interesting passage which forms the conclusion of the essay.

'I have hardly alluded to the usual argument to enforce these principles, derived from the detail of facts ; but have stood upon the defensive, as if attacked in the citadel. I cannot close, however, without a single remark of this description. I know a family, in which, by a long course of moderate drinking, the husband, a father of nine children, and his oldest son, became intemperate. For many years, their house was a scene of perpetual anguish ; not the tears or prayers, or heart broken entreaties of a pious wife and mother could prevail to induce reformation. The usual consequences, poverty and debt, ensued. All the personal property was put under the hammer ; but could not reach the bottom of the everlasting list of gills and glasses. At length, after many years, a purpose of amendment was formed, and a certain allowance fixed upon : this, for awhile, produced relief, but the appetite remained and was pampered, and the safeguards were fast giving away, when the total abstinence principle was developed, and they were both effectually rescued.

'Let me not be told, that "this is a story!" *That husband was my FATHER,—that son is my own brother!* That weeping, disconsolate, heart broken wife was my mother. The scenes of my childhood must be blotted from my memory, before I can abjure total abstinence. I remember the sighs and tears of her who rocked my cradle in sorrow, and hid me many a time from an intoxicated father. I remember her feeble frame, bent down with constant grief. And I remember when the angel of mercy came. It was too late to save her. The arrow stuck fast in her heart : but she saw it, and with holy triumph exclaimed, as she died, "Lord, I am ready, I have seen my desire,—my husband and son are saved." It is but a few months since I was called to witness in the same little room, and upon the same couch, the blessed exit of that reformed husband. From the commencement of the reformation, when he united with eight others, in the temperance pledge, he had never tasted of liquor. By his example and influence, others had been rescued with him ; and with transport he bid adieu to the world. That little homestead is now owned and cultivated by the son, who was lost and is found, was dead and is alive again.

'How can I listen, then, to expressions of reproach upon abstinence ? I feel as if it were tearing open again the wounds so long healed. And I bless God, at the recollection, that there are *ten thousand* broken hearts, as precious as my mother's, rejoicing in the same blessed consolation ; and *ten thousand* husbands and sons restored to reason and happiness. May those who oppose this influence, carry with them the recollection, "you would restore desolation and death to these emancipated spirits, and write *despair* on the five hundred thousand that are still held in bondage !"

THE YOUNG MAN'S AID TO KNOWLEDGE, VIRTUE AND HAPPINESS.
By Rev. Hubbard Winslow, Pastor of Bowdoin Street Church, Boston : D. K. Hitchcock. 1837. 12mo. pp. 408.

It is a distinctive feature in the literature of the present day, that a very large portion of it is intended for the especial benefit of the young. It seems at length to be well understood that it is easier to bend twigs than trees, and that the former are also much more disposed to stay bent than the latter. A conviction of this truth is by no means a new thing under the sun. It was doubtless well understood, long before the days of Solomon, that to train a child in right ways, afforded the best security that his manhood would be found in the same paths, yet it was left to his unrivalled wisdom to express the sentiment in that beautiful form which has rendered it a favorite apothegm in every succeeding age. But though the principle to which we have alluded, has

been in every age distinctly recognized, it seems to have been reserved for the present day to act in some good degree in accordance with its dictates. The infidel who would corrupt, and the christian who would purify and exalt the human character, alike direct their efforts to secure the confidence and to mould the minds of the young. The missionary, after years spent almost fruitlessly in endeavoring to enlighten and rectify the minds and affections of those who have come to maturity amidst the moral darkness and perverting influence of paganism, has at length placed his principal confidence of success in training to rectitude the offspring of the crooked and perverse generation among whom he dwells.

Such is the perverse ingenuity of mankind, that they will ever attempt to do even right things in wrong ways, and it is to be expected that the principle of which we are speaking, will come in for its full share of perversion. We believe, however, that if those works, which are specially intended to promote the improvement of the young, be compared with those in other departments, they will be found to be as well adapted to their purpose, as those of any other class. In not a few of those intended for Sabbath School libraries, there is doubtless much that is feeble in thought and childish in language, but there are many others, which, both in matter and in style, are deserving of the highest commendation.

It affords gratifying evidence of the happy tendency of our free institutions, to observe that so large a portion of the most valuable books, intended for the use of children and youth, have been written by Americans. This is equally true in each of the two great departments of literary and moral education. Most of the school books used in this country, were written by American authors, and they have been adopted on account of their superiority to foreign works of the same class. In like manner our Sabbath School libraries contain a very large proportion of American works, and these are in general read with more avidity than foreign publications of the same class. Among the publications intended for the use of young men and young women, when just entering upon the stage of life, there are many British works of great excellence—works which are read with as much pleasure in this country as in their native land : but, even in this department, we have authors of our own, who are more read on both sides of the water than are any of those belonging to the mother country. It is sufficient to name in this class the writings of the Messrs. Abbots, which are not less highly appreciated on the eastern than on the western shores of the Atlantic.

In the same class we may confidently predict, will be found the work whose title stands at the head of this article,—a work which might with strict propriety be styled ‘*The Young Man’s Vade Mecum*,’ or his ‘*Perpetual Counselor*.’ Within the limits of a moderate duodecimo, are compressed most of those directions which every wise parent would wish that his son might carry with him when leaving the paternal roof, but which few parents would be able to give in a form so impressive as that in which they are here presented. The

author well understands the dangers to which young men are everywhere exposed, and especially in cities, and he has suited his cautions to those perils. He is also fully impressed with the principle that the very best device to prevent the bushel from being filled with chaff, is to keep it filled with wheat. Accordingly his directions are not merely 'avoid evil,' but also 'do good;' not merely 'waste not your time and energies in sloth and dissipation,' but 'exert all your powers in the rational pursuit of knowledge and virtue.' We anticipate for this work the most extensive circulation, for there are no young men who may not be greatly benefited by its perusal, and those who feel a special interest in their welfare, can scarcely do them so essential a service as by putting this volume into their hands.

AN ADDRESS ON TEMPERANCE. BY WILLIAM E. CHANNING. Delivered by request of the Council of the Massachusetts Temperance Society, at the Odeon, Boston, February 28, 1837, the day appointed for the simultaneous meeting of the Friends of Temperance throughout the world. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837. Svo. pp. 119.

It would be quite superfluous for us to recommend this address of the Rev. Dr. Channing to the attention of our readers. They need but to know that such a production has issued from the press, and all to whom it shall be accessible will be eager to peruse it. It is sufficient for us to say that it seems to us every way worthy of the high reputation of its eloquent author. It would be easy to quote from the address passages of great interest, but we choose rather to present our readers with the following extract from a note, in which the author lays before the public an extract from the will of the late John Lowell, Jr. who has bequeathed to the city of Boston about \$225,000 "for the purpose of securing the means of liberal instruction to this city."

"This bequest," to use the language of the testator, "is for the maintenance and support of public lectures to be delivered in said Boston, upon Philosophy, Natural History, the Arts and Sciences, or any of them as the said trustee, or his successor in said trust, shall from time to time deem expedient for the promotion of the moral, intellectual and physical instruction or education of the citizens of the said city of Boston; giving to the trustee or trustees, for the time being, full power and authority to prescribe such terms or regulations for the admission to the said lectures, as they may think expedient to the public good. The said trustee or trustees being in all respects governed by any directions I may leave in writing."

The directions on the subject of the lectures are as follows:

"1st. In relation to the subjects.

"As the most entire and most important part of true Philosophy appears to me to be that, which shows the connection between God's revelation and the knowledge of good and evil implanted by Him in our nature; I wish a course of lectures to be given on natural religion, showing its conformity to that of our Saviour. For the more perfect demonstration of those moral and religious precepts, by which alone, as I believe, men can be sure of happiness in this world and in that to come, I wish a course of lectures to be delivered on the historical and internal evidences in favor of Christianity. * * I wish all disputed points of faith and ceremony to be avoided, and the attention of the lecturers to be directed to the moral doctrines of the gospel, stating their opini-

ions if they will, but not engaging in controversy, even on the subject of the penalties of disobedience.

"As the prosperity of my native land, New-England, which is sterile and unproductive, must depend hereafter, as it has heretofore depended, first, on the moral qualities, and secondly, on the intelligence and information of its inhabitants ; I am desirous of trying to contribute towards this second object also ; and I wish courses of lectures to be delivered on physics and chemistry with their application to the arts, also on botany, zoology and mineralogy connected with their particular utility to man.

"After the establishment of these courses of lectures, should disposable funds remain, or in process of time be accumulated in the hands of the trustee, (for there is a provision in my will touching a gradual accumulation of said funds,) then the trustee may appoint courses of lectures to be delivered on the literature and eloquence of our language and even on those of foreign nations, if he see fit ; he may also from time to time establish lectures on any subject that in his opinion the wants and taste of the age may demand. * *

"2d. On the appointment and duties of lecturers.

"As infidel opinions appear to me injurious to society, and easily to insinuate themselves into a man's dissertations on any subject, however remote it may be from the subject of religion ; no man ought to be appointed a lecturer who is not willing to declare and who does not previously declare his belief in the Divine Revelation of the Old and New Testaments, leaving the interpretation thereof to his own conscience.

"A lecturer may be taken on trial ; but no one shall be appointed for a longer time than four years ; nor from sentiments of delicacy ought his appointment to be renewed when he becomes incapable or superannuated.

"Each lecturer ought to deliver two courses of lectures on the subject for which he is appointed, one popular, to be delivered three times a week, at an hour convenient to the public, between the beginning of November and that of May ; the latter more abstruse, recondite and particular, to be delivered more frequently and at such times as may suit the convenience of those whose wish it is thoroughly to examine and understand the subject of the lecture. Every lecturer, for whatever time appointed, shall be liable to be removed by the trustee for incapacity, neglect or omitting to perform his engagement.

"The trustee shall prescribe such rules touching the time, place and mode of delivering the various courses of lectures as he thinks fit, and may change them at his discretion. He shall require of every person attending the lectures to be neatly dressed and of an orderly behaviour. The popular courses, always, and the others when practicable, are designed for females as well as males.

"It will of course be understood that by any direction on the subject of infidel ideas in the former part of this article, I am far from wishing to express or encourage an intolerant spirit. I wish to do neither ; but holding certain opinions that I believe beneficial to society, I am desirous of promoting them, and I leave all judgment to God, who alone discerns the right at all times."

TO CORRESPONDENTS. In reply to the inquiries of a highly respected correspondent, we are happy to state, that in the review in the last number, of a pamphlet relating to the Mount Holyoke Institution, no allusion was intended to the principal of the Ipswich Seminary, towards whom the reviewer entertained no other sentiments than those of respect and esteem. In attempting to point out faults, without naming persons, the impression was undesignedly made, that such faults were charged upon the principal of the only existing school which happened to be named.

For a thousand Tongues to Sing.

AS SUNG BY THE INDIANS OF THE UPPER CANADA MISSION.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It features a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with the bass clef providing harmonic support. The lyrics are written below the staff, with some words appearing above the staff for emphasis. The score includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are: 'O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeem-er's praise! The glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace! The triumphs of his grace.'

My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

Jesus!—the Name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinners ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

He speaks—and listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosen'd tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come,
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

Vol. I.]

JUNE, 1837.

[No. VI.]

SABBATH SCHOOL RESULTS.

By the Secretary of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society.
Boston : Depository No. 13 Cornhill. 1837. 18mo. pp. 304.

FEW things are more difficult than to determine to which of a variety of moral causes, operating simultaneously upon the same persons, particular results are to be attributed. To this fact may in a great degree be ascribed the different views entertained even by zealous christians in regard to the comparative importance of means employed for the conversion and sanctification of men. Each has witnessed important results following certain measures, and has failed to reflect that other means operating at the same time, may have had an important share in producing the effect. Hence some are prone to ascribe almost every conversion to attendance upon the public worship of the Sabbath, others, to social prayer meetings, others still, to personal conversation, to the inculcation of particular doctrines, to protracted meetings, to prayer for individuals, to Sabbath school instruction, to reading the scriptures, or to secret prayer. In many cases of conversion occurring in the bosom of a christian community it is not improbable that all these, and perhaps still more causes were combined. The error then, to which we allude, consists, not in ascribing a given result to a cause which had no influence in producing it, but in losing sight of other agencies which were combined with it in producing the effect, or which might have been employed with similar results. It is perhaps impossible, with our present very limited faculties, to avoid en-

tirely the error of which we are now speaking. When, from any cause, our attention has been turned almost exclusively to one of a number of combined agencies, it is scarcely possible for us not to overrate its comparative importance, and especially if this agency was known to have been in operation at a time immediately antecedent to the event. A vessel may have been filled to the very brim by the gradual and successive accumulation of thousands and millions of single drops, and the liquor may have at length stood above its margin like a crown, until the last particle has been received which the combined attractions will enable the mass of fluid to sustain, when, by the addition of another drop, the crown bursts and all the super-incumbent liquid is, at once, discharged. In such case who shall determine the comparative importance of the successive drops, when each was essential to the ultimate result ?

There is still another source of fallacy in forming our estimates upon this subject. An old system of operations is set aside, a new one takes its place, and the entire amount of effect produced by the latter is claimed for the improved process. A power press is introduced, and the old hand presses are all laid aside. Soon the inventor of the improved press discovers that all the bibles and tracts are printed by his new press, and congratulates himself and the public upon an invention, without which they would have had neither bibles nor tracts.

In estimating the results of Sabbath Schools, we are probably liable to be somewhat misled by both the fallacies to which we have alluded. A large proportion of the members of Sabbath Schools, in this country, are subject to many other kinds of religious influence. They generally belong to religious families, or at least to such as fully recognize the importance of personal religion. Independently of their connection with the Sabbath School, they are, in general, trained to a religious observance of the Sabbath. Most of them read the scriptures, or hear them read in the families with which they are connected, and many also enjoy the benefit of personal conversation with religious friends, and of all the other ordinary means of grace. When such children become pious, who shall assign to each of the influences under which they were placed, its appropriate share in the happy result, and who shall determine how far the same result might have been expected under that system of religious training, which had been adopted antecedently to the introduction of Sabbath Schools ? One thing, at

least is evident ; we cannot, in view of all these means, operating continually upon the hearts and lives of thousands of children in christian communities, ascribe their ultimate conversion exclusively to any one cause.

There is one aspect of this subject which might seem, at first view, to afford the means of ascertaining, with some degree of precision, the relative importance of Sabbath Schools, and of the other means employed for the conversion of children, and for their progressive sanctification. On the supposition that other religious influences continued the same as in former times, we might enquire what proportion of the whole christian community now become pious, in comparison with what was usual when Sabbath Schools were unknown. Had we, however, the means of determining this question, it is obvious that we should have made no considerable progress in ascertaining the precise value of the system of Sabbath School instruction. The truth is, other means and influences do not continue the same as they were formerly. It is feared that in many cases, parents have become less faithful in instructing their children, and have learned to rely too much upon the agency of the Sabbath School. In other cases, it is probable, their zeal and activity have been quickened by the reflection, that they possess in the school so efficient an auxiliary to their labors. In many respects the influences operating upon each successive generation are essentially different from those which affected the generations preceding them. Who can calculate the effect of the more general study of biblical interpretation in the theological schools of the present day ? Who can estimate the influence of a different style of public instruction from that which was common, twenty years since ? How numerous and extensive have been the effects of modern efforts to promote the great objects of christian benevolence, and how vain would be the attempt to determine the precise effect of protracted meetings, of meetings for religious enquiry and conversation, of maternal associations, of religious newspapers and of other religious periodicals ! On the other hand who can tell the counteracting influence of fierce political and ecclesiastical contentions, and of the general diffusion of that form of infidel opinions, which is most directly connected with profligacy of manners ?

For such reasons, it seems quite impossible to determine the comparative or even the positive effect of the system of influences connected with Sabbath Schools. They are no longer

peculiar to a few religious sects, but have been resorted to by almost every denomination of christians, and, as a natural consequence, error, in many forms, is now disseminated as diligently as truth. But though we cannot ascertain the precise amount of good effected by Sabbath Schools, we know that when well conducted they must produce results of incalculable value. They do not, in fact, propose to introduce a new system of means, but only a more efficient mode of applying such as are old and approved. They propose to try upon the hearts of the young the efficacy of the word of God, of religious conversation, and of prayer ; and who can doubt that these are means of God's appointment ?

It has often occurred to us, that the reports, made by the teachers and superintendents of Sabbath Schools, were much less interesting than might reasonably have been expected, considering the subjects upon which they treat. This, if it be indeed a fact, may probably be attributed in part to their conciseness and to the statistical form in which it is thought necessary to exhibit them. Something also is doubtless to be attributed to the fact that a large part of such reports are drawn up by persons who are engaged in active pursuits, and who have had little experience in influencing the public through the medium of the press.

As a consequence of these defective primary reports, the annual reports of the various Sabbath School Societies, deriving their details from these sources, and also the Sabbath School periodicals, are read we believe with comparatively little interest, especially by the more intelligent classes. We have been confirmed in our general view of this subject by the perusal of the volume whose title we have copied at the head of this article. No man in our country is better acquainted with the whole system of Sabbath Schools than is the respected author of this volume ; no one it is probable, is furnished with a richer variety of materials upon this subject, than are in his possession ; and certainly no one is more capable of presenting such results in the most attractive manner. Yet with all these advantages, we strongly suspect that this volume of '*Results*' will deeply interest but few excepting those who are personally engaged in instructing Sabbath Schools.

Many of the facts contained in the Sabbath School reports, and consequently in a work like this, compiled from them, have no necessary relation to the school ; their connection with it is merely casual or incidental, and they might as

well be referred to any other circumstance in the lives of the children as to their attendance upon the Sabbath School. We quote, for the purpose of illustrating our meaning, the following articles, which follow each other in the work, in the order in which we have here presented them. They were taken at random from the first place at which we chanced to open the book.

‘A member of ——— street Sabbath school, who was at school on the Sabbath, was drowned the next day.

‘Another member of the same school, a lovely girl, nine years of age, who was dressed for school on the Sabbath, sickened and died in three days. She had, for some time, manifested an increasing interest in her lessons, and her teacher indulges the pleasing hope, that this lovely child had given her heart to the Savior, and was prepared to be received to his bosom.

‘Three scholars, connected with ——— street Sabbath school, one four, another six, and another seven years of age, died in one year. They all died very suddenly,—one after an illness of but a few hours. He was playing on Saturday, and was buried on the Sabbath.

‘Two scholars, connected with ——— Sabbath school, were called suddenly into eternity. One was a little boy, five years old, who attended school but a few Sabbaths. The other was a lovely and interesting boy of twelve. When a committee visited the school, he was noticed to be early in his class, and to answer the questions proposed by the committee, very readily, and with much apparent interest. But *he never attended school again*. During the week he was taken sick, and in about two weeks he died.

‘A boy, seven years old, attended the Sabbath school the day preceding his death, and recited twenty verses of Scripture. The next day he was killed instantly, by the falling of a stone wall. His death was the means of awakening another scholar, who has since professed her faith in Christ.’

We are sorry that the useful and highly respectable society under whose direction this volume is published should countenance such specimens of the fine arts as are most of the cuts contained in this work, particularly those at pages 229 and 243. They oppress one’s imagination long after the book is laid aside, like the remembered images of disturbed and feverish sleep, or the spectral and unearthly visions of the nightmare. In the same proportion in which a well executed picture aids the ima-

gination and improves the taste, those of an opposite character obstruct the fancy and corrupt the taste of those who study them.

THE YOUNG MISSIONARY ;

Exemplified in the Life of Timothy. By William A. Alcott.
Boston : Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. 1837.
18mo. pp. 175.

THIS book contains a life of Timothy, consisting partly of those incidents respecting him which are found in the Acts of the Apostles and in the Epistles, partly of such imaginary facts in relation to him, as seemed to the writer to be naturally connected with the authentic history, and partly of descriptions of manners, scenery, and other particulars, serving to illustrate the scriptural narrative. Works of this class bear to scripture history the same relation that historical novels and plays bear to profane history. In both, authentic facts give an interest, and lend a degree of probability to the fictions with which they are connected, and in both, the splendor of fiction may give additional attractions to the authentic narrative. There is, moreover, in both cases, no inconsiderable danger, that what is real and what is imaginary may become indissolubly united in the mind of the reader, so that fiction may be remembered as veritable history, and the fancies of men may be looked upon as a revelation from God.

So far as we can perceive, there is little danger that illustrations of sacred history, drawn from the acknowledged customs of the age and country in which the events occurred, or from the climate, the productions or the geographical peculiarities of the countries which were the scene of those events, will essentially mislead the reader. On the contrary, a vivid conception of these peculiarities is necessary, that we may receive a full impression from the narrative. If the reader is at a loss for an illustration of what is here intended, he is referred to Miss Martineau's beautiful story of 'The Children who lived by the Jordan.' He will perceive that the principal charm of that story is derived from the vivid impression which it continually makes respecting the manners, customs, and scenery of Palestine in the days of the Savior.

In regard to the propriety of connecting fictitious incidents

with the lives of persons whose names are recorded in history, and particularly with the lives of those whose biographies have been sketched by the Holy Spirit, we confess we have many doubts. Every recorded incident whether real or fictitious, is destined to influence powerfully the mind of the reader. Is there not then great danger that we shall, in this way, inadvertently, and unintentionally, but yet really, add to the word of God, by uniting our own fancies undissolubly to the instructions which the sacred biographies are fitted to impart ?

What child, for example, who shall read this book with attention, will not ever after think of Timothy, as of one who probably suffered permanently in his health by the mistaken tenderness of his mother and grandmother, who, it is supposed, may have brought him up without sufficient regard to sound principles in relation to diet and regimen ? We greatly doubt whether we have a right to produce such associations in the minds of any who read the Scriptures, but especially in those of children.

These remarks, we are aware, are applicable to many other works besides the one before us, and we make them with the more diffidence on that account ; but, on the other hand, if they are well founded, the number of cases to which they apply will not be considered an objection to them. Truth, absolute truth, should be our constant aim, and whatever tends to produce a false impression is evil. This is not however in our view a decisive objection to every work of fiction. It is an objection to the mingling of truth and falsehood in such a manner, that they become associated in the mind. Truth may be promoted by a narrative whose facts are wholly and professedly fictitious, provided all its incidents are such, as must from the nature of things, result from the circumstances supposed. Such is the truth of parables, fables, and moral fictions, when formed according to the moral laws of the universe. In such case even a child is not stumbled by the falsehood of the supposed facts, and readily learns to look away from these to the moral truth which results from the circumstances supposed. In this view there is, doubtless, much more truth in many works of fiction, than in others which are dignified with the name of history. In the former, the circumstances supposed had no reality, but the results will forever be true in cases similar to those which were supposed ; in the latter, results are ascribed to causes from which they cannot follow, without a violation of the laws of the moral world.

It may be remarked in conclusion, that the author of the work now before us, whose labors in the cause of religious as well as of intellectual education, are deserving of the highest commendation, has done all in his power to prevent erroneous impressions arising from the union of what is real and what is imaginary in his narrative, by pointing out carefully to his readers what facts are derived from the scriptures and what are the offspring of his own fancy.

'O THOU WHO DRI'ST THE MOURNER'S TEAR.'

'O THOU who dri'st the mourner's tear,'
And giv'st the weary rest ;
O condescend to hear my prayer,
And soothe this troubled breast.

O could I feel, as once I felt,
When to thy house I came,
And there before thine altar knelt,
And vowed a Savior's name ;

Earth then would have no charm for me,
And all so fleeting seem,
That I should sigh to be with thee,
And on thy bosom lean.

O thou who dri'st the mourner's tear,
And giv'st the weary rest ;
Then condescend to hear my prayer,
And soothe this troubled breast.

EARLY HABITS.

IN our last number we gave a brief notice of a recent work of the Rev. Mr. Winslow of this city, entitled the *YOUNG MAN'S AID*. With the permission of the author we now present our readers with the following chapter.

THE power of confirmed habit is almost invincible. It is a 'strong man armed.' So the weeping prophet considered it, when lamenting over a people that had grown old in iniquity. He did not mean to declare it an absolute physical impossibility to change a natural habit, as it is for the Ethiopian to change his skin or the leopard his spots ; but by a strong expression,

in the language of poetry, to assert that it is extremely difficult, and is rarely done.

In the present chapter, I solicit attention to your early habits. We have considered knowledge as preparatory to the formation of principles ; and principles, as preparatory to the formation of character, or settled habits of conduct.

I. In regard to the importance of early habits, it is obvious to remark

1. That they are *those most easily formed*. Childhood and youth, like the pliant clay upon the potter's wheel are susceptible of being moulded with comparative ease, to various forms. Or to vary the illustration, if life be compared to a race, youth is the setting forth ; before an uncontrollable momentum is acquired, almost any course may be taken. Or if human life be compared to the growth of a tree, youth is the twig or the sapling, which may be easily bent in any direction.

2. Not only are early habits the easiest formed, but the *hardest to alter*. You can with much more ease change or abandon a habit formed at fifty, than one formed in youth. There is always through life a strong proneness to return to the habits first formed. They are the deepest, firmest, most natural, most unwilling to forsake you.

‘Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.’

‘Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old *he will not depart from it*.’ And for the same reason, train up a child in the way he should *not* go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Hence it is said of the man who has grown old in iniquity, ‘His bones are full of the sin of his youth, which shall lie down with him in the dust.’ It frequently happens that men who had formed vicious habits in youth, but had brought them into subjection during the strength of prosperous manhood, as trouble or age advances fall a prey to them again, and sink under them into an ignominious grave.

3. The habits early formed, will go far towards *determining the character of your society*. In this country, where there is no pedigree of rank, titles, wealth or nobility, it is left for every young man to decide for himself what his society shall be. The kind of society into which he is early introduced, will depend very much upon the habits which he early forms ; and in the kind of company with which he sets out, he is most likely to continue. It is very difficult and rare for a man to change his company. He almost never does it, unless from some

powerful religious impulse. One of the mightiest holds that Satan has upon his young friends, is through the influence of their companions. Hence the author of the inspired proverbs urges it, as one of the strongest inducements to early right habits, 'That thou mayest walk in the way of good men, and keep the paths of the righteous.' 'He that walketh with wise men shall be wise, but the companion of fools shall be destroyed.'

4. By the habits which you now form, you will *secure or forfeit the confidence and patronage of the community*. By far the greater proportion of young men, are destitute of large pecuniary means. They have no other capital than their character. This if it is good, is the best, but if bad it is the worst capital in the world. Most of those who have acquired wealth and risen to distinction in other respects, have done it without pecuniary capital to start with. They have accomplished it chiefly through the direct and indirect influence of the habits which they early formed ; and in no respect were their habits more important to them, than in the valuable confidence and support of the community which they secured.

Your success or final failure in business, must therefore depend very much upon your early-formed habits. In rising into successful business without capital, or from a small beginning, many trials must be encountered and many difficulties surmounted. If you do not readily succeed, you are in danger of becoming discouraged and of falling into the gulf of dissipation. But form right habits, persevere in them, so as to secure the sympathy and confidence of good men, and all the trials, difficulties, and disasters which befall your early efforts, will at length give way, and a plain path will open before you. Every young man owes to himself the duty which Paul enjoined on Timothy : 'Let no man despise thy youth.' It is the duty of every young man not to be despised. He ought so to conduct, as to secure the confidence and esteem of all who know him.

5. It is exceedingly probable that the habits which you form in youth, *will determine the future and everlasting condition of your soul*. They certainly will, if you die young ; and they most probably will, if you live to old age. When we consider how large a proportion of our race are cut down in youth, and of those who live to old age in sin, how few then abandon their sinful habits and form a character fit for Heaven, is it too strong to say, that the moral habits which you form in youth, will in all probability fix your character and condition for eternity ?

II. Let us then proceed to specify some of the most important habits to be early formed.

1. A habit of *proper subordination and respect towards all superiors in age or rank*, is of first importance. It is equally a law of nature, of civilized society, and of religion, which enjoins the duty ; and the young man who transgresses this law, must lay his account with a heavy rebuke from both God and man.

Insubordination to parental authority, and a want of grateful filial affection, is a sin of deep die ; and none is sooner or more certainly overtaken with judgment. ‘The eye that mocketh at its father, and despiseth to obey its mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.’ ‘He that curseth his father or his mother shall surely be put to death.’ ‘Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.’ There are scores of scriptures of similar import ; and does not all experience illustrate their truth ? Is it not a fact that insubordination, or misconduct in any form towards parents, is followed with a curse, even to the cutting short of life, and that filial piety is followed with a correspondent blessing ?

The same general principle holds respecting your conduct towards superiors. Public sentiment, if nothing else, will soon punish that youth who fails to form a habit of due respect towards parents, guardians, teachers, or any of his superiors in age, rank, authority, or intellectual and moral worth. On the other hand, to form and faithfully practice this habit, is one of the most effectual means of securing the universal confidence and esteem of mankind.

2. A habit of strict *temperance* in all things cannot be too early or too thoroughly formed. Read the history of Daniel, who rose from the condition of a poor captive boy, to an importance which caused the great monarch of Babylon to do him homage, and which finally made him the savior of his nation. Steadfastly refusing the luxuries of the king’s table and persisting in his simple diet of pulse and water, he grew in beauty of body, vigor of intellect, and purity of spirit, till he far surpassed, even in the king’s judgment, all those who feasted at the royal board. Young Franklin, by avoiding all stimulating meats and drinks and adhering to a strictly temperate style of living, and even fasting one day every week, soon surpassed in every noble quality his companions who were devoted to indulgence, and lived in the full vigor of his powers long after they were in their

graves. It is always a darkly ominous sign, for a man to be fond of what is called '*high living*.'

Vast numbers of our young men, and young women too, are becoming the subjects of debility and disease ; some are going rapidly towards the grave, and others gradually sinking into a state of physical prostration and depression of spirits ; some are almost destitute of mental energy, or strength of purpose ; others are in that state of intellectual and moral torpor, which renders them insensible to the high appeals of moral and religious truth ; thousands are destitute of that positive brightness and nerve of intellect, that buoyancy of spirit and elevation of hope, which are requisite to success in any great undertaking ; and yet many more are the worthless victims of excited appetite, lust and passion—all from habits of intemperate living.

They do not perhaps intoxicate with strong drinks ; nor do they at any time absolutely surfeit. But they habitually—and it is the *habitual* practice that ruins—they habitually enslave the mind to the body and the body to appetite ; they constantly overcharge the digestive functions, and thus insensibly bring on that morbid condition of body and mind, whence all these evils result.

'He that striveth for the mastery,' said Paul, '*is temperate in all things*.' Think of the value of uniformly cheerful and elastic spirits ; of a vigorous and clear mind ; of freedom from painful or uneasy sensations ; of being enabled to go forth with energy and delight to every duty ; and of retaining unbroken health to a good old age ;—**TEMPERANCE**, is the natural parent of all these blessings.

A professional gentleman advanced in life, once informed me that he had always enjoyed perfect health, and that he scarcely knew the meaning of pain or of dejected spirits. I asked him how it came to pass. He replied, 'I early formed a habit of taking nothing into my system which I had found injurious ; and of always leaving off eating while I had yet a good appetite.'

The rule of temperance is—a *moderate use* of whatever *nourishes*, and *total abstinence* from whatever *injures*. The best food, is the most simple ; the best drink in the world, is pure cold water. Every appetite for hurtful things, is artificial and vicious ; it is provoked and increased by trouble. I have often observed that persons strongly attached to coffee and tea, whenever they are in trouble, increase the quantity and strength of their beverage. The same fact I have noticed in those who

chew, smoke or snuff tobacco. I know a gentleman addicted to snuff, who, whenever anything is upon his mind that troubles him, doubles or trebles the number and size of his pinches. We have all observed the same fact respecting those who drink intoxicating liquors. Now a healthy and natural appetite operates in a manner directly the *reverse* of this ; it is *diminished* by trouble. This is according to the constitution and necessities of our nature. When the human system is excited or oppressed with anxiety or mental suffering, it requires *rest* from all stimulants. This is what a healthy appetite always dictates ; while a morbid appetite, or a craving for hurtful things, at the very time when denial is most important to health and life, is most clamorous for indulgence.

Beware then of every appetite which increases its demands when you are under these unhealthy excitements. If you have already begun to form such an appetite, allow me to advise you, before you close this chapter, to determine never again to indulge it. Decide this moment. Try your strength now ; see what you can do. I know a gentleman of high standing, who was some years since in the habit of taking brandy with his water at dinner. He at length became so attached to it, that he could not relish his dinner without it. Perceiving this, he one day said to himself, '*I will not be the slave of a brandy bottle !*' From that moment the habit forsook him ; he has not used the bottle since, and now he has a keener relish for his dinner without brandy, than he ever had with it. The same is true, more or less, in regard to the use of *all* stimulants and narcotics, not even excepting tea and coffee. Give them all up, drink nothing but pure cold water, and you will soon find your reward in a keener, sweeter, more natural relish for both food and drink, and in more uniformly cheerful and bounding spirits.

3. Form a habit of *fixed and engrossing attention to the subject or business on hand*. This habit is in part the fruit of intellectual discipline acquired by study, but results more perhaps from direct efforts of application to those subjects or matters of business, which come necessarily before you. You may lay it down as an axiom, that without this habit of concentrated attention, no man can become eminent in his calling, whether it be study or business. Unless you early form the habit of *transferring* your attention from one subject to another, so as to have your thoughts concentrate upon the immediate subject be-

fore you, you will through life sustain very serious inconvenience and loss.

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton, that when engaged in his mathematical and philosophical investigations, he was so much absorbed that he forgot all other interests, and day and night sometimes passed over him unobserved. So completely was all the energy of his mind taken up and concentrated. The late Professor Fisher of Yale College, one of the most eminent of his profession and age which this country has furnished, was a similar example.

But this habit is by no means confined to students. There are many individuals in active business, who possess this habit in a very high degree. I know a mechanic, who has risen from a poor orphan apprentice-boy to be the first man of his profession in this country, who says that next to the habit of strict temperance, which he early formed, was the habit of fixing his undivided attention upon the subject or business before him ; and that to this, next to his habits of temperance, he ascribes his success. So well-formed was this habit, that although an immense business pressed upon his mind, when other objects came before him they had his whole attention. He stated that on a Saturday afternoon he received a letter from one of his agents abroad, informing him of a failure by which he lost ten thousand dollars ; but as soon as the evening came which was to him holy time, and he gave up his thoughts to religious subjects, this disaster went entirely out of his mind, and no more returned to it till he resumed his business the next Monday morning. So thoroughly formed was his habit of being what Horace calls '*totus in illis*,' or wholly absorbed in the thing on hand, that he did not even *think* of his secular loss till the Sabbath was over. This may seem almost incredible, and yet it is not to be doubted. Such examples show us what habit *can* do.

Absent-mindedness is frequently considered the mark of a great intellect. Inattention to passing events, *may* be connected with a strong intellect engaged in some great subject, and it may also be associated with a feeble intellect engaged in nothing ; but whether the intellect be strong or feeble, it is always the mark of a mind not disciplined to good habits. Adopt the rule, therefore, always to give your undivided attention to the present object ; whether it be study, business, relaxation and amusement, company, the conversation of a friend, or religion. In the house of God, and in all seasons due to devotion, give

up your thoughts and feelings entirely to religion. Chastise every wandering thought, and school your mind to a fixed and absorbing attention. You may find this at first very difficult ; but persevere in it, and you will soon form a habit which will become as a second nature and will prove of incalculable value.

4. Form habits of *industry*, *frugality*, and *benevolence*. Diligence in business is a duty enjoined upon you as truly as prayer. The man who would accomplish much in this short life, must early form habits of husbanding well his time, and of turning all its precious moments to best advantage. He should, as far as possible, have regular hours—a time for everything and everything in its time—and count every hour as lost which is not faithfully given to its appropriate object.

A *frugal* habit is also an essential virtue. A man is rich, not so much according to the amount he has, as according to the little he wants. And every shilling which a young man spends unnecessarily, whether for dress, or amusement, or to gratify his appetite, will prove a greater injury to him for the evil habit which it forms, than for the pecuniary sacrifice which it costs him.

But the latter damage is by no means to be disregarded. The young man who would acquire property, must reduce his expenses to the smallest amount which he decently can, and he must call himself to strict account for every farthing. I heard a gentleman of large property, who began life with nothing, say, that when he was an apprentice-boy, he was for some weeks in the habit of stepping into a shop, at eleven o'clock, and of treating himself with a piece of pie, at the expense of six cents. He one day thought within himself that it was a foolish habit, of no advantage to his health ; that six cents a day amounts in a year to about twenty dollars, and that the money spent in this way, with the interest upon it, would in a few years swell to a sufficient sum to start a man in business and become the germ of a future fortune. He immediately abandoned the habit ; and who can tell how far his subsequent success has turned on that important incident ?

Most young people of both sexes are going too fast in their expenses. They dress too much, and pay too high a tax for the gratifications of amusement and appetite. There are scores and hundreds of young men, who cannot get started in business and cannot settle in life, because they have never learned to graduate their expenses by their income. If in their expenses they would contrive to fall habitually a little *short* of their in-

come, instead of going a little *beyond* it, a few years would establish them in an independent business. The young man who, by reducing his expenses can save a little from a *small* income, is really better off and will finally be richer, than he who is living freely and saving little from a *large* income ; for there are hundreds who can *make* money, where there is one who can *save* it. Growing substantially rich, is more a *saving* than a *getting* process. It is hardly desirable that your income should be great, for the first few years ; it is rather to be preferred that it should be such as to compel you to form habits of economy and frugality, and to select for your helpmate one who will be neither too proud nor too indolent, to look well to the ways of her household and eat not the bread of idleness.

But beware that your frugality does not degenerate to a parsimonious and miserly spirit. The best preventive of this, is a habit of *beneficence*. Begin early to interest your heart and engage your hand in the various objects of christian benevolence. The money expended upon the gratifications of vanity, amusement, and appetite, is usually worse than thrown away. But that which is given to alleviate human sufferings, or to promote the cause of morality and religion, blesses both him that gives and him that takes. 'There is that scattereth and yet increaseth ; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty.'

5. Habits of *prudence* and *moderation* are at the present time peculiarly called for in young men. The circumstances of the early settlement and liberation of this country, together with the form of our government and the native spirit of enterprise, have contributed to impart a hasty, headlong impulse to many of those whose gray hairs have not yet taught them that discretion is a virtue as well as action, and that motion is not always progress. Form the habit of approaching every new subject or plan of action with deliberation. Never allow yourself to be caught up and carried away by a new thing in a hurry. Consult the wisdom of age and experience. Guard against radical principles in theory, and against running into the habit of extremes in action, if you would maintain the character and the influence of a sound and well-balanced mind. Leave it to those who have wilfully resolved to set the apostolic injunction aside, 'Let your moderation be known unto all men,' to mount every running hobby that comes along, and anathematize their fathers because they do not mount behind them and ride too.

But let not prudence degenerate to a selfish policy, nor mod-

eration to pusillanimity. The more intense your zeal in every good cause, the better, provided it is wisely directed.

6. Discipline your *tongue* to right habits. 'It is an unruly member, full of deadly poison ;' and it is said that 'no man can tame it.' If one man cannot forcibly tame *another's* tongue, yet every man can do much towards taming his *own*. The habits of your tongue will have much to do in forming your character, and in determining your relation to society.' 'By thy *words* shalt thou be justified, and by thy *words* shalt thou be condemned.' How soon will a chaste and discerning mind detect a man's character by his language ! Suppose for instance, that you are on a journey. If anything low, vulgar, slanderous, irreverent or profane, anything that discovers want of christian principle or of good breeding, drops from your lips, all the more cultivated and pure-minded persons present, will instantly notice it and avoid you. You will thus be exiled from their confidence and society ; while the vulgar and the wicked will be attracted towards you. All the elevating influence of the one kind of society, you will thus exchange for all the debasing influence of the other. And so it will be with you, in every situation through life. 'The words of a wise man's mouth are gracious ; but the lips of a fool will swallow up himself.'

7. Form the habit of *graduating all your plans and shaping your conduct upon the broad scale of eternity*. Live in view of living forever. Take your relations to God and to eternity into view, in all your calculations. This implies the loftiest and noblest range of thought, the soundest exercise of judgment.

In forming this habit, if the favor of God is more important to you than all other objects, you will always keep it most in view ; if a treasure in his kingdom is worth more than any earthly inheritance, you will habitually seek it first. If your soul is of more value than your body, you will not sacrifice its integrity, growth, purity and glory, to sensual indulgences. You will give to God your best thoughts and warmest devotion ; to the interests of his kingdom, your steadfast service ; to his word, your most earnest study ; to his grace, your cordial acceptance ; and to his law, your constant obedience.

You will sacredly appropriate the entire Sabbath to its holy duties, whether of devotion, religious reading and study, teaching, public worship, or christian conversation, with a fidelity that will so warm and baptize your heart in its spirit, as to make

its weekly return to you a joyful antepast of Heaven. Every morning and evening through the week, will also witness your more private devotions of the family and the closet.

In all your intercourse with your fellow-beings, you will habitually regard and treat them as the subjects of an influence proceeding from your words and actions, to effect their everlasting character and condition.

You will form the habit of valuing property, intellect, learning, power, influence, and all other things, chiefly as they may subserve the interests of eternity ; regarding this world with its possessions and pleasures, as swiftly passing away.

You will also study an habitual resignation to losses, disappointments, sickness, afflictions, and whatever evils may befall you by unavoidable causes, assured that all these things are ordered by a wise benevolence and ‘work together for good to them that love God.’

Proceeding in this way, the longer you live the more habitually will you look upon eternity as your home ; upon God as your portion ; upon Christ as your Savior ; upon yourself as a pilgrim and sojourner here ; and upon Heaven as your perfect and happy rest forever. You will look upon all mankind as your brethren, moving onward to the same eternity with you ; and you will seek to do them good to the extent of your ability, both in respect to temporal and eternal interests. In a word, influenced by faith in the verities of the gospel, you will endeavor to form all your habits of conduct upon the great principles of eternal morality.

Having surmounted first difficulties, your path will become easier and more pleasant. It will become natural and easy for you to do right, unnatural and difficult to do wrong. You will find that ‘wisdom’s ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.’ For if it is a painful truth, that they who are accustomed to do evil through the period of youth, will not easily learn to do well in old age, it is a happy truth, that they who are accustomed to do *well* through the period of youth, will not easily learn to do *evil* in old age. No. Their habits have become their inwrought character, their second nature, and they will go with them to the grave and forever.

Having in the days of your vigor formed the habit of referring your cares, wants, trials, blessings and hopes to God ; of living to do his will, and of confidently reposing all your temporal and eternal interests in his hands ; of thus reducing the sentiment, ‘My Father, thou art the guide of my youth,’ to a

living habit,—it will be neither in you to change, nor in God to cast you off. You may be called, like Joseph, David, Samuel, Daniel, Nehemiah, and many others whom the Lord has made perfect through sufferings, to pass through great and severe trials ; but the trial of your faith will only serve to elevate your character and make your last end like Job's, more glorious than the first. Through all the way you will hear the voice of your almighty and well-known FRIEND, saying to you, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee ; I have called thee by thy name, thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee ; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee ; for I am the Lord thy God.' And finally death itself, to the wicked so dreadful, will be your eternal gain. Having by a righteous life accomplished the end of your existence upon earth, and having glorified God in turning many to righteousness, you will 'shine as the brightness of the firmament, and as the stars forever and ever.'

THE CONDITION AND CLAIMS OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

[By Rev. T. H. Gallaudet.]

THERE are some long-neglected heathen ; the poor deaf and dumb, whose sad necessities have been forgotten, while scarce a corner of the world has not been searched to find those who are yet ignorant of Jesus Christ.

Do you inquire if the deaf and dumb truly deserve to be ranked among the heathen ? With regard to their vices they surely do not ; for a kind providence, who always tempers the wind to the shorn lambs of the flock, has given to the condition of these unfortunates many benefits. Possessing, indeed, the general traits of our common fallen nature, and subject to the same irregular propensities and desires which mark the depraved character of man, they have nevertheless been defended by the very imprisonment of their minds against much of the contagion of bad example ; against the scandal, the abuse, the falsehood, the profanity, and the blasphemy which their ears cannot hear nor their tongues utter. Cruel is that hand which would lead them into the paths of sin ; base, beyond description, is that wretch who would seduce them by his guileful

arts, into the haunts of guilt and ruin. Thus they have been kept, by the restraining grace of God, from much of the evil that is in the world.

Yet they need the same grace, as all of us need, to enlighten the dark places of their understandings, and to mould their hearts into a conformity to the Divine Image; they require, too, an interest in that Savior who was lifted up that he might draw all men unto him.

I tread not upon dangerous ground when I lay down this position: that if it is our duty to instill divine truth into the minds of children as soon as they are able to receive it; if we are bound by the injunction of Christ to convey the glad news of salvation to every creature under Heaven; then we fail to obey this injunction, if we neglect to make his name known to the poor deaf and dumb.

I have said that they are heathen. Truly they are so, as it regards their knowledge of religious truth.

I have seen the affecting spectacle of an immortal spirit, exhibiting the possession of every energy of thought and feeling which marks the most exalted of our species; inhabiting a body arrived to its age of full and blooming maturity; speaking through an eye, whose piercing lustre beamed with intelligence, and sparkled with joy at the acquisition of a single new idea; I have seen such a spirit—O! it was a melancholy sight!—earnestly contemplating

‘ the boundless store
Of charms which nature to her votary yields;
The warbling woodland; the resounding shore;
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds;
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain’s sheltering bosom shields;
And all the dread magnificence of Heaven’—

while such an amphitheatre of beauty, and order, and splendor, raised not in this mind, which viewed it, the notion of an Almighty hand that formed and sustained the whole.

I have asked such an one, after a few glimmerings of truth had begun to dissipate the mental darkness in which it had been shrouded, what were its meditations at the sight of a friend on whom death had laid his icy hand, and whom the grave was about to receive into its cold and silent mansions. ‘I thought I saw,’ was the reply, ‘the termination of being; the destruction of all that constituted man. I had no notion of any existence beyond the grave. I knew not that there was a God

who created and governs the world. I felt no accountability to him. My whole soul was engrossed with the gratification of my sensual appetites ; with the decorations of dress ; the amusements of pleasure ; or the anticipations of accumulating wealth, and living in gaiety and splendor.'

I have seen—it was a vision of delight—the same spirit when it first received the notion of the great Creator of the universe. I dare not attempt to describe its emotions, at such an interesting moment. For I believe, my brethren, it is impossible for us, who have grown up in the midst of a christian people, and who were taught in our tenderest years the being and attributes of God, to form any just estimate of the astonishment, the awe, and the delight, which the first conception of an invisible, immaterial, omnipotent, omniscient and infinitely wise, just, benevolent, and holy being, is calculated to inspire, when it breaks in upon a mind, that, in the range of all its former thoughts, had never once conjectured that there was a Maker of this visible creation.

With what mingled emotions of wonder and rapture must the bosom of Columbus have been agitated, when the new hemisphere burst upon his view—opening to his imagination its boundless stores of beauty, wealth, and plenty. And yet how does such an event—magnificent and sublime indeed, compared with all sublunary affairs—dwindle into insignificance when contrasted with the first conception that an immortal mind is led to form, not of a new world, but of the God who created all worlds.

I have seen the same spirit agitated with fearful solicitude at the prospect of meeting that God, at whose bar it was taught we must all appear ; and anxiously inquiring what must be done to secure the favor of so pure and holy an Intelligence.

I have seen the same spirit bowed beneath a sense of sin, and casting itself upon the mercy of God through a Redeemer whose character and office it had just begun to understand. And I have seen it, as I fondly trust, consoled and soothed and gladdened with the hope of an interest in Jesus Christ, and of being made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.

A little while ago, this immortal mind had its vision bounded by the narrow circle of temporal objects ; *now*, its ken embraces the vast extent of its immortal existence, with all the momentous realities of that unseen world whither it is hastening. *Then*—O ! what a degradation !—it was kindred to the beasts of the field. *Now*—what an exaltation !—we hope that it is

allied to the spirits of the just made perfect ; that it is elevated to communion with its God.

For the Religious Magazine.

BRITISH REVIEWS.

As THE leading Reviews of Great Britain are republished and extensively circulated in this country, a few facts respecting them may not be uninteresting. I have gleaned the following statements principally from the 'Encyclopedia Americana,' and from the 'Great Metropolis.'

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW was established in 1802, under the editorial care of the Rev. Sydney Smith, and immediately rose to celebrity. He however edited the work but one year, and was succeeded by Francis Jeffrey, Esq., then a young Scotch lawyer. For thirty years Jeffrey sat upon the throne of criticism, a despot of merciless severity. He is now Lord Advocate of Scotland, and the editorship has passed to Mr. Napier. It is said that this review had at one time, as many as twelve thousand subscribers, but this number is now diminished by the multiplication of periodical journals. The Edinburgh Review is the organ of the Whig party, and in brilliancy and vigor is unsurpassed by any other periodical of Great Britain.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW was commenced in 1809, under the editorial care of Mr. Gifford, as the antagonist of the Edinburgh Review, and the defender of high church and tory principles. Gifford remained in the editorial chair till 1824, signalizing himself by the remorseless cruelty with which he applied the lash to all who incurred his displeasure. Upon his retirement, Dr. Southey, the poet laureate, who had been for many years one of the principal contributors to the pages of this review, assumed the editorship. He retained this office but a few years and then resigned it to the present incumbent, Mr. Lockhart, the son-in-law of Sir Walter Scott. The subscription list is now about nine thousand.

Sir Walter Scott was, during his literary life one of the principal contributors to the 'Quarterly.' 'Sir Walter,' says the author of the Great Metropolis, 'actually in one instance reviewed several of his own novels. This was in one of the volumes for 1816. The Waverly novels were then beginning to attract universal attention ; and Sir Walter essentially aided

in extending their popularity by the long and elaborate review to which I allude. None of his critics dealt out their praises of the unknown author with a more liberal hand than he did himself. It is true that he pointed out some things which he called blemishes in the works, but this only served to give greater effect to the commendation he so liberally bestowed on their general merits. Besides, the way in which the thing was done displayed great dexterity, and proved Sir Walter to be much more of a man of the world than most people gave him credit for. The portions of his work which he faintly condemned, were precisely those which possessed the greatest merit, and as he took care to give various extracts by way of illustrating the view he professed to take of those works, people had an opportunity of seeing at once the injustice of the slight censure, with which he visited them.—Thousands were induced to read the Waverly novels who had not read them before—for they were then only beginning to make a sensation in the literary world—in consequence of so very eulogistic a notice of them in one of the leading periodicals of the day. Sir Walter's friends have given a singular display of their respect for his memory, in republishing, in a late volume of his miscellaneous works, the article in question, as one of the many contributions he furnished to our periodical literature. That was one of the few instances which occurred in the course of his literary career, in which he betrayed a want of true nobleness of character, and his friends have shown a striking deficiency of judgment in making the circumstance known to the world.'

THE LONDON AND WESTMINSTER REVIEW, is the result of the union of two quarterlies. At the time of the union about a year since, the Westminster had a subscription list of about one thousand, and The London of three or four hundred. Mr. Thomas Falconer, member of parliament from Bath, is the present editor. It is thoroughly liberal or radical, (different parties will choose different words,) in its principles.

THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY was commenced in 1827. In consequence of failures of proprietors, and quarrels between proprietors and editors, this review has had thus far a very stormy and variable life. Its pages are devoted exclusively to the notice of foreign works. It has now a subscription list of about twelve hundred. The present editor is not known.

These are the four principal quarterly reviews of Great Britain. They are all republished in this country, and I have

the impression that they are more extensively circulated here than in England. If this is a fact, it is a curious and instructive one, and must be a little humbling to the literary pride of our father land.

A. C. S. J.

For the Religious Magazine.

CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

MR. EDITOR: In a few remarks in the April number of the Magazine, I ventured to dissent from the views expressed in a long and able article upon Christian Self-Denial in a former number. That I again offer my views upon the same subject, savors perhaps of audacity, after having been assured that the article referred to had been 'more than a year in preparation, and had also been submitted to the critical examination of several literary and religious friends of different sects in various parts of the state.' I acknowledge my surprise on being acquainted with this fact, as I had supposed that some of the remarks there made, were not the fruit of so much deliberation. But as the writer has in his subsequent communication repeated and expressed more fully the same views upon the point to which I before alluded, I should like to offer a few suggestions upon that article.

He says, 'were it worth while to undertake the task, I feel myself competent to show that the principle I lay down, viz. that every family already in health and embracing no foreign members should perform its own household labor, is sustained by every consideration which regards economy, health, and intellectual and moral improvement.' If this opinion is correct, surely there can be no doubt that it would be 'worth while' to 'show' it—that a reform which must be so universal, should be immediately commenced. But something more than mere assertion is necessary in order that such an opinion should be received and acted upon—especially, while experience and observation seem to be so much opposed to it—for I am at a loss to conjecture how society could be so re-modeled as to produce this state of things, without a large *deterioration* in the intellectual and moral character of the community in general.

Take an instance the most common which society presents—a mother with a family of small children. If, in the providence

of God, this mother is poor, and has no means of obtaining assistance in her multiplied and arduous duties, it is true she must submit to it—but it can be considered in no other light than as a misfortune both to herself and her children, and, as a consequence, she must expect that their education, characters and habits will, in many respects, suffer. But the idea of your correspondent is, that all, however much God may have blessed them in their ‘basket and store,’ should, voluntarily, and from a sense of duty, secure for themselves the same privations. As it would not be proper here to go into a detail of all a mother’s thousand cares, or of the minutiae of household labor which every family requires—I will only say, that it would seem to be apparent to every intelligent observer, that the *true interests* of those concerned require that additional and ‘foreign aid’ should be obtained.

But your correspondent in his remarks upon this subject, seems to have forgotten one class of persons who are equally interested in the matter. I mean those employed as domestics. And who are they? The most ignorant and destitute of our population. I am constrained to ask, what would become of them if no one employed them as domestics? I know there are manufactories of different kinds in which some of them are employed—but there are already as many employed in those establishments as are needed. And can such an employment be considered more advantageous than a situation as a domestic in a pious well-regulated family? Would any one with a correct knowledge of both choose the former? I contend that to a child of ignorant and destitute parents it is a *blessing* to be received into a christian family as a domestic. If she remains at home, she must endure constant privation and want, with few if any opportunities of becoming wiser and better. And if her parents are vicious, which perhaps in a majority of instances is the case, it is but a school of vice to prepare her for wretchedness in this life—and eternal woe in another. But if, on the contrary, she goes as a domestic, into a pious and well-regulated family, her whole condition is changed for the better. She has now wholesome food and comfortable clothing. She can acquire habits of neatness and industry, and has constant intercourse with those from whose superior education her own mind and manners must receive some improvement—while, in common with each member of the family, she bows the knee in family devotions, and is thus taught her dependance upon God, and the duties he requires of

her. Is she not thus preparing to be a useful member of society?—and if called to be herself the head of a family, would she not have occasion for gratitude that she had been placed where she had the opportunity of reaping so many advantages?

Holding these views, I cannot accord with the opinion that it is the duty of all christian families to dispense with ‘foreign aid’ in their households.

P.

From the Poetical Souvenir.

PRAY WITHOUT CEASING.

Go WHEN the morning shineth—
 Go when the noon is bright—
 Go when the eve declineth—
 Go in the hush of night—
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly thought away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee—
 All who are loved by thee—
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee,
 If any such there be ;
 Then for thyself, in meekness,
 A blessing humbly claim ;
 And link with each petition
 Thy great Redeemer’s name.

Or if ’tis here denied thee,
 In solitude to pray ;
 Should holy thoughts come o’er thee
 When friends are round thy way :
 E’en then the silent breathing
 Of thy spirit raised above,
 Will reach his throne of glory,
 Who is Mercy, Truth, and Love.

Oh ! not a joy or blessing
 With this can we compare,—
 The power that He has given us,
 To pour our souls in prayer !
 When’er thou pin’st in sadness,
 Before His footstool fall ;
 And remember, in thy gladness,
 His grace who gave thee all.

From the New York Star.

THE REMEDY.

AFTER all which has been said on the subject of the times, of reform, and of the necessity of economy in all our outlays, the true way is to set to work forthwith, and to carry reform into practical execution. Example is a guide, and what one will do, the other will imitate. Fashionable extravagance will be at once surrendered, when it is fashionable to be economical.

A large importing house was prostrated by the pending storm, and first tried the experiment of extension, but finally gave up, and suspended payment. A fortnight or three weeks after that event had taken place, I called at their magnificent mansion in ——— Place, and found the house closed, and a bill on it, 'For sale or to let.' I stood musing for a few moments, calling to mind the splendor of the last party I had been at, in that very house, in January last; the parlors with their magnificent ottomans, damask chairs, rich Persia carpets, candelabras, and costly mirrors—the gay and fluttering crowd of fashionables, the superb supper, and massive plate, and flashing lights, jocund faces, and, above all, the graceful and delighted mistress of the mansion. Now all was dreary and desolate; the dust had already collected on the Venetian blinds, and the plated bell handle looked dark and dingy. An air of desertion and decay lowered on the mansion; the airy dreams of the occupants had vanished. I determined, however, to see my friends, for he who forgets a friend in the hour of adversity is not fit to live in this world, and, on pursuing my enquiry, I traced them to a small street east of Bowery, where they were living in a neat two story house. I rang the bell, and was ushered into the parlor by a little girl with a clean check apron. I looked around the rooms. What a contrast! A plain but new ingrain carpet, neat rush bottom chairs, a sofa, two small looking glasses in the piers, under which was a plain mahogany table, and plated candlesticks on the mantel piece. Every thing was neat, and directly in the opposite extreme of the splendor of their former habitation. The lady of the house met me with a cheerful smile and a cordial shake of the hand. The last time I had seen her she was alighting from her carriage, splendidly dressed, at Stewart's in Broadway: she now had on a neat calico dress, a silk apron, and a plain cap, and she looked exceedingly interesting. 'Why how you stare,' said she; 'am

I not an altered woman ?' ' Yes, but altered for the better. How well you do look !' ' Do I ? Why yes I think I do. I take great exercise—bustle about the house—rub furniture, as you once advised me to do—look after the kitchen—am constantly employed ; indeed it must be so, for we cannot keep an army of servants as we formerly did.' ' It will all work well, be sure of it ; the storm will soon blow over, at least with you, because you show yourself to be a skilful pilot ; you take in sail in time, and will soon have your ship moored in smooth water.' ' Well, you do comfort me exceedingly, for I have seen but few of my gala friends of late. Here comes my husband ;—now you must sit down and take a cheerful family dinner with us.' A very white but not very fine table cloth was spread, uncut tumblers—blue plates—buck handle knives and forks—japanned bread basket, &c., &c., and the little girl with a check apron waited on us. A beefsteak and a hot potatoe—a couple of slices of fried halibut—an apple dumpling—good white bread, and a tumbler of beer, constituted our dinner. ' Don't look at me,' said the hostess, ' for really I eat like a ploughman—of late I have had a most unfashionable appetite ; but then I rise with the sun, and the day passes so quickly that night sets in before I have done one half of my work—now don't smile when I say work, for although you know I have not been used to it, yet really I do work, and very hard.' ' Do you not miss your horses and carriages—your rides up and down Broadway—your visits to Stewart, Boyle, and Venables ?' ' No, not the least ; I do miss my purse, occasionally, to be frank with you, but then I accommodate my means to my wants, and all is smooth. We cannot eat gold you knew, it can only perform certain offices, which I do not want. I have enough of a rich wardrobe to last me for years, rather too many pocket handkerchiefs that cost me \$30 a piece, and as to the carriage and horses, if they brought their gratification, they were a source of trouble, vexation and expense, and I am better without them. It is thus I derive consolations from misfortune, and am content and most happy.'

All this is the result of practical good sense—of a determined mind which soars above misfortune—of a happy contented nature. What a treasure such a wife is in these times, one who, instead of increasing her husband's gloom and despondency by frowns, upbraidings and fretfulness, meets him with the smile of hope and cheerfulness—points out the road to reform, and leads him towards it by her own good and successful example—

keeps up his energy and inspires him with new life—animates him to future exertions—smooths the pillow of disappointment, and cheers him with the assurance of better times.

From the Vermont Chronicle.

THE STEWARDSHIP.

A. You do not belong to the company then ?

B. What company ?

A. That organized by Christ Jesus, the Lord, eighteen hundred years ago, for the purpose of bringing lost men to the enjoyment of eternal life and glory.

B. What company did he organize for that purpose ?

A. His church, to be sure.

B. Yes, I am a member of the church, if that is what you mean.

A. And yet did not know the purpose for which the church exists in the world ? Did you never reflect that, in becoming a member of Christ's church, you covenanted to be a laborer in this great work—to make it the business of your life—to postpone every thing else to it—and to order all your affairs in such a way as to promote it as much as in you lies ?

B. I always supposed I was to live like my fellow christians—to provide for my own household—and to do my part towards the support of religious ordinances. My time is necessarily occupied by my business.

A. On whose account are you doing business ?

B. My own to be sure. I own my farm and stock. You did not think me a mere tenant or agent, I hope.

A. Indeed I did. I thought you a mere tenant or agent,—a steward, liable to be ejected from your place and called upon for your account at a moment's warning. To be sure, I thought you a tenant, an agent, a steward,—any thing but an absolute independent owner of this property.

B. Oh, in that sense, indeed. But in regard to that stewardship one must act, you know, as if doing business on his own account.

A. Indeed ? I was not aware of that. Are you quite sure ? Where did you learn it ?

B. Why—why, everybody does so.

A. But you know it is 'not wise' for men to 'compare

themselves among themselves and judge themselves by themselves.' It is foolish, as well as wicked, to make sinful men our standard ; and to infer that we are all right, because when we compare ourselves with each other we find that we are all pretty much alike ! Just think of a company of sinners inferring that it is all right and well with them because they are all, so far as they can judge, about equally guilty !—No. We must look elsewhere for a rule of duty. Does the Bible sanction this doing business as if on one's own account ?

B. Yes. If it did not, all would not live as if that were the right way. It must be that the Bible sanctions it.

A. You are presuming again on the correctness of sinful men's opinions and practices. That will never do. Those opinions and practices are surely not to be taken as perfect illustrations of the spirit and requirements of God's most holy law. (Quote chapter and verse.)

B. I never examined the Bible to find the texts. I always took it for granted that it was so.

A. You never have examined, then, a great question that lies at the foundation of your plan of life. You are living still at random, so far as your stewardship is concerned. Were you the steward of a fellow man, would you live so at all adventures another day ? Would you 'give sleep to your eyes or slumber to your eyelids' until you knew the terms of your stewardship ? If you had those terms stated with the greatest definiteness, in a paper in your own possession, would you not examine it immediately ?

B. I have been careless,—criminally careless, in this conformity to the practices and the spirit that prevails around me. I will examine the conditions and the state of my stewardship, with the Bible in my hand.

A. I hope you will. Pray do it thoroughly. If you find that, if you have not been doing business for another, and with constant reference to an account to be rendered according to certain rules that he has put into your hands,—you ought to be so : it will be of use to you, my friend, to fix your attention on two points :

1. Your children. You are to live as a steward, whose business it is to do all things in such a way as will best subserve the great ends of Christ's coming into the world. God has given you children. You are to prepare them, as much as in you lies, for the same service. Now is it not a fact that you have been laboring more and expending more to promote their worldly interests, than to prepare them to become faithful and

wise stewards ? Ought not the latter to be the great object in all your plans for them ? Have you made it such, and acted wisely for the attainment of this end ? Consider well this part of your stewardship.

2. You have a store, yonder. Is all that you do there according to the will of your Master ? Do you honestly believe that He is pleased to have His funds employed in carrying on the spirit-trade ! Jesus Christ died to *save* sinners ; can he be pleased to see His steward thus using His funds to *destroy* sinners ?—My friend,—remember you are a STEWARD.

THE FIRESIDE.

HARRIET AND FANNY.

‘HARRIET, don’t you want to lay aside those “Fairy Tales,” till evening, and go with me of a little errand for mother ? It will be almost dark before I can come home ; and you know how timid I am,—though I have tried so hard to overcome it.—And then, we might walk by the way of the pond, as we come home ; for if you are with me, I shall enjoy the dancing of the fishes ; oh, it will be so pleasant, and you *will* go, Harriet ?—’

‘But if I leave the book, Fanny, I don’t think I can read all the tales ; and I must not keep the book longer than till morning. Besides, it will do you good to go alone, and if you go now, it need not be late before you return. Come, that’s a good girl ; leave me to read, and you go for mother.’

‘I wish you could read the book, and go with me too ; I

will walk very fast, and perhaps mother will be willing you should sit up later just for one night. It is a long walk for me to take alone, and I should be so much happier if we were together ; but if you think you can’t go, I will not ask it again.’

‘Come home as early as you can,’ said Harriet, hardly raising her eye from the book, and soon she was again lost in the enchanting scenes which opened before her.—Fanny then left the room, and having tied

on her cottage straw bonnet, commenced her walk ; a little sad that her sister was not with her, but soon she recovered her usual gaiety, and bent with haste, her footsteps, that she might soon return. Once or twice in her lonely walk, she wished aloud that Harriet was there too ; and on her return, as she found evening was near, her little heart began to swell

with its grief ; but as she reached the gate, and found she was safe, and the sun had not quite gone ; she entered smilingly, and again she was happy.

Harriet had finished the Tales, and was thinking over what she had read, when her sister came in. 'Oh I might have gone with you, Fanny,' said she ; 'had I known how fast I could read, and I should have felt better for the walk.' 'But it's no matter now, for my sake,' said the little girl, 'for I am home safe, and perhaps something would have happened, and you could not have finished the book now.'

You would have called Harriet a kind sister, and she loved Fanny very tenderly ; but there were times which passed by unnoticed when she might have yielded her own wishes to please the little girl. Forgetting the motto, '*Be ye kind one to another,*' she sometimes persevered in a refusal, as in the instance before us.

* * * *

Harriet, will it be so long, if we walk from school, by the way of the woods ? I feel so tired after having been here all day, and the other path seems so long.'

'Why, Fanny, 'tis but a few steps more, and I don't believe you will feel more tired walking there, than winding along among the trees. I don't think it is half as pleasant there.'

'But I thought it would be cool in the shade, and it is so still there, it almost rests me, and the wind is so soft ;—wont you go Harriet ?'

'But the girls are all going the other way, and we must go alone, if we take the woods. Ellen says, there are beautiful berries in the field, and they are going to stop and gather them. Go this way, Fanny, to-night, and I will take the other path to-morrow.'—Fanny assented ; she took her books in her hand, and summoning all her little strength to sustain her, they walked home together in the direction Harriet had chosen.

* * * *

'May I take your basket, Harriet, with me this afternoon ? I forgot mine, and left it in my school desk. And I wonder, when our circle talked to-day so much about the meeting, that I did not remember to take it with me. And so, can you lend me yours, Harriet ?'

I would Fanny, if I should not need it myself ; but I shall go out by and by, and shall want it. Besides, it is filled with my school things ; and I must have them all taken out, before you could have it.'

'But there is time for that, before I go. I will take them out now, and when I come home, I will put them in, just as you have placed them.'

Dont you think I could do it right, Harriet.'

'But Fanny, can't you make a bag do? Mine are all in my room, and you may choose just the one you would like. A bag will do just as well as a basket.'

'No—not *just* as well, Harriet, for it is not *half* as pretty. And perhaps, I shall have time to go back for mine—but no, it is almost three now.—Harriet felt not just then disposed to lend; and Fanny's hopes were all disappointed; she met her companions, without having with her the wished for basket.

It was the recollection of a few kindred acts, that made Harriet so full of sadness, and grief, as she saw Fanny, day after day, lying ill and pale, in her sick chamber. There would she sit for hours to watch the sufferer, and how gladly would she aid the little girl when her help could be given. The sweetest flowers of the garden would she bring each morning to her bedside; and gladly would she give up *all* that was her own, if it could make one moment of her ter seem more happy.

Fanny had forgotten that Harriet had not always been the same kind and affectionate sister; for many were the kind-

nesses, which Harriet, in her love, had bestowed; and they were sweet to the memory of the invalid. Harriet had forgotten these, and thought only of her unkindness.

* * * * *

'Fanny, here is the first moss rose of the garden; I have been watching to see it bloom, that I might pluck it for you; and this morning, I found it just opening. I knew you would like it, for it is very fragrant.'

'Thank you, Harriet,' said the little girl in a soft low whisper; 'but I dont want it just now. Keep it for yourself, for I dont think I shall want them any more; and when you see it—when you see it faded, think of Fanny.'

The little girl could say no more; they were her last words to her only sister, and Harriet soon saw her, still and placid, in the sleep of death.

Often may you now find Harriet, sitting by herself upon the turf covering the grave of Fanny, and her heart almost breaking, as she thinks that now and then she had been unkind; and the tear which falls from her cheek, tells you that had she now a sister, she would always yield when it could make her more glad and happy.

MY BROTHER CHARLES.

WELL do I remember the bright and lovely day on which I first left my home and friends to enter upon my college career.

I had planned a walk with a friend before breakfast. Just as we were setting out, my little brother came running up to us, his face glowing with animation and pleasure, and exclaimed 'brother George, may I go and walk with you?' mother said she thought you would let me go.' 'No, Charles,' said I, 'you are too small, and besides I want to take a pleasant walk, so you can't go.' I then closed the door, and whistling to my Newfoundland dog, who soon came jumping and frisking about me, we commenced our walk in high spirits. Our way extended through a beautiful meadow in which a little murmuring brook wound its way through the tall grass, and over the deepest part of which a slight bridge had been constructed.

Upon this bridge we stopped to watch the small fish as they darted past us, or turned little somersets in the bright sunbeam. We then threw in sticks, which Rover swam after and brought to us again, but having become fatigued with these amusements we continued our walk. We had proceeded but a few steps before we paid dearly for our last plea-

sure, for my dog had no sooner seen us depart than he left his sport and ran after us, shaking his shaggy hair, and covering us completely with water. We however laughed it off as a good joke, and went happily on our way. We soon reached a grove which terminated our walk. Here we seated ourselves upon a bench, which my father, at the earnest entreaty of my little brother Charles, had placed under a large oak.

The sight of this little bench upon which Charles had carved his name, brought to my recollection my recent unkindness to him. I was sad, and my companion, attributing it probably to my being about to leave this beautiful grove, which had been my favorite play-ground, proposed returning. As it was growing rather late I consented, and we walked slowly homeward. Soon we met my father, who had come out for the purpose of walking home with us, and in his animated conversation all my sadness was forgotten. When we reached home, I found they were waiting breakfast. We had scarcely risen from the table, before the stage which was to convey us to N. H., stood before the door. I bade them all a hasty adieu, and placed myself in the

stage, and it was not until we had proceeded several miles, that I recollected I had not asked my brother's pardon. Just at evening I came in sight of the colleges which appeared very pleasant to me.

I had remained at college about eight months, and had heard regularly from home, that they were all well, Charles always excepted; but he had been an invalid from his infancy, so that I felt no alarm. But every week he seemed to be declining, and I received a letter one evening stating that the physician thought his consumptive symptoms had again returned, and that he could not live more than three or four months; but I had become so much accustomed to hearing he was no better, or perhaps worse, that I thought very little about it. At the end of three weeks, however, I received a letter from my father, desiring me to come home immediately, for Charles could not live more than two or three days. I received the letter at evening, and the next evening found me at my father's door. Breathless, and scarcely daring to hear my own voice, I asked if Charles yet lived. 'He is alive,' answered my father, and taking my arm he led me to his room. He opened the door, all was silent; my mother sat near the door, but although I had not seen her for

nearly a year, I passed by her and advanced hastily towards the bed, but my father begged me not to disturb him, for he had just fallen asleep. I seated myself near my mother and she had just commenced giving me an account of Charles's rapid decline, when there was a slight motion of the bedclothes and a feeble groan. We all approached the bed, and my mother gently withdrew the curtains. Charles raised himself a little and said, 'Has brother George come?' 'Yes' said I, 'George has come,' and I took his little cold hand within mine and bathed it with tears; but he started from me in terror and tried to withdraw his hand, begging them to take me away and bring brother George. At that moment the truth flashed upon me. 'Charles has lost his reason,' said I. Ah! what a moment was that. Suddenly recollecting my unkindness to him, I advanced towards the bed and said 'Charles, dear Charles, do forgive my unkindness to you.' But he was lost in some wild fancy. I stood by him, I grasped his hand, I entreated him to listen to me, but he heeded me not. I could bear it no longer, and left the room for a few moments to breathe the fresh air. When I returned he had fallen into a state of stupor, and at ten—he died. Soon we followed him to his

last home : he was at my request, placed under the large oak, where he had spent so many pleasant hours. Though fortune has smiled upon me, and I have participated largely in all the pleasures, riches, and honors of this life, yet that one little unforgiven unkindness has haunted me by day and by night, and has been a bitter ingredient in my cup of happiness. Every year, as the anniversary of his death returns, I visit his grave, and there as I gaze upon the green grass, and the plain marble slab, upon which the name 'Charles' alone is carved, I seem to see anew his deep blue eye fill with tears, and his quivering lip as he turned slowly away from me.

Oh ! if any, who by chance may read this, have brothers or sisters to whom they are sometimes unkind, I would entreat them to bear in mind this little account of my brother Charles.

Y.

THE RIGHTS AND DUTIES OF SLAVEHOLDERS.

Two discourses delivered on Sunday, November 27, 1836, in Christ Church, Raleigh, North Carolina. By George W. Freeman, Rector of the Church. Published by request. Raleigh : J. Gales & Son. 1836. Svo. pp. 43.

THESE discourses, as appears from the correspondence prefixed to them, were delivered in presence of sundry members of the Legislature of North Carolina, and of the bishop of that State, and were published at their joint request. The former in a note to the author, requesting their publication, remark 'that a dissemination of the very valuable information they contain, would have a tendency to allay the excitement existing on the subject of slavery, and alleviate the condition of our slaves, as well as to enlighten the public mind.' The bishop in his note says, 'I listened with most unfeigned pleasure to the discourses you delivered last Sunday, on the character of slavery, and the duties of masters :' and he urges their publication 'from a conviction of their being urgently called for at the present time.'

As the discourses are addressed wholly to slaveholders, and must have been published in the expectation that they would circulate principally among the citizens of slaveholding States, we conclude that the excitement alluded to is such as is now

existing, in relation to this subject, within the limits of the slaveholding States. What this excitement is, we suppose may be learned by a careful perusal of these discourses, which, in the opinion of Bishop Ives, and of the honorable members of the Legislature, before whom they were delivered, are so happily adapted to allay this excitement. The result, we believe, of a dispassionate perusal of these discourses will be the conviction, that the minds of many slaveholders in the southern States are, at the present time, greatly agitated by a consideration of this subject ; that they are doubting the correctness of the ground on which they have hitherto rested the defence of slavery, and that conscientious men especially, stand in need of arguments to quiet their minds in the continuation of the practice. This, we confess, is the only ground on which we can account for the importance attached to the publication of these discourses. It is plain that they were not written with any expectation of influencing northern abolitionists, but, in mercantile phrase, were intended solely for the southern market.

From various sources, indeed, we have been apprised that the state of the public mind at the south is far from being at rest upon this momentous subject, and especially is this the case with those whose religious character is most clear and decided. To this dissatisfaction with the existing state of things, are to be attributed the noble efforts which have been made by so many of the southern churches to bring the slaves under the influence of religious principles, and the progressive improvements which have taken place in their condition.

In such a state of the public mind, it is clearly the duty of the spiritual watchman who discerns the signs of the times, to endeavor to make use of his superior opportunities of information in correcting those who are wandering, and guiding those who are perplexed. Indeed it is not easy to see how the religious teacher can be acquitted of the charge of remissness in duty, who does not expound to his people the nature of their obligations as connected with a moral subject of such exciting interest.

The author of these discourses, has proposed to himself, two objects. The first is to satisfy the minds of his hearers, that in refusing to abandon the practice of slavery they are acting in accordance with the dictates of reason, and of revelation ; the second, that along with their rights as slaveholders, are associated many very important duties to their slaves. A brief an-

alysis of the discourses will show in what manner he has accomplished these two purposes.

The right of slavery, according to Mr. Freeman, is founded first upon its *antiquity*. Accordingly it is traced back at least to the times immediately following the flood, and, as our author regards it 'as one of the penal consequences of sin,' he thinks it not improbable that it may be of antediluvian origin. No one who considers the enormous wickedness of those days, will probably be disposed to question the high probability of this conjecture, though, were we advocates of the system, we think we should have preferred a reference of its origin to a period less distinguished for outrage and crime. Slavery then, according to our author, is but the result of a successful attempt on the part of a portion of the human race, to roll off from themselves the primeval curse, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread,' and thus to cause it to accumulate in greater masses upon those who were less adroit in removing it from their own shoulders.

Having thus settled satisfactorily, to himself and to his audience, the origin of slavery, he then proceeds to trace it through the patriarchal ages, down to the establishment of the Mosaic institutions. He next examines the state of the heathen nations, where, as might have been anticipated in regard to an institution deriving its origin from the fall and corruptions of the human race, 'it was still more extensively prevalent.' The oppressive nature of slavery in the Roman empire, is particularly spoken of, as it was this form of slavery with which our Savior and his apostles were personally conversant. The object of the author in exhibiting the dark features of Roman slavery is, to show that, even in this aggravated form, neither our Savior nor his apostles thought proper to denounce it as wrong in principle.

The case of Onesimus is somewhat triumphantly exhibited, as an instance in which an apostle was instrumental in sending back a fugitive slave to his master.

We quote in the language of the author, the substance of the arguments derived from the scriptures, that our readers may the more fully understand them.

'Thus we see that slavery existed in the world from a very early period, down to the times of our Savior and his apostles; that it was sanctioned by God himself among the ancients under the Patriarchal dispensation, and among the Jews his chosen people under the Mosaic institutions; that it was found

extensively established in the Roman Empire, embracing nearly all the civilized world, by our Savior when he appeared on earth ; and that neither *he* nor *his inspired Apostles* after him, ever expressed any disapprobation of it, or left on record a single precept directing its discontinuance. And what then is the conclusion ? Why surely this much, if nothing further, that *no man nor set of men in our day, unless they can produce a new revelation from Heaven, are entitled to pronounce it wrong ;* and that *to brand them who, in the Providence of God, are now holders of slaves, with the epithet of ANTI-CHRISTIAN, is presumption in the extreme.* Regard slavery as an *evil*, if you will ; so is servitude in every form ; so is poverty ; so is imprisonment an evil—still, taking all things into consideration, it cannot with any semblance of reason, be questioned that it as agreeable to the order of God's Providence that some men should be the bond-slaves of others, as it is that there should be different conditions and grades in society, and that among these, there should be 'hewers of wood and drawers of water.'

We quote also, as a curious specimen of biblical interpretation, our author's exposition of the Savior's golden rule.

'It may be, and perhaps has been urged, that though there is no positive prohibition of slavery in the writings of the New Testament, yet it is opposed to the general spirit of the Gospel—especially to that golden rule of our Savior's, *'whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them.'* To this, however, it is replied, that the observance of the rule in its *spirit*, is as compatible with the continuance of the relation of *master and slave* as that of any other, *even of parent and child.* It does not require us to do to others as we, *upon changing conditions with them*, might wish them to do to us. This would lead to the gratification of the most unreasonable and absurd desires—to the breaking up of all subordination in society—to the entire destruction of *all*, even *parental* authority and discipline. The true meaning of the precept doubtless is, that we should always demean ourselves towards other men in a manner every way becoming the relation in which we stand to them, and *so as to entitle us to that kind of treatment which we exact in return.'*

After disposing of the arguments derived from the antiquity of slavery and from its apparent sanction by Moses, and especially by Christ and his apostles, our author next considers the argument in favor of slavery, derived from the curse pronounced by Noah upon his grandson Canaan. Now as it so hap-

pens that the negroes are not even supposed to be descended from Canaan, recurrence is had to the Arabic version of the Mosaic history, in which the name of Ham is substituted for that of Canaan. It would seem to be a sufficient answer to this, to say that no respectable critic of the present day claims for this version any authority. It might also be replied that it is not even certain that these words of Noah were prophetic. But we need no other answer than that which has been often given, that the voluntary agents by whom a predicted judgment is accomplished are not justified in their conduct if they presume to fulfil it without divine direction. Was not the bondage of the Israelites to the Egyptians and to the Babylonians predicted? and were not these nations sorely punished for reducing them to servitude? Indeed this principle is expressly recognized by Mr. Freeman, in relation to the slave trade.

The next argument of our author, is derived from the wretched and servile condition of the Africans in their own country. So miserable is their condition at home that an exchange even for American slavery is a blessing. There is doubtless much truth in the fact here alleged, but we cannot perceive the validity of the argument attempted to be founded upon it, unless it can be shown that American slavery is the only, or at least the best possible substitute for the evils under which Africa is suffering.

Such is the outline of the first of these sermons. In the second, the various duties of the master to his slaves are concisely exhibited. These duties are considered under two general heads. 1. Those which relate to their temporal condition; and 2. Those which have respect to their future and everlasting state. Under the first head are included various particulars, all of which are resolvable into humane and kind treatment; under the second a diligent attention to the spiritual interests of their slaves, is strenuously urged upon his hearers.

A strict performance of the duties suggested by Mr. Freeman would doubtless do much to alleviate the evils of slavery: such indeed has been the result of a very partial performance of them in times past. In the present circumstances of the southern clergy there is an opportunity to accomplish much for the cause of religion as well as of humanity, by urging with all their ability the duty of bringing home the gospel to the hearts of slaves, and of enlightening their understandings so that they may comprehend their duties. Respecting the time and mode

of terminating slavery, they will be called upon to express their opinion whenever they shall be able to see clearly the course indicated by an overruling providence. In the mean time they may contribute to the only preparation for this event which can ever be effectual, by turning the hearts of the masters to their slaves, and of the slaves to their masters, and of both to their common Lord.

Mr. Freeman, however, is not satisfied with such a course as we have now stated. It would seem that nothing short of perpetual servitude will satisfy his mind. His first discourse is accordingly occupied exclusively in presenting arguments for the lawfulness of perpetual slavery, nor does he hint that under any circumstances, likely to occur in this world, the general emancipation of slaves would be desirable. Such being the sentiments of the preacher and of his audience, it is their undoubted right to make them known. The time was, however, when no one at the South was found bold enough to defend slavery on any other ground than that of present necessity. It was not until the collision of extreme sentiments, on both sides of the question, drove a portion of slaveholders to maintain views exceeding in extravagance even those of their opponents, that such productions as the discourses now before us, were given to the public. We may perhaps err in thinking that, even at the South, the publication of such sentiments will fail to meet a response in the bosom of pious and devout men, but we are quite sure that in every other portion of the civilized world they will but add fuel to that flame which is sweeping forward with resistless power, to the destruction of every vestige of slavery. Whatever diversity of opinion may exist as to the proper time and manner of terminating slavery, there is, except in the bosom of a few American slaveholders, but one sentiment respecting its perpetuity. It is a system abhorred by the whole human race, a system founded in oppression and injustice, productive of the greatest political, social, and moral evils, and respecting which the voice of remonstrance will not cease to be heard so long as a single slave remains to claim the sympathy of his fellow men.

CHRISTIAN PERFECTION.

LET none of our readers be alarmed : we are not about to discuss the question, 'wherein christian perfection consists,' still less 'whether it is attained by any in this life.' Our purpose is simply to make a remark or two respecting a lecture upon this subject, by Mr. C. G. Finney, contained in a volume of his lectures recently published.

Mr. Finney has taken as 'his text, Matt. v. 48. 'Be ye therefore perfect, even as your father which is in heaven is perfect.' He defines christian perfection to be 'perfect obedience to the law of God.' Now we doubt whether *christian perfection in this sense is alluded to in the text which we have quoted*. It is not to the definition that we object, nor yet to the doctrine that perfection, according to the above definition, is a christian duty.

In order to determine *whether this is the doctrine of the text*, we will quote, as Mr. Finney has done, the preceding verses with which the text is connected, and without which it cannot be understood. The whole passage stands thus : 'Ye have heard that it hath been said, 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy ; but I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you ; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven : for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye ? do not even the publicans the same ? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others ? do not even the publicans so ? Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.'

The duty inculcated in this passage is clearly that of expansive benevolence, extending to all persons with whom we may have intercourse, whether friends or enemies. This duty is urged in distinction from that contracted and consequently *imperfect* benevolence which embraces only our friends and near connections. The argument employed to enforce this duty is the example of our heavenly Father in making 'his sun to rise on the *evil* and on the *good*,' and in sending 'rain on the *just* and on the *unjust*.' The perfection, then, which is referred to in this passage is simply 'completeness' in this respect. So long as we love our friends and hate our enemies, there is, in

this respect, a want of completeness or perfection; our benevolence is *partial*, while in similar cases that of our Father in heaven is complete and *perfect*.

The text then is an appropriate one for a lecture on christian benevolence, and this appears to us to be the utmost extent of meaning of which the words, fairly understood, are susceptible. With analogical conclusions drawn from the words, we have at present no concern. Nor are we disposed to cavil unnecessarily at the course taken by the lecturer. The objection which we make is to the use of a text, as the basis of a discourse upon a particular topic, which, properly understood, relates to a different subject from that to which it is applied by the preacher. Such a use of scripture more than almost any thing else, we believe, has a tendency to obscure its sense, and to withdraw attention from its genuine meaning. For this reason, also, more than any other, as it appears to us, the bible is read by most persons at the present day, as a collection of independent propositions, and, consequently, all the beauty and force derived from their connection and from the dependance of one part upon another is overlooked. If a doctrine is contained in the scriptures, there will always be found passages in which it is directly taught, and if such passages do not appear, it will be safe for the preacher to postpone the subject, until he has exhausted those topics which are more evidently scriptural.

PEACE SOCIETIES.

WE have received from the Secretary of the *Boston Ladies' Peace Society*, a copy of their second annual Report, which, however, our limits do not allow us to insert.

The report speaks, in somewhat desponding terms, of the general apathy and indifference of the public in regard to the principles of peace, and hints at the possibility that this indifference is perpetuated and increased by the diversity of views entertained by the advocates of the cause, in relation to certain fundamental principles. It is doubtless well known to most of our readers, that there is, among the advocates of peace, a division of sentiment in regard to the right of self defence under any supposable circumstances. Many of the leading friends of the cause, including the religious sect called Friends or Quakers, wholly deny this right, and refuse to par-

ticipate in the ordinary preparations for defence which are instituted by the governments under which they live. The other party, while they harmonize with the former in their abhorrence of war, and in their desires and efforts for its removal, adhere to the opinion, that in particular circumstances, they are not only permitted but required, to take up arms for the defence of their persons, their families, and the community to which they belong. Nor is this the only difference of opinion which is found among the special advocates of peace! Of those who deny to themselves and others the right of self defence, a part have pushed their doctrine to the point of entire non resistance, under all circumstances; and even to the exclusion of all capital punishments, and of every species of legal constraint.

It is easy to see that while the friends of peace are engaged solely or principally in discussing topics of this kind, but little progress is likely to be made in influencing those who are indifferent to the subject, and still less in removing deep rooted prejudices from the minds of those who are opposed to all efforts in the cause. It appears to us important to decide how far it is necessary that the friends of peace should harmonize in regard to questions of this nature, in order to give efficiency to their efforts. For ourselves we believe that no such necessity exists, and that the world may be brought to abandon the practice of war without entire harmony on these abstract topics.

The unhallowed causes from which wars usually spring, and the calamities which follow in their train, if well understood, cannot fail to induce christian communities to view them with abhorrence. To enlighten mankind respecting these causes and these evils appears to us to be the great purpose at which Peace Societies should distinctly aim. We are aware that it is said, 'there is no need of enlightening men in respect to the evils of war; all see and acknowledge their existence, but are still led voluntarily to incur them.' This, however, appears to us a very imperfect view of the subject. There is a wide difference between a general acknowledgment and a heart-felt conviction of the existence of an evil; the former is consistent with perfect indifference respecting it, the latter tends to produce strenuous efforts for its removal. We believe it then to be the duty of every friend of peace to make known as far as possible the real evils of war, and to show likewise that these evils may in most cases at least be avoided by nations disposed to peace.

We know it is far easier to enlist the feelings of men in favor

of a distinct and definite principle without limitation of any kind, than to a system of opinions however perfect in itself, or important in its bearings. The success which has attended the adoption of the single principle of total abstinence in promoting the cause of temperance, has induced many to look for some general principle as the basis on which a similar reformation might rest in other cases. It is seldom, however, that the vices of men can be terminated in so summary a manner. In most cases, the evils which prevail in the world, are the consequence of perverting something which is lawful,—something intended for human benefit. Even in the temperance cause, it is probable that in some future age it will be apparent, that certain limitations exist which at the present day are overlooked. In like manner it may ultimately appear that the instinctive tendency to resist violence was implanted in the breast of man for important purposes connected with his preservation and with that of his species, but that the proper purpose for which the principle was intended, has been by the wickedness of mankind greatly perverted.

To those who think that good principles are making no progress unless they produce commotion and excitement, the cause of peace may seem to languish. Such may need to be reminded that the progress of truth is proverbially slow. It is addressed to the reason and consciences of men, not to their passions or selfish interests ; but, on the other hand, the conquests which it makes are permanent. Error has its day and is forgotten ; truth is, in its nature, eternal. There is also a necessary connection between the use of sound arguments in any cause, and a growing conviction in the minds of men, that such cause rests upon the basis of truth. Well directed efforts to persuade mankind will never be lost ; and, though the progress of conviction may be sometimes imperceptible, it will at last reach the minds and hearts of all. The grand means for the removal of all the moral evils which prevail in the world is the christian religion, but so indissolubly are duty and interest united, that men may often be led to the abandonment of overt acts of crime, by a consideration of its effects upon their own happiness. Expediency, rightly understood, is but a branch of natural religion. It is the evidence of the will of God derived from his moral government. In urging, therefore, the abandonment of war on the ground of its inexpediency, and of its pernicious consequences, we do not set up a ground of action distinct from religion, but in accordance with it. To this argu-

ment, which is of almost unlimited extent, may be added that which is derived from the general spirit of christianity, which is clearly opposed to war for all the purposes for which it is usually waged. A society founded upon these principles is surely not without a sufficient basis on which to rest its claims, and ought not to betray its own interests by connecting itself with questions of doubtful solution.

LITERARY NOTICES.

A TREATISE ON BREAD AND BREAD MAKING. By Sylvester Graham. Boston: Light & Stearns. 1837. 18mo. pp. 131.

Bread is every where and by common consent accounted the staff of life; and yet, of all the articles of diet admitted to our tables, there is none perhaps which varies so much or so widely in its quality, and none which suffers so much from errors and ignorance on the part of its manufacturers. Other articles are occasionally spoiled by the cook, but this, whether we are guided in our conclusions by Mr. Graham's views or by our own experience, appears to be the common fortune of the article in question. Valuable hints in relation to this subject may be found in the work of Mr. Graham, which is now before us, and we are glad of an opportunity to recommend it to the attention of our readers.

RICHARD FUSTIAN AND WIDOW BENTLEY. Stories for small and large Children: or Sketches of real Characters. By Solomon Proser of Rustic Hedge Parsonage. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837. 18mo. pp. 107.

The title page of this little volume is certainly a silly one, but the reader who shall not be discouraged by such a commencement, will find upon perusing the book itself, little which will offend his taste, and much which ought to interest his feelings. The style of the work is indeed unequal, and is especially wanting in simplicity, but its sentiments are pure, and its tendency is to allure the reader to the practice of virtue.

LECTURES TO PROFESSING CHRISTIANS. Delivered in the City of New York, in the years 1836, and 1837. By Charles G. Finney. From notes by the Editor of the New York Evangelist. Revised by the Author. New York: John S. Taylor. 1837. 8vo. pp. 318.

These lectures are already too well known to require from us any thing more than a passing notice. They were first published in the columns of the New York Evangelist, and have consequently enjoyed a degree of notoriety which is seldom allotted to sermons of any kind upon their first publication.

As a writer, Mr. Finney is distinguished for great vigor of thought and expression. He is evidently in earnest, and has, in no ordinary degree, the faculty of exciting in others the ardor which he himself feels. When we have

once seated ourselves to a perusal of a discourse of his, it is not easy to lay it aside until it is finished. Whether engaged in argument or illustration, in warning or reproof, he is always animated, and usually impressive.

Of his theological views we need not speak. Like those of other prominent theologians, they are commended by his adherents and censured by his opponents; and, in both cases, in no very measured terms. Respecting his literary merits it might seem scarcely proper to speak, since with great modesty he has himself remarked in the short preface prefixed to this volume, that, 'The author of the Lectures has no claim to literary merit.' Such a judgment, however, is manifestly far too sweeping; for so far is the author from possessing 'no claim to literary merit,' it would be easy to show, even from the volume before us, that many of the requisites of a good style abound in his writings. It cannot be disguised, however, that in this respect, there are some rather glaring faults, and such as, in our view, it would be far better to avoid than to confess. We refer particularly in these remarks to such colloquial and cant phrases as can by no means, in consistence with even the laxest rules of good taste, find a place in compositions upon subjects so grave and elevated as those treated by Mr. Finney. Many of his expressions also have an air of irreverence, which is very startling to a devout mind. These are faults which we think Mr. Finney ought, as a moralist, to avoid; for in this respect they are certainly inconsistent with the existence of *absolute perfection* in the writer.

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS CHRIST; Compiled and arranged from the four gospels, for Families and Sunday Schools, with Poetical Illustrations and Notes. By T. B. Fox. Vol. I. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837. 18mo. pp. 247.

This work is to consist of two volumes, of which the first only is yet published. In this is contained a connected narrative of the life and instructions of the Redeemer, arranged according to Carpenter's Harmony of the Gospels. In compiling this narrative, the parallel passages in the other gospels are of course omitted. The language of the common version is retained, excepting in passages where it is supposed that modern delicacy might be offended, in which case the passage is omitted or an equivalent phrase is substituted. In some cases, passages of considerable length have been, from this cause, omitted, among which may be mentioned the narrative of events preceding the birth of the Savior, as recorded in the first chapters of Matthew and Luke. We are not sure that such omissions and alterations are not to be attributed to a taste somewhat too fastidious. They are passages which the Spirit of God has sanctioned, and which can in no way be separated from the rest without mutilating the word of God. When read in their connection, although our taste may be offended, we believe that their moral tendency cannot be impeached. If on the other hand a more refined gospel is put into the hands of children, and they become familiar with those more delicate euphemisms, which are substituted for the original expressions, we should fear that the effect of a transition, on the part of the pupil, from his prepared gospel to the unaltered one, would be unfavourable.

avorable to his piety. There is one passage omitted in this volume for which no such reason can be assigned as those to which we have alluded, and which, in whatever mode interpreted, must still be accounted of great moment in the history of the Redeemer. We refer to the introductory verses of St. John's Gospel. There are few, we suppose, at the present day, who do not consider the Messiah as described in this passage under the appellation of the Word. There is then a manifest propriety in commencing an account of the life of the Savior while on earth, with an account of the glory which he had with the Father before the world was.

How far the omissions and alterations to which we have alluded are to be considered as detracting from the merits of the work, each reader will of course decide for himself. In other respects it seems to us to have been well executed, so far as we have compared it with the Gospels. Its typographical execution is very neat, and the arrangement of the matter into paragraphs according to their natural connection, without a division into verses, is clearly a great advantage to the reader. Indeed we are not quite certain, whether the custom of printing the scriptures in separate verses, or that of using such verses as mere mottoes to discourses, without reference to their original import, has contributed most to shut out the light of divine truth from the church.

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS, and its substitutes, as a means of invigorating Health. By Reuben D. Mussey, M. D. Professor of Anatomy and Surgery, Dartmouth College, &c. &c. Washington: Duff Green. 1837. 18mo. pp. 65.

No single work, which has appeared upon the temperance question, is probably adapted to more extensive usefulness than this prize essay of Dr. Mussey. It is now published in a form adapted to general circulation, and we wish that a copy of it might be found in every house in our country. It is for sale by Perkins & Marvin.

CICERO DE SENECTUTE ET DE AMICITIA, with English Notes. By C. K. Dillaway. Boston: Perkins & Marvin. 1837. 18mo. pp. 158.

This is incomparably the most beautiful edition of Cicero's celebrated essays on Old Age, and on Friendship, that has ever issued from the American press. The notes, in addition to the explanation of difficult idioms, and obscure allusions, contain the argument of each essay and of every section. We have not found time for more than a hasty examination of the notes, but to all who are acquainted with the learned editor, his character as a scholar is a sufficient guaranty of the accuracy with which his labor has been performed.

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ON THE ACCUMULATION OF PROPERTY.

THE following article is from the pen of the Rev. J. S. C. ABBOTT, one of the former editors of the Religious Magazine, and was furnished by him at our particular request. In a future number, our readers may expect an additional article on the same subject from the same author. E.D.

ONE who necessarily stands aloof from the agitations of business, can calmly look over the busy scene, and perhaps detect dangers which may not be so distinctly visible to those whose minds are agitated by these cares. In times of great pecuniary prosperity the mind is so much interested in the successful attainment of its desires, and the field of enterprize opening before it is so alluring, that it is very difficult for one immersed in business to call back his thoughts to calm reflection. In times of depression also, when enterprise is at a stand, and prosperity seems to have departed, the anxiety which necessarily weighs upon the mind of the man of business, makes it perhaps still more difficult for him to sit down quietly and deliberate. On the contrary the minister of the gospel,

‘ Through the loop holes of retreat
Peeps at the world ; he sees the stir
Of the great Babel, yet not feels the crowd :
He hears the roar, she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sounds
Fall a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.

While he may thus lose much in practical knowledge, and may be in danger of visionary views, he may at least see the

subjects of worldly interest in a somewhat different aspect from that in which they are presented to others.

The bible speaks of wealth in itself as a blessing. Abraham was a man of great wealth, and his prosperity is always alluded to as a mark of God's favor. He is never censured for being a rich man. Poverty is always considered as in itself an evil, wealth as in itself a blessing.

I suppose it is the duty of every man to be diligent in his business. One man may be so situated that his diligence will bring to his family only a few hundred dollars a year, and another may be so circumstanced that his application to business may bring in many thousands. Now it matters not how little or how much the proceeds of business may be. I suppose that every man is bound to make his business as profitable as he can by fair and honorable enterprise. God has not, in his word or his providence, set any limits to wealth beyond which he forbids us to pass.

Our style of living must also in some degree conform to our income. It would be as improper for the inhabitants of our principal towns and villages to dwell in log huts, and dress in the skins of beasts, as it would be for the missionaries in Tahiti or among the Rocky Mountains, to erect such dwellings as adorn our streets. And I see not how we can any more point to the degree of beauty or of elegance to which it is proper to attain, than we can say how much property it is lawful for a man to possess.

The king of England, living in gorgeous palaces, with all the trappings of royalty, may be a humble disciple of Jesus, as well as the lowliest widow who ever cast her mite into God's treasury. David was a man after God's own heart, yet he was a king and a very rich man.

I therefore infer that the industrious prosecution of business is a virtue, and success is to be regarded as a blessing.

Two things here are to be guarded against. First. Neglecting other duties in application to business ; and,

Second. Expending our income without regard to greatest usefulness.

1. The man who is so involved in business that he can find no time for family prayer, no time for secret devotion, no time to attend the meetings of the church and to engage in the active duties of philanthropy, is neglecting the plainest duties which are enjoined upon us, and by so doing he is greatly sinning.

He has no palliation for so doing. He has no right so to plunge into business as to rob the church of his influence and impoverish his own soul. And if by this means he is growing rich in this world's goods, he is squandering the treasures of Heaven. I have heard some such men excuse themselves on the plea, that they were making money to do good, I have heard them say that they thought they could do more to promote the cause of Christ, by making money on the farm or in the shop, than by offering prayers in the conference room.

This is no excuse. It has always its origin in a deceitful and backsliding heart. Whenever a man is in a devotional frame of mind, he knows and acknowledges that the way to promote God's glory is to be spiritually engaged in his service. And the conscience of that professor of religion who withdraws from communion with his brethren in the prayer meeting, from the monthly concert of prayer, and from an active interest in christian benevolence, is never at ease, and it never ought to be at ease. He must live in disquietude, and he must die in disquietude.

2. We must be careful to expend our income in that way which we judge will promote the greatest good. We hold nothing in fee simple. All our property is held in trust. And if we are not faithful as trustees to appropriate the funds according to the declared intention of God, the donor, we must answer at his bar for the perversion. There is here room for the exercise of individual judgment, and while each man should be cautious how he censures his brother, let him be *very careful* how he acts himself. Let him support his family in that manner which he thinks God will approve, remembering that he must judge for himself, and to his own master he must stand or fall.

We are assured that they that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare. The emphatic words here, are *will be*. Those whose hearts are set on riches—who are resolved to be rich—who make this a subject of engrossing desire, fall into temptation and a snare.

1. Into temptation. Some of my readers could doubtless speak upon this subject more persuasively than I can. You have often seen the professing christian, impelled by this desire to be rich, plunging eagerly and headlong into responsibilities which he had but a faint probability of being able to meet. You have seen him consequently harassed, perplexed, prevaricating, misrepresenting, resorting to dishonorable artifice

to get by a point of pressure. You have seen him under the temptation into which he has fallen, perhaps as strong a temptation as any to which man can be exposed, make a wreck of his character infinitely—*infinitely* more deplorable than the wreck of his fortune. Change of circumstances may soon place him again in successful business, but years must elapse before his demolished reputation can be rebuilt. He is not only lost to the church, but a reproach to it. And the business men around him, with that perversity to which human nature is ever prone, will turn away from the consistent christian, and look at the fraudulencies of this professor as proof that religion is nothing but profession. We have heard of scenes occurring in the busy streets of Boston, in which professors of religion were the actors, which have conferred any thing but honor upon the cause of Christ. And I feel no disposition to have such things concealed. Let iniquity be dragged to the light. Let not the church be the safe hiding place for corruption.

And the church has nothing to fear from a fair investigation. If there be such a thing in this world as integrity, as philanthropy, it is to be found in the christian church. Though there may be here and there an individual who falls before temptation, and whose name is a public reproach, the great majority go on through life irreproachable in integrity. The church has nothing to fear from investigation. It comes from the ordeal purified and shining.

But suppose the person thus eager in the pursuit of wealth is successful. Property flows in upon him ; he is abundantly able to meet all his engagements, and thus escapes all the temptations, to which he is exposed who is winding his way through embarrassments. Does not our observation teach us that there are temptations peculiar to his situation which are neither few nor small ?

We will take the case of a young man, just entering into business in the city. He has an unblemished reputation and is an active member of the church. For a year or two he bids fair to be one of the firm supporters and bright ornaments of religion. But he increases rapidly in wealth ; his house is enlarged, his furniture becomes more elegant ; the rich and the fashionable begin to call upon his family ; these calls must be returned ; invitations to large parties succeed. It will be thought bigoted to decline ; if parties are attended they must be given ; his spacious parlors are thronged with gaiety and fashion. Thus the lapse of a few years of prosperity, has

plunged him into all the emptiness of fashionable life. The conference room is an old fashioned place, for his sons and his daughters ; nay his pious wife, is half ashamed to be seen there herself, and his heart has long become estranged from the spiritualities of religion, and swallowed up in worldliness. The associates of this man's daughters are all interested in balls and theatres. The associates of his sons, pride themselves upon their skill in judging of wines, and of the attitudes of some immodest actress, the very picture of whose undress as exhibited in the shop windows, a modest girl is ashamed to look at.

Is this picture exaggerated ? Is not this the history of hundreds of families in Boston and New York ? Our Savior says, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven.' How hard is it for this rich man to resist the torrent by which he and his family are hurried along.

Many a man has been constantly receiving checks in his business, which he has regarded as calamities. But God who watches us, as a father watches his children, has sent these checks. He has seen the influence which prosperity was beginning to exert upon your heart, and upon your family. He saw that you were falling into temptation. He perhaps saw that continued prosperity would carry you through the scenes of spiritual ruin which have just been described, and has interposed to save you. Perhaps God is now pouring upon some of my readers a tide of prosperity. He may be rapidly raising you from modest competence, to great wealth, and the result may be, that your spiritual declension, and the ruin of your family, may be the illustration of the truth, 'They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare.' Others of you may be continually meeting with reverses and losses, which prevent you from ever accumulating any more property, than merely enough for the comfortable support of your families. And while you mourn over these losses, God may see that they are absolutely indispensable to your usefulness and your happiness.

A gentleman in one of the churches in New York, recently said, 'we used to have pleasant meetings in our church and enjoy religion. Our conference meetings were well attended, and the brethren seemed to enjoy coming together for conference and prayer. But of late years business has driven all religion from the city. Every man is so immersed in cares that but few attend our meetings, and those who do seem to leave their minds elsewhere.'

Now this is the strong tendency of the present eagerness for

wealth, which has seized hold of nearly our whole community. *Making money* is becoming the all engrossing desire. For this we are sacrificing the most important duties and the most precious interests. In this pursuit we are falling into temptation.

The prayer of Agur was, 'give me neither poverty nor riches ; lest I be full and deny thee and say who is the Lord ? Or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain.'

Notwithstanding the general desirableness of prosperity, and the beautiful exemplifications of piety which have been witnessed in persons of the highest wealth and rank, I am inclined to the opinion that a wise man who should sit down calmly, and look at all the temptations to which wealth would expose him, and his family, would feel that he would rather not run the risk of being a rich man. And while he must feel that it is his duty to be diligent in business, and make as much money as he can, by fair and honorable enterprise, he would still give to the great objects of christian benevolence as freely as he made, and thus keep himself and his family in the region of a comfortable competence.

I am aware that a question may arise here, as to what is to be the standard of comfortable competence, since one family is comfortable with \$500 a year, and another is uncomfortable with \$5000. It is reported of a celebrated rich man of New York, that he once soberly said, that 'this desire of amassing great wealth, was very foolish, for a family with \$500,000 might be perfectly comfortable.' While others were looking at thousands as wealth, he was regarding only millions. On the other hand a deacon of one of the New England churches once remarked, that he should consider the minister of the parish very extravagant if his family expended more than \$300 a year. Here one man considers \$500,000 as merely a comfortable provision against want, and the other considers \$400 or \$500, a year as a princely income, and its expenditure as most unchristian extravagance.

Now I certainly shall not attempt a decision upon such a question as this. Nothing can be more certain than that God intended that there should be different ranks and conditions in life, and that a man's style of living should, in some degree, correspond with the means which God places in his hands. Architectural beauty cannot be a sin, in the eye of Him who ordered the building of Solomon's Temple. And christianity is so inseparably connected with civilization, and civilization

with the fine arts, that christianity cannot flourish without the proportionate elevation of man in all the enjoyments which the cultivation of intellect and taste and heart, can confer.

But still it is undeniable, that wealth brings with it, sore temptations to neglect God. The Bible is full of warnings against these temptations. 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle,' says the Savior, 'than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.' 'Wo unto you that are full now, for ye shall mourn and weep.'

We are also to remember that we must answer to God for the manner in which we spend every dollar which he has entrusted to us. There is a world perishing around us. There is a cry for help, long and loud, coming from every nation and tribe of our ruined race. But few are disposed to heed this cry. These souls perishing for lack of knowledge, we are to meet at God's bar. We must be careful so to expend our income, that, when we meet them on the judgment day, we may feel that we did that which we prayerfully judged to be for the best, for the glory of God, and for the welfare of our fellow men.

We must also bear in mind that every day we are liable to die; that in a few days we must die. The objects which now interest us so much, we are soon to leave, and we must take care that we do not get too deeply interested in worldly things. He who died to redeem us, expects our entire consecration to his service. He who has gone to prepare for us mansions in Heaven, will be displeased, if he sees our hearts intently fixed upon treasures upon earth. Oh that we may all so improve the talents entrusted to us, that when we are called to give an account of our stewardship we may each hear the approving sentence, Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.

DOMESTIC EDUCATION.

OUR May number contained an extract from the will of the late Mr. John Lowell, Jr. from which it appears, that about \$225,000 have been bequeathed by him to the city of Boston, the interest of which is to be appropriated, according to the directions of the donor, to defray the expense of public lectures for the benefit of our citizens. It is cheering at such a

time as this to turn aside our thoughts from that commercial distress, the effects of which are gradually extending themselves to all our citizens, and to consider the probable benefits which are to spring from so noble a donation. In its amount, indeed, it cannot be compared with the princely donation of Mr. Girard to a sister city, but on the other hand it is not encumbered by restrictions which to every pious mind render the latter scarcely more a subject of joy than of regret.

In the present article we propose to offer only a very few of those thoughts which naturally occur to the mind, when considering the probable advantages to be derived from such a donation for such a purpose.

The system of public schools in this city, though doubtless susceptible of some improvements, is probably second, so far as it goes, to that of no other city. Every child who can obtain the means of subsistence, can, without fee or reward, acquire, in the most thorough manner, the rudiments of education. Nor is his education necessarily confined to merely elementary branches, but may be extended on the same terms of entire exemption from expense, to such an acquaintance with mathematics and the Latin and Greek classics as is requisite for admission into our colleges or universities. In the private schools of the city, the same advantages are presented, in at least an equal degree, and to youth of both sexes, though not, as in the public schools, gratuitously.

At this point in their progress both our public and our private institutions desert their charge, and our youth, remaining in the city, can receive no farther regular assistance in proceeding with their education. They may indeed have access to various public libraries, and likewise, during a part of the year, to courses of popular lectures, but neither of these resources is of much use in imparting a liberal education. A systematic course of study must be pursued, not only at the grammar school, but for many subsequent years, if one is ultimately to attain to any literary eminence ; and for this purpose, it is necessary that the student should be associated with others who are engaged in the same pursuit. There are many, we believe, in this city, who need but the opportunity, and they would gladly enter upon the most liberal course of study, and would persevere in it, so long as the means of improvement could be afforded them, or until they were fully qualified to enter upon their various professions. These are prevented in various ways from leaving the city for the purpose of pursuing their studies.

Some are too poor to support themselves at college. Others though necessarily engaged in business, have yet sufficient time to make great progress in their studies, had they the benefit of regular instruction. Some have relatives whom they cannot leave, and others still are kept at home by affectionate and conscientious parents, who cannot be persuaded to separate themselves from their children at a period when parental influence is most important in forming their habits and determining their character.

The circumstances of our citizens require an addition to our present means of education commencing where our present system of school instruction ends. Professors of course are needed in every department of literature and science usually taught at a university organized upon the most liberal scale. To accomplish this, even the noble bequest of Mr. Lowell may be inadequate; but it is sufficient to add greatly to the means at present possessed, and to serve as the foundation of a new and most important system. After all our boast respecting the means of education furnished by this city, there are few considerable towns in the United States in which it is so difficult as it is in this to obtain more than the elements of education, and the necessary effect of this state of things is quite obvious. Our university, is for every practical purpose, no more adapted to supply the wants of our citizens, than it would be if established at Worcester, since it is impossible for our sons to continue under our particular care while members of the institution. We need a system of education by means of which our sons can be prepared for the business of life while still residing beneath our own roof. Institutions of this nature are enjoyed by almost every considerable town and city in New England, and in the middle and western states, nor would a single populous town consent to be dependant upon other towns for educating its sons, were the evils which result from such a system, properly appreciated. It is not too much to say that the cherished hopes of hundreds of parents are annually frustrated by the failure and misconduct of their sons, who have been sent to distant seminaries and committed to the care of strangers. In almost all these cases no such disappointment would have happened, had they carried on their studies under their parents' roofs, and enjoyed there those delightful influences which were intended by providence to guard the giddy but affectionate youth from the peculiar perils to which he is exposed.

In addition to the professors to be appointed under the will

of Mr. Lowell, two or three others would probably be needed who should reside constantly in the city and be employed in giving instruction in those departments in which regular lessons are requisite. The salaries of these professors might be defrayed, in part at least, by moderate tuition fees, but it would be desirable whenever other provision could be made that these fees should be reduced to a very moderate sum.

We hope our fellow citizens will not be unmindful of their wants in the particulars to which we have alluded, and that such arrangements will be made by the trustee of Mr. Lowell, as will cause his donation to result in the extensive promotion of knowledge and virtue among those for whose benefit it was intended. The fact ought never to be forgotten, that while the benevolent people of this city have been subscribing liberally for building up institutions of learning in almost all parts of the United States, they have left their own children, in many respects, more destitute of the means of obtaining a liberal education, than are those who have been the recipients of their bounty. We hope that the day has nearly arrived, when the interest felt by our citizens in the erection and endowment of useful institutions, will not be greater in proportion to the greater distance of the object, but will partake in some degree of that prudent 'charity which begins at home.' Unless this is done, the day cannot be very remote, when we shall need that light which we have been for some time past laboring to kindle up in distant regions, to enlighten our own shores. The true mode of performing our duty doubtless is, not to love other regions less than we have done, but to love our own state and our own city more. At the present time there are few families west of the mountains, who are so poor that they cannot educate a son at some neighboring college, while there are but few in our city rich enough to give a liberal education to their own children.

ANGEL MINISTRATIONS.

MANY of our city readers will probably recollect, that in the early part of the last spring, the spire of the Hollis street Church, near its summit, was struck with lightning, and notwithstanding every effort to extinguish it, continued to burn for several hours, until the iron shaft which supported the weathercock, together with the top of the spire, was precipitated to the ground. Thousands had in the mean time assembled from all parts of the city, and every street in the vicinity was filled with spectators anxiously waiting the issue. As soon

as the weathercock with its appendages reached the ground they were seized upon and demolished by the crowd, each eager to carry away some memorial of the event. Upon the Sabbath following, a sermon in reference to the occurrence was preached by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, the pastor of that church. His text was the 4th verse of the 104th Psalm, or rather Mr. Noyes' translation of this verse :

‘He maketh the winds his messengers,
The flaming lightnings his ministers.’

After an exordium containing a very graphic description of the scene to which his discourse refers, he proceeds to instruct his people in regard to those lessons of moral and practical wisdom which the event was adapted to teach.

His first lesson is that of gratitude to God that no one sustained any personal injury, notwithstanding many were greatly exposed in consequence of their efforts to extinguish the fire. The second lesson relates to God's *physical* and *moral* laws. The preacher embraces the opportunity to show that these are entirely independent of each other, and that, consequently, the temple of God must fall a prey to the same physical causes which, in like circumstances, would destroy a temple of Mammon or of Momus. His third lesson relates to the importance of physical science or natural philosophy to all, and especially, in our large cities, to architects and other mechanics, that they may guard themselves and their works from destruction.

On this subject he remarks ; ‘It might, to some who hear me, sound like an irreverent if not an impious assertion, were I to say that a building might be so guarded, that is, placed in such circumstances, that the lightning could not touch it. And yet with perfect reverence and perfect confidence I say this.’

* * * * ‘When the spire of this church, then, shall be, as I trust it will be, replaced, I hope I may be excused in recommending it to be done under the superintendence of some one so well acquainted with this department of physical science, that he can tell with certainty whether this angel of God can or cannot light upon it again.’

After disposing of these topics the discourse concludes with the following moral reflections.

‘There are also several suggestions of a more strictly moral nature, which seem to have been whispered in all our ears by this flaming angel's lips, and which perhaps he was sent expressly to throw out for our benefit.

1. The first of these, as *my ear catches a little thereof*, seems to be, touching the dangers that attend an exalted station in society ; and consequently, the greater comfort, security, and happiness of those who have been destined to move, and have learned to move contentedly in an humble sphere.

I know that, by the great mass of mankind, the elevated

have ever been the envied ones of the earth. I know that we all have too often looked—O, how unwisely !—upon those above us, with something of this unholy and therefore unhappy feeling. For to what danger are they exposed who stand upon the high places of life ! What want of human sympathy must they suffer who are raised above, and thus taken out of the great and glowing mass of common interests and common feelings ! How must they feel themselves alone ! The gilded balls and glittering vane of our demolished and down-cast spire,—how cold they always looked, although the sun was on them earlier in the morning and later in the evening than he fell upon our cheerful hearths and parlor floors ! So, if we mistake not, fares it with the great ones of the earth. The moment that they find that they have far outstripped their fellows, whether the chace be for wealth, or fame, or power, that moment they feel themselves alone. Yes,

“ He who ascends the mountain top shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapped in clouds and snow :
He who surpasses or subdues mankind
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high above, the sun of glory glow,
And far beneath, the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.”

2. But we learn, that if there is danger to the *high*, there is also no *security to the fickle*. There have always been time-servers and trimmers in society ; men who, in religion, have, like our poor dishonored weathercock, been driven about by every wind of doctrine ; turning now this way and now that, as this sect or that became numerous enough to be orthodox ; men who

‘ Are every thing by turns and nothing long.’

There are always men too, who, in their political opinions and associations, have seemed to act not from principle but from views of personal interest ; who will support one system of policy to-day, and an opposite system to-morrow, according as the breath of popular applause has flowed this way or that. What we have lately seen may serve, as our own observation of God’s providence in the affairs of men should ere this have served, to show us that men who think that SAFETY is the sole end of life, and who consult their own safety in this fickle

world by yielding to the pressure of popular breath—who have no fixed points, in politics or religion,—except it be that one point, *the centre of motion*, on which they veer with every veering breeze, and who thus come to be looked at by others merely to see which way the wind blows,—are, after all, no more safe, and no more likely to stand up and outlive stormy times, than a man who stands by his faith to his country and his God,—come cross, come crown. True, the trimmer may possibly ride out a *gale* the better for so turning as always to stand with the wind, when there is nothing *but* wind agitating society ; but, for times of excitement and heat, when the conflicting masses of the community are highly and oppositely electrified, when the thunders of man's rebuke are heard or the lightnings of God's indignation felt around him,—for these times he is not the man. He must go down ! And when such a weathercock does fall, he will find rude hands enough below to make it worth no one's while, thereafter, to ask or to care which way he turns.

3. There is in every large and opulent community much *base metal* ; which, because it stands high, and is *overlaid with gold*, is often suffered to pass for pure metal by those who regard it from below. But the angels of the Most High are sent out with the commission to separate the precious from the vile. Subject these men—who though glittering with gold, are iron-hearted still,—subject these men, I say, to the fiery trials with which God knows how to prove them, and like the proud monarch of Babylon they will be 'found wanting.' It is indeed, said by the greatest of all dramatic moralists

‘————— Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of Justice hurtless breaks’——

and so it may be, and often is, when the lance of justice is wielded by the arm of man ;—but let it be driven home by the right hand of the Almighty, and the point goes through. The base metal stands exposed when it stands scathed by the 'fiery indignation,' which all they must look for who, trusting in their riches, shut up their bowels of compassion from their brethren that have need, and swell their own stores of useless gold by laying upon the poor the iron hand of oppression. Such men may appear splendid to those who look up to them from afar ; as did the glittering shaft and the glowing ball that beautified our heaven-touched spire ; but their splendor is but the glow of fires which the angel of God serves the Lord by kindling, and

which will bring them down at last, when, by men as well as by God, their gold shall be seen to be nothing worth.

4. And yet once more. Among the nations of antiquity, by Jew and Gentile alike, the terrible phenomena of nature, the lightning, thunder and tempest, were regarded as signs of the divine presence. The thunder was the voice of God. The cloud was his chariot. The mountain top, where the thunders gathered and held council, was the place whence his commands went forth to the children of men. The tree or the rock that had been rent asunder by the lightning was made holy by the bolt ; for the *fires of heaven* had touched it. Has not this feeling of awe its foundation in our nature ? If so, was it planted there in vain ? May we not, then, regard this our place of worship as twice* hallowed now, since it has received from heaven this baptism of fire ? May we not regard that as emblematical of that baptism of ‘the holy spirit and fire’ with which *He* was to baptize his disciples, whose shoes the holy Baptist of the Jordan was not worthy to bear ? That baptism my brethren, may we here receive. Nay, may we receive it,—as indeed we must if we receive it at all—as we are passing through the fiery trials of life—trials wherein our faith in Christ, our trust in God, our love of the righteous and the true, are put to severe and painful proof. Let us not forget that all the disciples of Jesus are builded up into a spiritual temple—nay, that each individual disciple is a temple of God, for that the spirit of God dwelleth in him. Let it be our effort and our prayer that on that day when “the fire shall try every man’s work of what sort it is,” we may ourselves be saved yet not so as by fire.’

* It is certainly not a little remarkable that, soon after this sermon was pronounced, the lightning, as if in anticipation of those repairs *which were to render its approach impossible*, made, what, under all the circumstances, is perhaps to be considered its parting visit to this spire. It again descended upon it as before, but the fire having now been kindled at a lower elevation, its progress was soon arrested. It is said, however, that since the last visitation of the ethereal messenger, whenever the members of the various fire companies in the city, perceive his cloudy car ascending, they hold themselves in readiness to start, at a moment’s warning, with ‘Fire-hook, pipe, bucket, all complete,’ to counteract his operations, should he stoop once more upon this now *thrice* ‘hallowed place of worship.’

Ed.

For the Religious Magazine.

MOBS.

BY REV. W. M. ROGERS.

WE have fallen upon times, characterised by a searching inquiry after principles, and a fierce energy of action, in their developement. The usages and opinions, which have come down to us from the past are examined anew with unsparing severity, and sanctioned or denounced, as they harmonize or clash with popular feelings. The voice of the people is the law of the land, and whenever the principles or practices of corporations or societies or public men are at variance with the supposed interests of the community, they are made to feel the power of those who make the law. At times too, where the community are supposed to be endangered by the adoption of wrong principles or modes of action, portions of the people have undertaken the redress of grievances in their behalf. They have contended that existing laws did not reach the evil; that legislation to correct it, was tedious and uncertain; or that no law could be framed to meet its peculiarities, and therefore they have undertaken to remedy the imperfections of law and legislation, by the outbreaking of popular violence. Good men, too, who from principle respect and maintain the law, have become so far infected with the spirit of the day, as often to condemn the outrages of mobs feebly and with a reservation. They condemn the principle and approve the act.

At such a time as this, when liberty is made the cloak of maliciousness, when the patriot trembles for his country, and the christian wavers in his course, it becomes the pulpit to assure the faith of the church, and the press to echo the voice of the pulpit, that the influence of all good men may be directed to the assertion and maintenance of the laws of the land. 'Submit yourselves to every ordinance of man for the Lord's sake.' Submission to the laws of the land, is obedience to God. As far as they are framed in the spirit and on the principles of the bible, they are the voice of God. Wherein they are not, let us correct them, in ways known to the law itself. For nothing can justify the subversion of the law, except where obedience would be sin against God. Nothing can justify a mob, which would not justify revolution.

It is a sound principle, that every christian is bound in duty to discountenance and put down the spirit of popular violence prevalent among us.

1. Every christian should avoid whatever gives occasion to mobs. If it be the duty of christians to love one another, it is equally their duty 'to be lovely.' And if the christian ought to condemn the unlawful violence of others, he ought to be a peaceable man himself. I ask for the sacrifice of no principle, the abandonment of no right ; the subjection of no enlightened conscience. I do not ask, that any good work should be hindered and stopped, or any command of God disobeyed for fear of consequences. But I would ask, that the christian should be so completely under the influence of the spirit of Christ, that he will not brave public opinion, or seek, or make occasions to bring out its wrath upon his head. There is undoubtedly a limit beyond which concession were sin. Whenever submission to popular prejudice would be treason to God, whenever silence would be the triumph of wrong, and concession the abandonment of principle, it becomes him to take his stand by the cross of Christ, and if needs be, to make up what is wanting in the Savior's sufferings for his body's sake, which is the church. Better that he should perish, and be numbered with the martyrs who have gone as in a chariot of fire to heaven, than that one command of God should be disobeyed, one duty neglected, or one principle renounced. But certainly at this day in the exercise of common sense, and common prudence, the christian may assert his principles and vindicate them, arrange his plans for action, and execute them, without coming in collision with any body. But when he uses the most exasperating language towards those who differ from him, when he touches the bared nerve of public feeling, and exults in its spasmodic action, when he makes occasions for daring the utmost of popular wrath, to show how completely he is above the fear of man, he has transcended his duty, and if he suffer he is not himself guiltless. Some christians seem to be running about in the world, with whips in their hands, begging every man to use them. 'Scourge me, scourge me,' they exclaim, and if any man lay the lash upon their shoulders, they cry out lustily 'persecution, persecution.' I have no sympathy with that unreasoning zeal, which makes a cross where Christ has placed none, and then appropriates to itself the burden of the passage, 'Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.' I have no fellowship with that christian, who sins against prudence, and charity, and truth, in the prosecution of a good work, and when the people are unquiet, and tumultuous.

tuous, wonders at the wickedness of the times, and comforts himself with the word of God, 'Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.' God requires us, in the work assigned us, to be gentle, yielding and discreet, at the same time that we are true to the principles, the spirit and the objects of the Gospel. He would have us make no cross, but decline none which lies in our path.

At the same time it should be remembered, that no indiscretion, no intemperance of language, no rancor of denunciation, no bravery of measures, no insult to common sense and popular feeling, can justify a mob. The right and wrong of popular tumults is to be decided without reference to the course of those who have excited them. No body of men can plead the sin of others in justification of their own.

II. Mobs are opposed to the liberties of the country.

The first blessing of God to man after his creation, was society. No man is born an isolated being. From the moment of birth, he forms a portion of a circle which may embrace the limited numbers of a savage tribe, or the millions of a civilized land. But wherever he may be born, he has rights. He has by nature all the rights which appertain to every other individual in the state of which he is a member. He has all the rights which are consistent with the highest good of the whole. He has no right to life, liberty, or property except in consistency with the good of the whole.

In our country, these principles have been embodied in our constitutions and laws. The theory of our government is, that all men are equal, that the voice of the majority expressed in appropriate ways, is the law of the land; that the law of the land shall equally protect and assure the interest of all. The whole people guarantee to every individual, the protection of the law, in life, liberty and happiness, always excepting in certain crimes which render these inconsistent with the good of the whole. And even in case of crime, they provide that he shall be tried by laws, to which every other member of the community is equally amenable and judged by a jury of disinterested men. But if every man has rights, he has also duties. He has virtually pledged the protection of the law to every other citizen in the country. He is bound to see that the law is duly administered, for an injury done to another contrary to law is an injury done to himself, for the majesty of the law is

humbled, its sanctity blemished, and his own rights put in jeopardy.

Every man should oppose mobs, because they are at variance with the liberties of the people. I have observed that the will of the majority expressed in ways known to the constitution, is the law of the land, and the law of the land is the only defence of life, property, or happiness. Now a mob are always a minority, and they assume to control the majority, to make the law, to make it on the pressure of the moment, to define the offence after the crime is committed, and to mete out punishment according to their estimate of guilt. It is of no use to say, that the evil attacked is a public nuisance, and the whole community would use equal violence, under the same circumstances. The community have already said what it will, and what it will not do. It has embodied its will in the statute book, and no man has any right to go behind the statute to get at the will of the people. We have it already adopted, cautiously, deliberately, and wisely, and adopted with reference to the very evils which mobs attempt to remedy. If any man dislike the law, and would enlarge it to meet other cases, the constitution provides a way for a safe and legal change. But if the laws have said nothing respecting evils existing in the community, the presumption is that the people meant to say nothing. It is dangerous to allow any man, or body of men, to interpret the silence of the law, to the gratification of their own purposes.

The will of the people is the law of the land, capable of amendment if wrong, of extension if defective, but still the law of the land. Whenever any man, or body of men, in defiance of law, assume to do what the law forbids, or to make the law, where it is silent, they assume to do what the people say they shall not do. They assume to govern the majority. They assume to be above the law, and above the control of the people. And if there be among us a power above the law, it matters not whom it attacks, catholic or protestant, slaveholder or abolitionist, reformer in morals or in bread, innocent or guilty, prudent or rash; let every good citizen, let every christian come to the rescue of the laws from violation and outrage. The people are insulted, their will despised, their authority set at nought, their solemn and deliberate enactments violated, and their guaranty of equal rights broken by a few unreasoning, brainless men, who assume to exercise the highest prerogative of a nation by the extempore enactment and

execution of the law. A mob cannot punish even a guilty man, without sapping the foundations of the social structure. Let it be our principle then to know no power above, none beneath the law. Whoever attacks any man, whether guilty or innocent, rich or poor, discreet or rash, without color of law, attacks in that man, the pledge of his country, the sovereignty of the people, and the liberties of the nation.

But mobs are opposed, not only to the liberties of the country, but also to the rights of individuals. The country has guaranteed to every man certain rights. He shall not be punished for crime without trial in due form of law. The statute of the criminal code which he has violated, must be set forth. The law cannot be made after the crime. The evidence must be adduced in open court, with opportunity to question the witnesses and to introduce counter testimony. What carefulness to defend the innocent ! What admirable defences from the tyranny of the law itself ! The judge is the expositor of the law, the jury the judges of the fact, and if the verdict be guilty, the judge cannot pronounce any other sentence than that which the people have already assigned to that crime in the statute book. These are the checks, balances, and defences, provided by the people for the good of each against the prejudice, bias, weakness or wickedness of the many or the few. They are your safeguard and mine. He who attacks you in these rights, attacks me. If any man go beyond the law to assail you, so far as he weakens the laws, he puts in jeopardy my life, liberty, and happiness.

How different from the cautious yet sure process of law, is the frenzied and unthinking course of a mob. An individual or an association has become obnoxious to popular odium. The rumor spreads, and soon the conservators of the public morals, the guardians of the public purity and peace undertake to apply a useful corrective of existing evils. They are seized with an intermittent virtue, a spasmodic energy in the cause of truth and justice. Strange to say, on such occasions many of the lowest and vilest of the community are infected with a sudden goodness, and are too intent on purging the land of iniquity to inquire what saith the law or what saith the people. On they rush, constituting themselves at once judge, jury and executioner. Aye, and they are the law itself to boot, for they make the law, they expound it, they pronounce on the guilt of the party, and pass and execute the sentence.

A mob has no reason, it is the creature of impulses. A mob

has no conscience, it is governed by the popular notions of the day. A mob has no moderation, it decides in haste and heat. And shall we submit to such guardianship, the rich treasure of blessings which have come to us from our fathers? We are the heirs of the past, and the guardians of the future. The price of blood has been paid for our liberties, and they are ours, for ourselves and ours in trust for the myriads which are springing into existence to demand the inheritance of the fathers at our hand. If there be a cause which threatens above others the stability of our institutions, it is the ungoverned spirit of the many, who will not brook the restraint of law, but seek a shorter and more efficient justice than that of the courts. In seeking justice, they are the assassins of liberty.

When such dangers threaten our land, it becomes the christian to remember that the bosom of the church was the birth-place of liberty, that she was nourished and cherished until in her strength and power she sheltered and protected the church that gave her birth. In the day of her peril let every christian rise up to her defence, against all comers, in the spirit and on the principles of the bible. Let the spirit of liberty be numbered among our sacred things, and let the sanctity and perpetuity of the church insure its existence, and if it must die, when driven from our halls of legislation, from our schools, from our hills and vallies, let it die, when banished from our country, where it had its birth, in the bosom of the *Congregational Church*.

STATISTICS OF INSANITY.

THE success which has attended the treatment of the insane in some of the hospitals in this country, when compared with that of the best institutions, for the same purpose, in Europe, cannot fail, it would seem, to arrest the attention of all, to whom the care of those suffering under mental maladies is committed. From the last report of the Trustees of the State Lunatic Hospital at Worcester, it appears, that there have been admitted into that institution, since its establishment, *one hundred and sixty one* cases of less than one year's duration;—that of these, *one hundred and thirty two* have been, and *eleven* more probably will be cured, *ten* have died, *six* have been removed before the effect of the remedies applied had been sufficiently

tested, and only *two* have been left to become old cases, and but *ONE* of these is certainly incurable.'

The proportion of recoveries in old cases, or in such as have been of more than one year's standing is indeed very different ; but, including all classes, the recoveries in this Hospital have been more than thirty eight per cent, while those in a similar institution in France are only about twenty five per cent. The remarkable success however which attends the treatment of recent cases in all well regulated institutions of this nature, should stimulate the friends of the insane to suffer no delay in applying for their admission as soon as the malady appears.

The report to which we have alluded comprises certain tables of a highly interesting character in reference to the statistics of insanity. From these tables it appears, that of the patients admitted into the Hospital since it was first opened, 292 were males, and 217 were females ; 337 were unmarried, and only 173 married. A large proportion of those admitted are in middle life, the greatest number for any ten years being between the ages of 40 and 50. Among the causes of insanity, 110 cases are attributed to intemperance, of which 93 were males, and only 17 females. Of 41 whose insanity is ascribed to religious causes, 26 are males, and 15 females. On this subject the able superintendent, Dr. Woodward, remarks :

'It is a very common observation by the unreflecting, that females become insane more frequently than men from religious causes, and this is often spoken reproachfully of religion. The facts here recorded show a different result. Another fact is that religious people are not more frequently afflicted with religious melancholy or religious phrenzy than the dissolute and licentious, the scoffers and revilers of christianity. Such has been my observation in my intercourse with the insane. It may be surprising to some that so large a number of cases are attributed to religious cause; but when we consider the diversity of modes by which these causes may affect the mind, we shall cease to be surprised. In one case the cause is high excitement, in another exaltation, in a third fear of future punishment, in a fourth, fear of the displeasure of Deity, in a fifth, sense of guilt, &c.

The genuine principles of christianity have no tendency to distract the mind ; on the contrary, they are directly calculated to calm and allay the feelings when excited, and to encourage and give hope to the depressed and desponding. But the discordant views of mankind on this subject may have a very different tendency, and the mode adopted to impress the subject upon the attention, is often most injudicious, and directly calculated to excite the passions, and carry them on beyond control of the reason and the judgment. Insanity from such a cause is not chargeable to religion itself.'

In estimating the value of hospitals for the insane, it is natural to confine the attention to the cases in which a complete cure is effected, and the patient is returned to his friends and

to society prepared to perform his part in all the relations and duties of life. But there is still another class of patients, whose cases are scarcely less interesting than the former ; who are, indeed, destined to pass through life with reason beclouded, but whose sufferings are in a great measure removed by the wise and benevolent treatment which they receive at these retreats. To understand the amount of good conferred upon such an individual we have but to contrast his quiet and peaceful hours, with the sufferings of the furious maniac in his solitary cell, — an object of pity, disgust, and horror, to all who approach him, and of incurable anguish to those by whom he was once beloved and cherished. Upon this subject we extract the following remarks from the same report :

‘ The reputation of hospitals for the insane, depends much upon the number of its cures, but it often requires much more effort, and even greater skill, to improve an old case that has been considered hopeless, that has been abandoned to chains and the dungeon, exposed to the cruelties of cold and hunger, and every abuse which can degrade or render desperate. To gain the confidence of such an individual, awaken his self-respect, and bring him to feel that he is a human being, worthy of the sympathy, respect and confidence of those around him, is a work far more difficult than the cure of a recent case. This is the merit we aspire to. We have the satisfaction to witness the most favorable changes in all the habits and feelings of this unhappy class of patients, whose minds will never become free from the illusions of insanity, established by time and rendered permanent by habit. We have seen, in many cases, the desperate, furious and exasperated maniac, who, for years, has been the tenant of a cold and dreary cell, naked and filthy, devouring his food like a wild beast, set at the table calm and self-possessed, with his knife and fork, taking his meal with order and sobriety, clad in decent apparel, going to his bed at night with composure, uniting in amusements, or joining in labor with cheerfulness and pleasure.

These changes are not effected without long and persevering effort. The number of this class, able to labor, is constantly increasing in this establishment. Many who for a long period have been considered unsafe when a weapon was within reach, have during this year gone into the garden and the wood-yard with implements in hand, and performed their labor quietly and correctly.’

The importance of manual labor, as a part of the system of means employed for the recovery of the insane, is urged both in the report of the State Hospital, and in that of the McLean Asylum, for the year 1836. The trustees of the former institution remark :

‘ Employment is necessary to every man from the very constitution of his nature, and he will have it. If it be not furnished him for good, he will find it for evil. If not turned to a profitable account, it will be devoted to injury and mischief. This great truth is as apparent in an hospital for lunatics as it is found to be everywhere else. For if occupation be necessary to the sane man to preserve him in health of body and mind, it is not less necessary to the insane

as one of the means of his restoration. To the convalescent it is an important instrument of his cure. To the incurable it affords one of the few comforts which his condition will admit, while it relieves those who have the care of him from much trouble and anxiety on his account.'

The experience of the trustees of the McLean Asylum fully confirms this view of the importance of manual labor. They remark in their report for the past year :

'In our "Labor Department" the patients have been equally active and interested. Seventy-seven of the males have engaged in manual labor, and have worked, allowing six hours per day, (more than which no patient has been asked to work) one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight days.

Gardening, the cultivation of flowers and farming, as usual, have occupied and interested many of the patients during the whole season. The tastes and wishes of each individual have been, in all cases, consulted as far as possible ; and while some were engaged with the team, others would be equally ambitious to excel in planting, hoeing, or in displaying their taste in the arrangement of the flower-beds and borders. Thus their irritability was expended in healthy exercise and occupation, and instead of meeting them in the halls in tattered garments with oaths and imprecations, we are greeted in the walks with the affectionate grasp of friends, their countenances glowing with pleasure and contentment, and each commenting, in his own way, upon the business of the day.

Nor has our labor resulted in mere amusement, as the harvest of our crops abundantly testifies. Our farm and lands, inclusive of all the grounds occupied by the buildings and courts, consist of twenty-five acres. We have raised, for the most part, vegetables enough of every kind to supply the Institution for the year, and have cut hay sufficient to keep five horses and six cows, besides storing eighty barrels of apples and fifty bushels of pears. We have also made rose-water enough for medicinal and culinary purposes, and disposed of fifteen dollars worth. The net profits of our farm and garden, for the past year, have been five hundred dollars.'

We have formerly spoken of the happy effects of religious services upon the minds of the insane, and have quoted, upon this subject, the remarks of the lamented Dr. Lee, late the physician of the McLean Asylum. Our readers, we doubt not, will be gratified to find that the views of Dr. Woodward accord with those of his departed friend :

'In the course of the last year we must have had more than 200 patients who could have steadily attended religious worship on the sabbath, if we had had a suitable chapel contiguous to the hospital. A few of our inmates at present go to the churches, and are always gratified by such an indulgence, others spend the day in reading at home, but with a large proportion of them, the day passes heavily along, and is spent in idle listlessness or irritation. If it were proper to engage in sports or amusements on the sabbath, in such an institution, the habits and feelings of New England people, even when insane, are decidedly against them. Very few individuals in this hospital would consent to engage in the most quiet amusements, and others would consider them highly improper. I greatly doubt the propriety or advantage of amusements on the sabbath, on the contrary I am of opinion they would be injurious. With the insane, I would, as far as possible, inculcate all the habits of rational

life. I wish them to attend religious worship on the sabbath for the same reason that other men do, for instruction in religion and virtue. In matters of religion and morality, I would deal with the insane, as with the rational mind, approve of no deception, encourage no delusions, foster no self-complacent impressions of character, dignity and power. I would improve every opportunity, when the mind is calm and the feelings kind, to impress them that they are men, to excite in their minds rational contemplations, encourage correct habits, awaken self-respect, and prompt to active duty. In aid of this, I wish them to attend religious worship, to listen to instruction from the volume of truth, and receive encouragement to calm and quiet temper from its promises of reward to virtuous and upright conduct. Few individuals are so completely insane as to be beyond the reach of moral instruction, and perhaps I may add moral responsibility. If so, it may be doubted whether it be right to incarcerate men, and deprive them also of that instruction upon which their future well being may depend.'

SABBATH MORNING.

BY J. W. CUNNINGHAM.

DEAR is the hallow'd morn to me,
 When village bells awake the day ;
 And by their sacred minstrelsy,
 Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
 Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O LORD !
 To feel devotion's soothing power,
 And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen,
 Which echoes through the blest abode,
 Which swells and sinks, and swells again,
 Dies on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,
 Sung with the pomp of village art ;
 That holy, heav'nly melody,
 The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often pray'd,
 And still the anxious tears would fall ;
 But, on thy sacred altar laid,
 The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world, with iron hands,
 Has bound me in its six days' chain,
 This bursts them like the strong man's bands,
 And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the sabbath morn ;
 The village bells, the shepherd's voice ;
 These oft have found my heart forlorn,
 And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike the lyre ;
 Of broken sabbaths sing the charms ;
 Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
 That bears us to a Father's arms.

For the Religious Magazine.

THE CHOSEN SCENE OF MY RECOLLECTION.

MEMORY often brings before me, with soothing and sacred recollections, the scene of our domestic worship ; where we bent the knee together, morning and evening, in the small low parlor ; where we all joined in the sweet songs, framed by a christian's hand ; and read, each one in turn, from the sacred book before us. True, the tear will come, as I think of the scene now past forever ; true it is, that when a member of that band, I loved not, as I now should love, an act so sacred ; but yet, I am always soothed and refreshed as I turn me to those hours of my childhood. Again I see that kind and tender father—I hear him ask ‘ that God would guide his little ones ;—fondly as he loves them, he *may* soon leave them to go on alone, but may a Father in Heaven, guard and defend them.’ I hear him ask, ‘ that Jesus’ smile, may rest upon each, and upon all ; then if they wander homeless, friendless, and alone, there will be found a balm for their sorrows, in the love of a Savior.’ And then again in accents warmer and more fond ; ‘ give them all a *home* in thy brighter kingdom ; father and mother, brothers and sisters, may they all meet there ; may all be found jewels in the crown of our Redeemer. I hear him read the hymn of his selection. He has told us of the bliss of the heavenly world ; and now he leads in our devotions, with an eye brightening with the prospect of mingling in its joys, and a voice engaged and solemn—

Jerusalem ! my happy home !
 Name ever dear to me ;
 When shall my labors have an end,
 In joy and peace, in thee ?

Or we had read of the love of Jesus, and I hear him animated and happy, engaging in the hymn—

Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay ;
 We'll sing of Jesus' lovely name,
 When all things else decay.
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all the favored throng,
 Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be our song.

It is the still sabbath morning ; we are gathered in the room of our devotions, and we join in worship.

Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise,
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

We may have met with troubles in our pilgrimage ;—sweetly consoling are the trains of thought, suggested by the evening hymn,

Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall ;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all ;

There will I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest ;
And not a wave of trouble roll,
Across my peaceful breast.

I can almost feel the pressure of my mother's hand ; as we knelt together, and my father pleaded ' that the covenant blessings of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, might rest on his little ones forever.' Then, when he prayed for us, my hand held in hers, I learned how all her wishes for her infant band, were centred here.

Then, indeed, were these wishes of a parent unheeded ; then, indeed, I joined not, as I now could join in scenes so solemn ; but in them, there was power, which has subdued my heart. Often would the ardent petitions which arose from my father's lips, and the morning hymn he had chosen, come upon me, with its gentle influence, in the scenes and temptations of the day. It has been the prayers offered around the fireside ; it has been the hours of domestic worship, blessed by the Heavenly Comforter, which have allured and won me, into the path of the christian. And if the blissful spirit which then led in our devotions, now hovers around me, he has heard my oft repeated tones of gratitude, for these kind seasons. Stanzas which once had neither beauty nor worth to my soul, can make me happy in my saddest moments. Sorrows, griefs, and sickness, come upon me ; these lines learned in childhood, cheer and comfort. Other recollections may suffer dimness ; other scenes, with more of outward pomp and majesty, may fade, and be lost in the shades of the past ; but with freshness and with gladness, shall I ever turn to this brightest, and most sacred spot, mid the recollections which cluster so fondly about the

scenes of home. Now the twilight hour never comes, calm and soothing ; or the still bright moments of the early morning, but I think of those pleasant scenes, and hie myself again among them, to feel their softening influence. Let me lose remembrance, if it must depart, of the other kindnesses of a father's love ; let me forget, if needs must be, other scenes of my early days ; but let this remain a green and a verdant spot in the reminiscences of childhood.

Christian parent ! would you do what you can to guard and guide your child ; would you do what you can, that it may be happy here, and may stand an angel in the paradise of God ; make the place of your domestic worship attractive and pleasant to your child. 'Throw around it charms, which will allure those God has given you, to walk in the peaceful and pleasant pathway of the christian. Let them count the hours of domestic worship, mid the dearest scenes of life. Christian parent ! will not your child now and then think of the morning hymn ? Of the verses which he read ? Of your warm and ardent requests ? And can you not by this, do something to aid that Savior whom you love, and to make your children the dearest objects of your affection on earth, blessed forever ? It is for you, christian parent, with the smile and the blessing of your God, to lead these little ones 'in green pastures, and beside still waters,' while on earth, and hereafter to rove together 'by the river of the water of life, clear as crystal.'

E. F.

THE FIRESIDE.

AT HOME, AND ABROAD.

JULIA Clifford had just placed her sister with a timid air, and her books upon the table, and stood near her. 'Do stand nearer, I should think you supposed I could reach half a mile !' said Julia, in a still more peevish tone, at the same time giving Eliza's dress a sudden jerk, which nearly threw the little girl down. She at last finished dressing her, after many complaints of the hooks. The little girl walked towards unfastening as soon as she had

fastened them. Eliza no sooner perceived her daily penance over, than, with hasty step, she ran down stairs to bid her sick mother good morning.

Julia again seated herself at her books, and had learned about a half a page, (for being a very good French scholar, it took her but a short time to learn her lessons,) when her sister Ellen entered with her comb and brush in her hand, and her dress hanging over her arm. 'Oh mercy!' said Julia, drawing a deep sigh, 'I was in hopes I should have a minute's peace, and a room to myself, but it's always just so; I no sooner sit down to study or to do anything else, than the whole family are after me; some wanting one thing, and some another! and now Miss Ellen, I should like to know what *you* want?' 'Why,' said Ellen, with an ill suppressed laugh, 'I should think old Polly had come;' (a well known shrew in a neighboring village where they spent their summers) 'for I have been dreaming that she was here, and was scolding and storming all day long.' 'I wish you would keep your thoughts and your dreams to yourself; I am sure I don't know who wants to hear them,' muttered Julia in an under tone. 'Oh!' said Ellen, 'I had forgotten that you asked me what I wished you to do: I want you to do

just what you always do; to wash my face, brush my hair, and fasten my dress; you know it never takes you more than ten minutes.' 'Ten minutes!' said Julia, 'I am sure I don't know who has ten minutes to spare.' She then rose hastily from her seat, but, on the way to the wash-stand, she struck her foot against the rocker of a chair which ought to have been set in its proper place. This only increased her anger, and taking up the pitcher she poured the water into the bowl, with such violence that it splattered the wall, and nearly covered the beautiful French wash-stand, which her father had given her but a few months before, and which until now she had kept as bright as ever. She at last succeeded in washing Ellen's face, and in brushing her beautiful curls; but it was not until the little girl had shed many tears, and had said many times, 'please don't pull quite so hard.'

Soon the breakfast bell rang, and she hastened to meet her father and bid him good morning. At the table she was kind to her brothers and sisters, and talked of the weather, and the times: but still a keen observer might have perceived the lingering traces of the recent storm.

After breakfast she prepared her sister for school, and, a little before nine, left the house

for her own school room. Among her companions she was kind and affectionate, and all loved and admired her. After she returned home she was sulky and disobliging to all the younger members of the family; but her father no sooner entered the parlor than the cloud immediately dispersed, and she was as pleasant as a kind and affectionate father could have desired; for she was more afraid of his displeasure than of any thing else in the world. The rest of the day passed very much in the same manner.

After tea she dressed for a juvenile party. Her form was naturally light and graceful, and her face beautiful; and being dressed in a very becoming manner, she looked uncommonly well. As she entered the room, all eyes were fixed

upon her, and many persons were heard to say, 'Did you ever see a more beautiful creature?' During the evening she was lively, gay, and animated; she talked and laughed with all her acquaintance, and there was many a young lady, who, as she stood alone and unnoticed, said within herself, 'Oh! that I could be as cheerful and pleasant, as Julia Clifford.'

And now, reader, is not this the case with many a young lady besides the one just described. Are there not many others who are very pleasant and lively in company, and even in the school room, whom we should find on entering the domestic circle, where, above all other places, they should be kind and cheerful, to be as peevish and disobliging as was Julia Clifford. Y.

For the Religious Magazine.

THE HAPPY HOUR.

THE happy hour,—the hour which all loved so well in the family of Mrs. Stanley, had at last arrived. The rocking chair was placed for their dear mother—Anna's little stool close beside it, and the seats for the other children were arranged in their usual manner. The joyous laugh of childhood, and a mother's clear and soft

voice were heard in the hall. They entered the parlor, and were soon seated in their respective places.

'Whose turn is it to hear a story this evening,' said Mrs. Stanley? 'It is mine,' said a bright-eyed, laughing boy of four years old; 'and mine too,' said the gentle voice of Anna. 'I believe it is your

turn to hear a story first, George, and what shall I tell you about ?' said Mrs. Stanley. 'Oh ! tell me a story about a dog.'

'Are you all ready to hear ?' said Mrs. Stanley, and she then commenced an interesting account of a dog owned by the monks of St. Bernard in Switzerland, who saved the lives of a whole family, when, had it not been for his timely aid, they must have perished amidst the snows of their native mountains. She had not proceeded far in her narration when she was unexpectedly interrupted by some household care, which kept her from her little circle a long time, as the children thought. At length, however, she returned, and finished her story, with which they were all greatly delighted, and particularly George, for whose gratification it was told.

As she ended, the children heard the footsteps of their father, which were the well known signal that their hour had terminated.

'But, Anna,' said Mrs. Stanley, 'you shall hear your story to-morrow. I will meet you earlier than I did this evening, and we will spend a longer time together.' The tears were fast filling Anna's deep blue eyes, as she rose from her little seat beside her mother, which Mrs. Stanley observing, added quickly, 'but if you

prefer it, I will tell you a story now.' 'Oh ! thank you, dear mother,' said Anna, and again seated herself in the spot which was so dear to her.

'And what shall I tell you about, Anna ?' said her mother. Her eye was quickly lighted, and her cheek suffused with the blush of pleasure and animation as she said, 'Will you tell me about *heaven*, dear mother ?' The other children, who were now with their father, but who heard Anna's request, said to each other, 'I wonder why Anna does not love to hear stories.' Soon, however, they were engaged in lively conversation with their father, and their little sister was forgotten, while she sat listening with eager attention to every word her mother uttered. Now and then her gentle voice was heard asking questions respecting this all-engrossing subject. 'Dear mother,' she said, 'are you sure that Jesus will let *little* children go to that beautiful world ? Will he let me go there ?' And then as her mother would tell her of Jesus' love to children while on earth, her young heart beat with gratitude as she said, 'Oh mother ! is not Jesus very kind ?' Mrs. Stanley then told her, that in heaven all would be happy because all would be holy—because there would be no sin there,—if sinners were admitted there, it would be no

better than this world :—that if children would wish to enter that bright world they must love Jesus here, and never disobey his commandments, and that their sinful hearts must be taken from them.

Here Anna laying her head in her mother's lap, burst into tears. 'What is the matter with my dear daughter?' said Mrs. Stanley. 'Oh mother! I am afraid I shall not go to that beautiful world.' The children heard Anna's remark, and were for a moment lost in reverie, 'for,' said they to themselves, 'if Anna cannot go there, who is always so good and kind, where shall we be?'—it was but for a moment, and again their merry laugh was heard.

In the meantime their mother was soothing her sweet child with the kind promises of the bible to little children, and then she told her of the golden harps, and of the sweet songs that the redeemed would forever sing in heaven. Thus kindly she talked to her daughter till the clock told the hour of retiring. Soon each little one was dreaming of their sports and plays, all except Anna, whose fancy was wandering in the regions of that beautiful world of which she loved so well to hear.

A few weeks only had passed away, and the hour—the once happy hour, in the family of Mrs. Stanley had again arrived, but the joyous laugh of

childhood was not now heard, and that pleasant group of little ones were no longer seated around their mother, listening to her delightful stories. Not a sound was heard in the darkened chamber, where on a bed of sickness the sufferer lay, save now and then a stifled sob, or half suppressed whisper, 'Anna—dear Anna,'—showing how deep was the love felt by all for the little one who was so soon to be taken from them. The mother was there, sitting by the bed side, holding the hand of her little daughter. The father too was watching over her; she had fallen asleep for a few moments, but on awaking she said, 'Is it not the hour, dear mother, you always spend with us?' Mrs. Stanley well knew the thoughts passing in Anna's mind, and said, 'Shall I tell you about heaven again?' 'Do, dear mother.' She listened with the most eager attention, fearful lest she should lose one word from her lips. Mrs. Stanley paused a moment, and the low and gentle voice of the sufferer was again heard. 'If I should die,—if I should die *now*, dear mother, should I go to heaven?' Again was that mother's voice heard telling of Jesus' love for children. Thus passed the hour, but at its close the spirit of the little one had passed away to that bright world. It was indeed to her the happy hour.

For the Religious Magazine.

THE IPSWICH SCHOOL.

FROM a letter enclosing the following communication, we perceive that its respected author anticipates that we shall accompany its publication with strictures and remarks of our own. After due consideration, however, we see no occasion for such a course. Our former allusion to this school was merely incidental, and was occasioned by its being so often presented by the projectors of the Pangynaskean Seminary as the *beau ideal* of female schools. Very few of the remarks contained in our former article had any intentional reference to the school, whose defence is the object of the present communication ; but so far as they had any such reference, they were supposed to accord with the sentiments of intelligent friends of female education in this vicinity. We have received many other communications from very respectable sources commendatory of the general views taken in our former article, but have had no wish, by publishing them, to open the pages of the Religious Magazine to the discussion of such a subject. The following communication, though not *written* by any one immediately connected with the school in question, is yet, we suppose, to be considered as in some degree official, and on that account we cheerfully admit it to a place in the Magazine ; that in case any wrong was done by the former article, the aggrieved may have an opportunity to be heard through the same channel. Ed.

THE animadversions, which appeared in the Religious Magazine for April, on the Ipswich Female Seminary, were such as created no small surprise in the minds of those best acquainted with that institution. They were seen, at once, not to comport with the high religious character of the periodical in which they appeared, and still less with the merits of the seminary, on which they fell with so much severity. It was some relief to learn from the succeeding number of the Magazine, that ‘ no allusion was intended to the principal of the Ipswich seminary, towards whom the reviewer entertained no other sentiments than those of respect and esteem.’ But however undesigned, an allusion *was* distinctly made to her ; and the impression was fully given that, in the judgment of the reviewer, the school under her direction, was strikingly deficient in delicacy of sentiment, and refinement of manners, and fitted to produce only a ‘ mediocrity of literary attainment.’ It is therefore much to be regretted that the apology of the reviewer, in his ‘ note to correspondents,’ was not of such a nature as entirely to do away this impression. As it is, the unfavorable

impression, left by the review, remains in nearly all its original force.

It will be understood that no objection is here offered to the free discussion, in our public journals, of the merits of this or any other female school, as it respects either the character and qualifications of its teachers, or their mode of instruction. On these points the public have a right to be informed ; and if there be serious mismanagement, or any abuse of the public confidence, it should receive the wholesome correction of the press. No such 'chivalrous deference' certainly should be paid to woman, as to screen her, on account of her sex, from the severity of truth, whenever, in the character of an author, or a teacher, she undertakes to modify public sentiment, or mould the youthful mind, and is, at the same time wholly unqualified for the task. But who will say that the task itself is unbecoming the modesty and delicacy of woman ? An enlightened public have long since decided that it is perfectly consistent with the most refined delicacy, for a lady to step forth, and interest and instruct mankind with her pen ; and even, (if that pen be of sufficient power and virtue) to regulate and control with entire sway, the sentiment of the whole community. No one will pretend, then, that it is indelicate for a female to be a professed teacher of youth, and especially of those of her own sex. And, if she happen to gain the confidence of the community, and her name be spread far and wide for peculiar excellence in training the young, and very many resort to her for instruction, no one can reasonably consider her as acting a '*manly*' part, because she superintends the education of many, and stands at the head of a large institution. And yet the review pretty strongly intimates that woman is stepping out of her province when she becomes the principal of a literary institution, even though it be confined wholly to her own sex. 'That she may have faults which render her altogether unfit for such a station is obvious. But let not the station itself be blamed, as necessarily producing a masculine and self complacent character.

If 'the most remarkable instances of even female self complacence, which any age has witnessed, have been exhibited in our own day and country, by ladies engaged in conducting some of our most distinguished female seminaries,' the origin of the evil must be looked for, as we look for it in our own sex, not in the station occupied, though this may be the occasion of calling it forth, but in a defective education, or in the

want of right moral principle. If the reviewer be right in his general position on this point, still enough instances, it is believed, can be found in our most distinguished female seminaries, in which refinement and delicacy are seen combined with those literary qualifications, and that energy and dignity of character so necessary to their success, as to prove that the station itself is a proper one for woman.

But to return to the Ipswich seminary : what is its character ? And what are its fruits ? Is its influence such that the female mind connected with it, is 'fast becoming masculine, and all that is elegant, all that is attractive in woman, is sacrificed that she may become a school mistress in the "Great Valley," or fill some other high and important station ?' Has the principal of that seminary sent forth any young lady on 'a half missionary, half school keeping expedition, to the *Great Valley*, in search of a husband ?'

These and some other things are even more than intimated by the reviewer. Are they true ? is a question in which the public are interested, and on which they have a right to be correctly informed. And here I shall aver without fear of contradiction, that many witnesses can be produced, *gentlemen too*, well qualified to judge, who have often visited the school, and have testified that the Ipswich seminary stands pre-eminent among female schools, for sound literary and christian instruction, and for the cultivation of what is lovely and attractive in woman.

A clergyman of high standing in the vicinity of Boston, a man of manners, as well as letters, remarked some few years since, that the influence exerted by some young ladies of his parish, on their return from the Ipswich school, was so salutary, as happily to change in a great measure, the aspect of things among the youth in his society. 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' So long as parents find their daughters returning home from this school with manifest improvement in 'things lovely, and of good report,' they will be slow to believe that the process of education there, is one of 'unsexing,' and of training the female mind 'to brave mobs, and openly to set at defiance public sentiment.'

That which has peculiarly endeared the Ipswich seminary to the hearts of very many, is the moral and religious influence exerted upon the pupils, and which has been owned and blessed in an eminent degree, by the Holy Spirit. Scarcely a term has passed since the commencement of the school, in which numbers have not been hopefully brought into the Re-

deemer's kingdom, bearing such a proportion to those not belonging to that class in the school, as would be considered, in almost any of our New England parishes, a powerful revival of religion.

In respect to 'appeals made to the public' in behalf of this institution, it is only necessary to say that none have ever been made ; and that its advertisements have been made only for the purpose of giving notice to such as needed it, of the time when its terms commence, and the conditions of admission.

A word respecting the profound ignorance of the public in relation to the merits of this school. The Rev. Messrs. Reed and Mathewson, while in this country as delegates from the congregational churches in England, remarked that they could not leave the country until they had visited the Ipswich seminary, *of which they had heard so much.*

In regard to sending out teachers to the Great Valley, it is proper the public should be informed that no young lady has ever been encouraged by the principal of the Ipswich school to go to the West or South, as a teacher, who was not, before leaving, engaged to labor in some specific school, where gentlemen, in an associated capacity, under the name of committee, or trustees, had pledged themselves to provide for her, as for a sister, a suitable home ; unless indeed, as was the case in a few instances, the principal of a school had engaged to receive her into his own family. Nor have any of these gone forth until suitable protection had been secured for them on their journey. And now, if in process of time, the hands of some few, or even of all these, have been solicited in marriage, and they have complied with the solicitation, under the belief that marriage is honorable in all, shall this be considered as any impeachment of their moral or christian character, or any violation of female delicacy ? The reviewer will not say that it is : and yet he has used language (undesignedly I doubt not,) which has the appearance, at least, of casting a slur upon the efforts of pious females to do good in the destitute portions of our country.

The reviewer expresses some doubts, whether applications are made to this seminary for teachers in other important schools in New England. The fact that such applications have been made, for a course of years, is capable of such proof as would be conclusive, not merely to a candid, but even to a sceptical mind. Suffice it to say, that by the request of the

trustees of the Mount Vernon school, one of the former editors of this Magazine, as their agent, made application to an individual still connected with the Ipswich school, to become a permanent teacher there.

That the members of this seminary, who engage as instructors, do not all possess those splendid endowments, elegant manners, and extraordinary accomplishments, so much to be desired, is freely admitted.. But where shall we find the school, which will furnish teachers possessing all the desired qualifications? Shall all be discouraged from imparting instruction, excepting those, who have the highest literary qualifications, and the most fascinating manners? Shall all the young females of our land be left entirely destitute of teachers, except those who can be furnished with such as 'Mrs. More and Madame Roland?'

In conclusion it may be proper to say, that the writer of this communication has no connection whatever with the Ipswich seminary, and feels no other interest in it, than what, he trusts every friend to the cause of female education, and to the welfare of man in general, will feel, when acquainted with the powerful salutary influence which it is constantly exerting. E.

For the Religious Magazine.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

IT SHOULD be known that this important institution is checked in its career for want of funds. Thirty-five clerical missionaries are under appointment, and not one of them can go forth in the present state of its treasury. Five were to have gone in the latter part of June, but they must be detained till autumn, if not longer. Such an event in the operations of this society has not happened in many years. Missionaries have suffered no detention for want of funds, and candidates for the work have had no apprehensions of delay in getting to their fields of labor. And surely such ought always to be the fact; at least until much greater numbers than heretofore shall offer their services as missionaries to the heathen. The rate of increase in this class of laborers, for the five and twenty years past, is appalling, when we consider the vast extent of the field to be cultivated, and the amount of work to be done. Look at this

Board, for instance, which sends more missionaries, we believe, into the foreign field than all the other American societies together. The whole number of ordained missionaries it has sent during the past five years, is seventy five, and, what is worthy of special notice, the greatest annual number was sent in the first of these years. The deaths and dismissions meanwhile have been eighteen, making an increase of but fifty-seven preachers of the gospel in five years, or scarcely twelve in a year. Taking any previous five years, the number is of course less. And now there is great danger that a whole year will pass with sending very few, if any ; and wholly for want of a few thousand dollars more than there is a prospect of receiving. There will be a greater number of devoted, competent men to go than ever before, but not the funds requisite to send them.

The financial year of the board ends on the thirty first of July. The receipts of ten months of the current year, have been two hundred and one thousand dollars, and the expenditures of the year are estimated at two hundred and ninety thousand, including the debt of last year. Should the receipts for the remaining two months be in the same proportion that they have been, the board will be indebted at the close of its year, *nearly fifty thousand dollars*. The hope is entertained that the patrons of the cause, when they learn the state of the case, will exert themselves to furnish immediate relief. The deficiency is chiefly owing to the almost unprecedented commercial distress in our larger cities ; and if made up during the present year, it must to a great extent be by a simultaneous and general movement among the donors of small sums in the country. The sending forth of more missionaries under present circumstances, would hardly comport with the maintenance by the board of that invaluable credit in the commercial world, by which it is enabled to meet the expenses of its missions in all parts of the earth, by a safe, economical, and easy mode of remittances. Every discreet man would deem it an act of rashness. Faith does not require it, for faith is an intelligent principle, and has an ear for providence, as well as for the written word. The board is a mere agent of the religious community, and depends on that community for all its means of operating on the heathen world. Last autumn it sent forth sixty laborers, clerical and laymen, male and female, in obedience to the evident wishes of the community, and on the strength of liberal pledges. As those pledges have been but partially redeemed,

owing to the state of the times, there is the more need of circumspection in forming new engagements.

It is painful to reflect what must be the effect of these embarrassments on the missions of this board, if they are suffered long to continue. It has thirty-three distinct missions in different parts of the world, comprising eighty-five stations. Connected with these are no less than four hundred and sixty laborers, dependent on the funds of the board, about one hundred and thirty of whom are ministers of the gospel. There are twelve printing establishments, with more than twenty presses, printing in twenty-one languages, at the rate of twenty millions of pages a year. A number of seminaries, or colleges, for training native converts for the ministry and for other departments of christian labor, are also in operation, or progress, as the speediest, cheapest, most effectual method of supplying the heathen world with pastors and teachers. There are elementary schools, too, of almost every description, and the regular preaching of the gospel in as many as a hundred congregations. In seventeen congregations at the Sandwich Islands, the average number in attendance on the sabbath, the year round, is eight hundred and fifty—greater than in almost any district of our own favored country. Now if the means are curtailed, there must be curtailment in these operations; and curtailment is undoing what we have done, and what we must do again if we make progress in our work. Who can estimate the consequences of such a measure, in its effect on the missions, on the missionaries, or candidates for the work, on the churches, and on the heathen world?

We look abroad in vain for any reasons in favor of retreat. Never was there so much to urge us onward. The present openings and facilities for propagating the gospel and every kind of useful knowledge among the heathen, exceed those of all former experience. The missions also are prosperous beyond all former example. If we want success to encourage us, there never was so much of it apparent as at present.

Nor at home is necessity laid upon us to pause, and much less to go backward. The christian community is not impoverished. The great body of the patrons of the cause have more means now, than they had five years ago. Supposing the worst, we have only to practise a little christian self-denial, which has been scarcely exercised for five years past. Not a missionary need to wait a day for funds; and surely the churches will not compel more than thirty missionaries to wait for that reason,

and thus sacrifice as many years of missionary labor. The reverses in our worldly affairs were not meant by Him who sent them to destroy our ability to carry on this work, but to rebuke our worldliness and our want of zeal and devotedness in the service of our Master. He would have us pray more, labor more, give more, and exert a holier and more extensive influence on the world.

For the Religious Magazine.

THE SISTER'S GRAVE.

OH ! rest within thy narrow house,—rest on,
Secure from all temptation's lures on earth,
While I must stem life's angry waves alone !
Oh ! yes—'tis so ! 'Thou'st passed away, like cloud,
From off the sky of some still summer's eve.
I oft at noon-tide, walk beside the stream
That threads its silver way among the trees,—
But thou art gone from off its mossy bank !
I call,—but only echo seems to hear
And mock my voice, and I sit down and weep.
The fragrant flowers e'en now lie withered 'neath
The greenwood shade, where oft thou'st sat thee down
And laughed at all my wild and sportive glee.
Thy kind hand guides no more my wayward feet
To keep my steps from harm : I join the sport
Each day, as I was wont before ; but night
Comes round again, and then I'm left alone !
I would that I might rest in peace with thee,
And sleep within thy calm and tranquil grave !
But no !—thou art not there ; Thy form here lies
Entombed ; thy soul is now at peace in heaven !
'Then, sister, sleep thou on ! I'll cull bright flowers,
And while the lingering sun, in splendor plays
On mountain's top, I'll strew them o'er thy grave,
And wait, 'till I am called away from earth,
To join thee there !

CARPATHUS.

AN INAUGURAL ADDRESS

Delivered in the Chapel of Geneva College, December 21, 1836.

By BENJAMIN HALE, D. D., *President of the College.*

Second Edition. Albany : 1837.

THE storm which once threatened to prostrate not only ancient forms of government, but also whatever was venerable in former systems of education, has happily in a great measure spent its fury, and the wild experiments and still wilder speculations, which were so prevalent but a few years since, are now, with their authors, almost forgotten. The result of those experiments has been a more settled conviction, that, though ancient systems of education may admit of improvement, they are not radically erroneous. The *modes* in which education may be successfully prosecuted are almost innumerable, but the *objects to be attained* are forever the same. In intellectual education the object is to fit the mind for the various tasks which it is desirable that in subsequent periods of its existence it should be able successfully to perform. For accomplishing this object it seems now to be universally conceded that no method is equally successful with that which has been long pursued in the universities of Europe and in the colleges of this country. This method is founded on a thorough study of the mathematics and the ancient classics. To these are now, by common consent, added, an acquaintance with the various departments of natural history and philosophy, and all those branches of literature and science which are generally deemed of indispensable importance to a well educated man. The questions relating to education, which still remain in discussion, are not, as formerly, 'what shall be studied at college?' but, 'in what manner shall those studies be pursued, so as to produce the most thorough mental discipline and impart the greatest amount of useful knowledge.' Such, at least, is the state of public sentiment among those who are best informed upon the subject; but, even now, a faint echo of exploded opinions is occasionally heard from those who have either not enjoyed favorable opportunities for forming their opinions, or who aim at distinction by holding such as are unusual and eccentric.

In past years we have often been highly gratified with the sound views of education disclosed in the inaugural addresses of many presidents and professors in the American colleges. Such, in an eminent degree, are the views developed in the address

of President Hale which is now before us. A college conducted upon such principles will at least *merit* success, and can scarcely fail to obtain it.

The principal topics discussed in this address are, the importance of colleges to the general cause of education and of political freedom; a triumphant refutation of the opinion that they are aristocratic in their tendency; and an enquiry respecting the nature of *practical* education. Each of these subjects is clearly and ably discussed, and the general circulation of the address cannot fail to confirm and settle public opinion respecting them.

From the remarks respecting the supposed aristocratic tendency of colleges, we extract the following passage:

‘Free as we are, and born, as we boast ourselves, to a perfect equality, there yet is much disparity among us, arising from inequalities in wealth and station—a disparity which must exist, for the struggle for advancement, in which some succeed and some fail, is the means by which society advances; and success is the natural reward of industry and other virtues, essential to its well-being. But even this unavoidable disparity acts to some extent upon our offspring, and it is true and always will be true, that the sons of the poor, and those of the rich, start unequal in the race. Now it is the good effect of colleges, so far as their influence extends, to remove this inequality. Just consider for a moment, that, if there were no colleges, the rich could still command the means of a thorough education for their sons, and thus would be able to perpetuate distinctions, which difference of fortune had begun. And let it not be imagined, that were colleges wanting, they would content themselves with such means of instruction as might be common to all. Many would seek to give, in expensive private schools, those advantages to their sons, which the want of colleges denied them, and others would send them, as many in those colonies which were not supplied with colleges, did before the revolution, to foreign universities.

In our colleges, under the existing arrangements, the rich and poor meet together. The rich can command no better means of educating their sons, and they are equally free to the sons of the poor. The enlightened liberality of state legislatures, and of private citizens has, in many instances so far endowed them, that they are able to offer their advantages to all at moderate charges—and it has been the effort of trustees, and of college faculties to make such arrangements for the reduction of the necessary personal expenses, that a college education is now within the reach of any one, who thirsts for knowledge, and has energy enough to make the effort to obtain it.

And no where, even in our free country, I will venture to affirm, do rich and poor meet together on terms so perfectly equal, as in colleges. No where are the artificial distinctions of society so little felt. No where do young men of different conditions in life, come so directly into collision, and measure strength so fairly. The contest is for intellectual rank, and it is on equal terms.

Among the members of college faculties, so far as my acquaintance extends, no preference is given to the favored of fortune among their pupils, and those who avail themselves of every assistance, offered by the benevolent, and practice a rigid economy, do not find themselves treated with any the less respect. College officers have in too many instances, raised themselves to consideration by similar efforts, to look otherwise than kindly upon those, who are willing to

submit to privations in their zeal for knowledge. And they too frequently see the young man, whose own eagerness for learning has brought him to college, in spite of poverty, outstripping the richer, to feel any official respect for mere superiority of wealth. Nay, it is so much easier and more delightful to teach those, who are willing and eager to learn, than others—that none are so welcome, as those, whatever their circumstances, who are impelled by a love of study, and are bent upon availing themselves of all the helps of a college course, to prepare themselves for honor or usefulness.

Who then would be the gainers by the subversion of colleges? The people? Nay—none; unless it would be gain to the wealthy to be allowed still greater advantages than they now possess, for raising themselves and their families above others.

Educated men—men, who have gained power by knowledge and intellectual discipline—must exert a high influence in this country. It is true—there are some, who, by the force of native talent, and great effort under great disadvantages, can and do raise themselves to distinction without the discipline of colleges. These however are the exceptions. And as true as *mind*, and not force, is to govern in our country, so true it is that educated mind will be able to exert the highest influence. Shall this influence be in the hands of one class? Shall the rich gain the power, because they are able and others not, to command the means of intellectual cultivation? Such would be the result, if we had not institutions of the highest class, under such arrangements, as to be accessible to all.

That these advantages should be fully enjoyed by those in moderate circumstances, it is necessary that colleges should be so far multiplied as to render them convenient to all. This will be effected whenever, in addition to central institutions for the benefit of the agricultural population, colleges shall be erected and endowed in all our principal cities for the education of their citizens.

THE BOSTON ANNIVERSARIES.

IT WAS our privilege to attend many of the public meetings held in this city during our week of anniversaries, and we can truly say that, in almost every case, we were highly gratified with what we saw and heard. In the reports and other public exercises, we thought we observed more evidence of humility and of simple dependance upon divine aid in accomplishing the plans of benevolence, than on some former occasions. The directors of our public charities, and the speakers by whom the crowded audiences were addressed, seemed alike to feel, that they had in times past trusted too much in human effort and in worldly wisdom, and that an overruling providence was plainly teaching them the folly of such dependance.

The impression appeared to be universally felt that our great institutions of charity must be sustained, and that consequently, since so many of the larger streams, on which they have depended are dried up, the smaller rills must be opened in greater numbers to supply their place. Should this be the result of the present pecuniary embarrassments, their influence upon the christian community would prove highly salutary, as it would imply a great increase in the number of those who are personally interested in promoting the cause of benevolence. Among the great objects of christian enterprise, the Board of Foreign Missions appears to us to demand special attention at the present moment. Other societies may, with less inconvenience, partially suspend their operations, and resume them at a future day, but this Board cannot materially curtail its present expenditures, without the certainty of great disasters to the cause of missions. Their fields of operation are, in general, so remote, that the present pecuniary embarrassments of our country will probably be relieved, before any important reduction can be made in their expenditures ; but in the mean time, should their funds prove inadequate, great inconvenience will be experienced by the missionaries, and the credit of the board, which is now unquestioned, will be seriously impaired. We hope the attention of every one who daily offers the petition 'thy kingdom come,' will be turned to the present condition of this society, one of the noblest ever formed by man, and that each will ask, 'Lord what will thou have me to do ?'

The mutual affection and christian kindness manifested by those who attended the various meetings held in this city, afforded a striking contrast to the scenes of angry debate and fierce crimination which characterized the simultaneous meetings of another section of the American church. One of the pleasantest public meetings which we attended, was that in which the Unitarian and Orthodox churches still remain united. The mutual forbearance and kindness, which, under such circumstances, each member feels himself called upon to exercise towards his brethren, tends greatly to perfect the christian character. The sermon of Prof. Ware, before the meeting to which we refer, was a beautiful exhibition of the nature of christianity, and a striking example of the ease with which one whose mind is thoroughly imbued with its spirit, can avoid subjects of minor importance, while urging with resistless force those topics of transcendent interest in which all christians harmonize. It is undoubtedly difficult for those whose senti-

ments on some important subjects differ widely, to hold free intercourse with each other, and still avoid every degree of collision. All which is necessary for this purpose, however, is to shun those few topics on which they differ, and permit their thoughts to be engrossed with those subjects on which they fully harmonize.

It is in fact only necessary that each party should practice true politeness ; for in refined society each one avoids those topics which he knows will be painful or offensive to those with whom he associates. Is it not shameful that christians should be so slow to practice those graces, which are imitated successfully in all polite circles ?

So long as nations depend upon the arts of diplomacy for obtaining advantages, which, on principles of reciprocity, are not fairly due to them, so long treaties will be violated by the party which is overreached, and wars will continue to prevail. In like manner contentions and heart-burnings among christians will not cease until, with one consent, they give up every idea of obtaining such advantages by skilful manœuvres as they would not dare openly to claim. The only dissatisfaction which we heard expressed at any measure adopted during the anniversaries arose, as we understood, from a belief, that, in a particular appointment, the wishes of the majority had been frustrated by an artful contrivance. *Pious* frauds should most of all be avoided, as they tend more than any other to bring genuine piety into suspicion, and, moreover, honesty still remains, as it has ever been, the best policy. In morals, not less than in mathematics, ‘a straight line is the shortest distance between two points.’

LITERARY NOTICES.

AN ARGUMENT FOR EARLY TEMPERANCE ; addressed to the Youth of the United States. By Edward Hitchcock, Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in Amherst College. Altered and enlarged from his prize essay on Temperance. Boston : Whipple & Damrell. 1837. 18mo. pp. 89.

It has been confidently predicted, for some years past, that a reaction would ultimately take place in regard to modern views on the subject of temperance. It seems also to have been anticipated, that whenever this event should take place, the retrograde movement would not only carry the cause of tem-

perance back to the point from which it originally started, according to the law in physics that 'action and reaction are equal and in opposite directions,' but would even threaten the ultimate destruction of the small amount of temperance, previously existing in the world. At present, we suppose, no general apprehension is entertained of such a catastrophe. Still it is true in this, as in every other reformation, that its only security for permanence must rest upon a sober conviction of the soundness of its fundamental principles. It is in reference to this principle that we are led to value so highly the 'Prize Essay' of Dr. Mussey, and the 'Argument for early temperance' from the pen of Prof. Hitchcock. Such works cannot be generally read without producing a salutary effect upon the public mind, and those who are instrumental in publishing and circulating them are exerting a most beneficial influence in the cause of temperance.

In this essay Prof. Hitchcock urges total abstinence from the ordinary use of all intoxicating liquors. He rests his plea,

1. Upon the Principles of Philosophy ;
2. On the ground of Self-interest and Prudence ;
3. On Patriotic Considerations ;
4. On the Principles of Christianity.

The various arguments appropriate to each of these heads are urged with great clearness and force. In addition to the arguments for the disuse of intoxicating liquors, he has urged also, in a very powerful manner, total abstinence from the use of opium and tobacco.

It is of very great importance in such a cause as that of temperance, that the arguments adduced in its support should all be valid,—that the supports of such a superstructure should not be part of iron and part of clay. Of the latter material we believe very little has been mingled by its author in the essay before us, but some of the positions taken by him under the fourth head appear to us less satisfactory than most other parts of the essay.

When speaking of the Nazarites (p. 78) he remarks, 'When God wanted a man for any difficult and special service he chose him from the Nazarites ; such as Samuel and Samson, Daniel and John the Baptist.' Now to say nothing of the improbability that Daniel was, in the proper sense of the term, a Nazarite, is it not exceedingly evident that most of those whom God chose for difficult and special service, both under the old and the new dispensation were not Nazarites ? The services of Abraham and Jacob, of Moses and Aaron, of David and Solomon, of the long line of holy prophets, of Paul and the other apostles, and finally of Christ himself, were surely as difficult as any which were allotted to the few Nazarites whose names are recorded in the scriptures.

The case of Jonadab the son of Rechab, is also mentioned as a decisive proof of God's approbation of total abstinence. To us it appears quite evident that the blessing pronounced upon the Rechabites was solely on account of their filial piety, and we believe this will be evident to any one who will study the whole passage relating to them.

We doubt, also, whether the difficulty which some have raised respecting Paul's direction to Timothy, is fairly removed by what was at first, we believe, considered a mere *jeu d'esprit* of a learned professor in our oldest theological seminary. His class, we are told, were waiting with no little curiosity, to know how the professor would reply to the argument drawn by wine bibbers from this direction of Paul to Timothy to 'use a little wine,' when, to their surprise, he called upon them to admire the strength of the principle of temperance in Timothy, since it required the 'authority of an inspired apostle to induce him to use a little wine for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities.' Such a reply might silence, and would certainly amuse an opponent, but that it removes the difficulty, we have supposed that no one would seriously contend. The case however presents no greater difficulty than is to be found in the almost uniform example of prophets and apostles, and even of Christ himself, and therefore stands in need of no separate reply. Our own view of these cases was briefly stated in a recent notice of the 'Nazarene' at page 233—235, of this volume, to which we take the liberty to refer.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER ; designed to aid in elevating and perfecting the Sabbath School System. By Rev. John Todd, Pastor of the First Congregational Church, Philadelphia ; Author of 'Lectures to Children,' 'Students' Manual,' &c. Northampton : J. H. Butler, 1837. 12mo. pp. 432.

The system of Sabbath School instruction has taken so deep root, and has extended itself so widely, both in this country and in Great Britain, as to call for the particular attention of all who feel an interest in the rising generation or in the progress of religious knowledge and influence. It affords a remarkable instance of the successful application of machinery to a purpose far more important than that for which it was originally intended. To a great extent Sabbath Schools are no longer regarded as a means of imparting the elements of secular knowledge to the children of the poor, but as one of the most efficient modes of training the young to virtue and religion.

It is commonly long before that which is new is estimated according to its just value, or is applied, in all respects, so as to produce the greatest amount of good of which it is susceptible, with the fewest attendant evils. Such is probably not the case even at the present time in regard to the system of Sabbath Schools. A few years only have passed since their first introduction, and though much has been done to perfect the system, it seems to be universally felt, that much still remains to be done. It is perhaps no fault of the system that too exclusive reliance has been placed in its efficacy by most christian parents, and that, consequently, since its introduction, parental instruction has been too much neglected. Time will doubtless bring with it a more sober estimate, and it may be hoped that ultimately what is excellent in the institution may be preserved, and all false opinions and erroneous practices connected with it may be laid aside.

There is perhaps no subject at this time which needs, in an equal degree, the aid of some master mind to bring its chaotic materials into enduring forms of

beauty and utility. In this view the public are under great obligations to the author of the work now before us, who has pointed out the sources of many evils in the system, and has suggested efficient means for their remedy. We shall offer no analysis of this work, as we do not doubt that the high reputation of the author, will induce every Sabbath School teacher, to study it for his own instruction and direction. We regard it as the most useful manual for Sabbath School teachers, that we have ever seen.

The style of Mr. Todd is, in general, good, but in the present work, we observe some things which needed, in a greater degree, the correcting hand of its author. These faults are, no doubt, fairly attributable to the haste with which the work must have been written amidst the numerous and most important cares and labors of its author. This may be a valid apology for those authors whose circumstances compel them not only to write, but to publish also in great haste. In general, however, the public will feel itself well compensated for a little delay in bringing out a work, if the time has been faithfully employed in condensing and polishing its materials.

HEATHENISM REJECTED AND CHRIST RECEIVED. A song of praise, by Wesley Abraham, a native poet, lately called Arumuga Tambiran, sometime overseer of Tarmupuram, near Tanjore, who after being engaged fifty years in visiting holy places, and in instructing disciples, was publicly baptized in the Wesleyan Chapel, Madras, on the first Sunday in August, 1836. Third edition. Madras, 1836. 8vo. pp. 16.

This pamphlet consists of five songs written and printed in the Tamul language, with 'a free translation conveying the sense of the original without a corresponding measure of words and syllables in poetry.' The following is the translation of one of these hymns written by Wesley Abraham in imitation of a chorus 'Come to Jesus,' sung by children at his baptism.

'Come to Jesus, O ye people of the world, come to Jesus !—

'Come to Jesus, who is one of the distinct persons in the Trinity, namely, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit ; and who became man, and was born of the Virgin Mary by the power of God. He was in the beginning with God. He gives true knowledge to men of God's existence and attributes—He shines in Heaven, and he is endless joy in the hearts of the faithful. Come to Jesus, &c.

'Come to Jesus. The excellent Saviour of mankind, who was called a Nazarene—He preached the Gospel to the people that they might feel sacred joy in their hearts, be cleansed from sin and prepared for Heaven—He whose feet walked upon the earth is the giver of everlasting bliss in Heaven. Come to Jesus, &c.

'Come to Jesus, who is a true Savior, and who came into the world and healed the hopeless sick, and gave life to the dead. Of his wonderful works have ye not heard ? O ye Heathen !—He being the mighty God who sees the heart, and is able to extirpate sin long rooted in the mind : if you truly believe on him, and sing his praises day, he will receive you into his kingdom. Come to Jesus, &c.

'Come to Jesus—whose person is as the splendor of the sun. For the life of the world he generously gave his own life—he instituted the Holy Sacrament, his Laws were written on the tables of stone : he was born in the coun-

try of Bethlehem amid the praises of Angels, and he died on the Cross for the salvation of mankind. He who is the giver of all good gifts, and whose feet walked on the sea, reigns over us with a sceptre of grace. Come to Jesus, &c.'

CLASS BOOK OF NATURAL THEOLOGY ; or the testimony of nature to the being, perfections, and government of God. By the Rev. Henry Fergus. Revised and enlarged, and adapted to Paxton's Illustrations ; with notes, selected and original, biographical notices, and a vocabulary of scientific terms. By the Rev. Charles Henry Alden, A. M. Principal of the Philadelphia High School for Young Ladies. Second edition, revised. Boston ; Gould, Kendall & Lincoln. 1837. 12mo. pp. 252.

With the original work of the Rev. Henry Fergus, we have no acquaintance, and we have the more occasion to regret our ignorance in this respect, as its American editor has given us no clue by which we can ascertain, with any degree of precision, the amount of our respective obligations to the author and his editor. From the preface it appears that it 'has been a distinct object with the editor to render it strictly appropriate both to the public and private education of Young Ladies, there being no topic in it which may not be discussed with entire propriety under any circumstances.' How far the original work has been altered with a view of rendering it thus 'appropriate' we are not informed.

In its present state the work is a valuable addition to Paley's Natural Theology, though it cannot, we think, be recommended as a substitute for that invaluable work. A large space in the edition before us is occupied by a reprint of Paxton's illustrations, which will be quite unnecessary for those who shall use the work only as subsidiary to that of Paley. Mr. Fergus's style is far less simple than that of Paley, and hence to a great portion of the young ladies, for whose use this edition seems to have been specially intended, it will be less intelligible.

THE CLASS BOOK OF ANATOMY, explanatory of the first principles of human organization as the basis of physical education. Designed for Schools. By Jerome Van Crowninshield Smith, M. D. With numerous Illustrations, and a Vocabulary of Technical Terms. Second edition, revised, enlarged, and stereotyped. Boston : Robert S. Davis, 1836.

The reputation of this work may now be considered as well established, and the sale of one large edition is an evidence not only of the popularity of the book, but of an increasing interest in the subject of which it treats. It is a proof, also, that parents and instructors begin to be aware of the intimate connection of this subject with that of physical education.

THE
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AND
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For the Religious Magazine.

ON THE ACCUMULATION OF PROPERTY.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

IN the last number of the Magazine it was stated that wealth, in itself considered, is regarded by God as a blessing ; that it is the duty of every man to be diligent in business, and to seek to be successful, and that in our current expenditures our style of living must in some degree conform to our income. A caution was added against neglecting other duties in application to business, and against expending our income, without regard to the greatest usefulness. I then proceeded to remark upon the temptations, to which those are exposed, who are engaged in the eager pursuit of wealth, whether successful or unsuccessful. ‘They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare.’ In the former number, we dwelt upon the ‘temptation ;’ in the present one I would lead your thoughts to the ‘snare.’

I suppose the progress and the decline of family fortunes have been essentially the same in all parts of the world, if we except those countries in which the laws of entail and primogeniture preserve the eldest son from the reverses which otherwise would inevitably ensue.

A young man comes into the city from his respectable home of industry in the country. He comes with energy of character, and industrious habits, and is inured to economy. He has nothing to depend upon but his own resources of diligence and fidelity.

After a few years he commences business for himself. His only capital is a good name, and business talents. These guide him to wealth. In a few years he is found one of the most opulent and influential merchants in the city. And the country boy, who comes into Washington street, as he did, in search of a fortune, now looks up to him with reverence, as to one of the nobles of the land.

This is the history of many of the first merchants of Boston and New York. These poor country boys, with the virtues which are nurtured in an economical home, come into our great cities and take the lead in law, in politics, in merchandise. There are exceptions, but this is the general rule in all the principal cities of this country and in England. What is the subsequent history ?

The sons and the daughters of this, now rich man, find a very different cradle from that which their father found in his paternal home. Profusion and splendor are all around them. Their father trod a painted floor, or perhaps ate his bread and milk, from the earthen bowl or the tin dipper. They move in apartments furnished with splendor, and take their coffee from cups of silver. I am not now saying that this is wrong, but simply describing the process which I apprehend is general. Under such influences they have many imaginary wants, and the profusion around them destroys all habits of economy. The sons feel that they are not dependant upon their own exertions for support ; that their father is rich ; that he will set them up in business, and they think that property will flow in upon them, as easily as it follows the well directed efforts of their father's strong mind. They form no habits of close application. They have received no instructions in the hard, but useful school of adversity. The father has felt that in amassing property he was promoting the welfare of his family. He would be rich, and he has 'fallen into a snare.'

The father dies. The property is divided. The sons are in business ; their habits are such that they cannot avoid heavy expenditures, and they cannot endure the rigor of unwearied exertion. Their father commenced at the bottom of the ladder ; and gradually ascended. He came from the farm house, and rose by degrees, to opulence and luxury. The sons commence at the top of the ladder and go down. Year after year the property dwindles away, and the children are soon fairly down in the walks of obscurity and poverty. The son of the coachman and his master simply change places. The one with

wife and children takes the inside seat. The other with whip and rein mounts the box. It is thus the wheel is continually revolving. And this not through the caprices of blind fortune, but through the operation of clearly defined and natural causes.

Now here is the snare into which he falls who will be rich. He may be laboring all his life, for the accumulation of property, and that very property be the cause of the ruin of his family. The exposure of the daughters' happiness, may be still greater than that of the sons. When an affectionate-hearted lady awakes to the consciousness that her husband has taken her but as the necessary encumbrance to her father's property, the measure of her wretchedness is almost full. The danger of unhappy marriage is under all circumstances great. Even where there is no allurement to the connection, but congeniality of taste and affection, the number of ill sorted and discordant unions is fearfully great. But the chances of happiness which a young lady with an independent fortune has, are very small indeed. The very fact that she has money will be regarded as an objection, by many of the best of minds and hearts, while the frivolous, and the heartless, and the profligate, will crowd around her. An ingenuous young man shrinks from the imputation of marrying for money, and he fears to take as a companion, through life's hard pilgrimage, one who has been nurtured in fashion and luxury.

Thus does a man not unfrequently labor for his whole life to accumulate property which ruins his sons and destroys his daughters. He neglects God, gives himself no time for preparation for another world, and when age and infirmities press heavily upon him, 'he finds he has spent his strength for that which is not bread, and his labor for that which profiteth not.'

The great men of our country, those who have sent their name and their influence through the union, have almost universally come from, what would generally be called, the humble walks of life.

I was once walking in the fields with one of the most distinguished of the political men of Massachusetts, when he suddenly stopped and said, 'I have spent many hours picking up the stones from this field in frosty autumn mornings, with my fingers aching with the cold. If I could only bring up my boys, as my father brought up his, I should hope something from them.'

Any one who will enquire into the early history of the principal men of our country, or who will look into the biographies

of the principal men of the world, will be struck with the fact, that almost all the talent and the enterprise have come from the cottage and not from the mansions of the wealthy. It is very seldom that the sons of distinguished men become distinguished themselves. The father attains celebrity, and wealth; the sons enervated by this wealth, decay. There certainly are exceptions to this rule, highly honorable exceptions; but the general process is undeniable.

If we can place any reliance upon that experience which our observation gives us, we cannot doubt, that in this country a wealthy family has, on the whole, a far more unfavorable prospect for happiness, than one in the enjoyment of a moderate competence.

I once heard a gentleman of great influence say, 'I cannot be sufficiently grateful that I had not a rich father.' And the remark was one of sound philosophy. The probability altogether is, that if this gentleman's father had been rich, he never would have been stimulated to those exertions, which so abundantly contributed to his reputation and his happiness.

It will be seen at once from what has already been said, that great wealth throws some peculiar obstacles in the way of our preparation for a future world. All are aware that this sentiment is advanced with much distinctness and frequency in the Bible.

'They that will be rich, fall into temptation.' 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God.' 'It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God.' 'Wo unto you that are full now, for ye shall mourn and weep.' 'Go to now ye rich men, weep and howl for your miseries which shall come upon you.'

Now none of these passages imply that wealth is in itself an evil, or that God regards the possession of wealth as sinful. But we cannot escape from the admission, that the rich man and his family, are exposed to peculiar dangers.

And we see at once, that the temptation to extravagance and high life, and all the thoughtlessness of a worldly spirit is very great. The children of the rich man have a stronger current setting against them to bear them to perdition; they have more to overcome in renouncing the world and choosing the Savior.

Look at the present condition of the churches in this country. How few of the members come from the families of the rich. You find some rich persons in the church, but even they gen-

erally became professors before they became rich. A clergyman of New York told me, that his church members generally decreased in spirituality as fast as they increased in wealth. And I believe that this will be found pretty extensively true.

There are some noble examples to the contrary ; some of the most laborious and self denying of the disciples of Jesus, have consecrated the largeness of their possessions as well as the largeness of their hearts to God. And they have taken hold of active christian duty like working men in the vineyard of the Savior. Such men are indeed a blessing to the church, but they are the exceptions. The rule remains established.

Now here is one of the snares to which I have alluded. A pious man will toil for life in accumulating property. In doing this he lives in constant anxiety ; he hardly knows a moment of peace ; he neglects his religious duties and puts the salvation of his soul at a fearful hazard. And the result of all this labor and anxiety is to confirm his children in sin, and to seal their everlasting destruction. This is indeed ‘sowing the wind and reaping the whirlwind.’

I apprehend that facts will bear me out abundantly in the assertion, that wealth does not generally prove a blessing, but rather a calamity.

The family, in the enjoyment of a comfortable supply of their wants, are far more safe against the sorrows of this life, and the sorrows of the life to come, than the family surrounded with opulence. The prayer of Agur was consequently a prayer dictated by sound wisdom : ‘ Give me neither poverty nor riches.’

These thoughts have a practical bearing upon all persons. They who are in moderate circumstances should be contented with their situation. They should feel no restless craving desire to change it. They should go on diligently and faithfully in their several duties, receiving with gratitude that degree of prosperity which God may be pleased to confer upon them. Your situation for comfort and enjoyment in this world is perhaps as favorable as any that can be found. And the obligations of religion crowd upon your minds with perhaps greater force than upon those of any others, and there are probably less obstacles in the way of your conversion. It is from the region in life which you occupy, that the great majority of the disciples of Jesus come. You may yet be in the mansions of heaven ; you may yet, as the sons of God, inherit the wealth

of unnumbered worlds. And if you reject the invitations of the Savior, there will be none at the judgment seat more inexcusable than you.

There are probably some of my readers who have been on the highway of pecuniary prosperity, and who have seen before them the prospect of attainable riches ; but who suddenly find in these hard times their progress arrested, and the profits of past enterprize gradually disappearing. Now it is very probable that God is thus kindly taking from you an instrument which would prove your ruin. And if you could see the consequences which would result to your family from continued prosperity you would be very glad of present reverses. It is by no means improbable that God will lead you along in this way through your whole life, sending checks and reverses just often enough to preclude the possibility of your becoming rich. And your son may yet say, 'I thank God that my father was not a rich man.' And your daughter may find in the absence of a fortune her escape from a life of misery. And you may all yet meet in heaven to look back upon the checks of your worldly prosperity, and see that they were the occasion of your eternal happiness.

There are perhaps others into whose possession wealth is fast flowing. God crowns your diligence with success, and He enjoins it upon you to be diligent in business. God may decide that it is best that you should be rich men. If he has so decided, you are in circumstances of great temptation and danger. You are in danger of becoming so much interested in the accumulation of property and so eager in the pursuit, that you will so enlarge your business as to have no time for the duties of religion and the service of the church. Your attendance will be less frequent at the conference room, and your thoughts upon the sabbath will be more wandering. Your own religious character and the temporal and eternal welfare of your family will be in great danger.

If your children are accustomed to an expensive style of living ; if they see that you do not act as God's steward, but that you are laying up property for them ; if they do not see that they must mainly rely upon their own exertions for their success in life, your prosperity will almost inevitably prove the destruction of your family.

But you may act on commission for God. You may practically acknowledge that you are in truth his steward. You may take from the profits of your business enough to supply all

your family wants, and conscientiously appropriate the balance to his service. Your own judgment alone can decide how far it is expedient to increase the capital with which you work. In this way you will fulfil the command of doing all for the glory of God. You will have the pleasure of being eminently useful ; your family will be saved from the temptations of high life ; your daughters will escape the snares of the fortune hunter ; your sons will enter life with habits of economy, and will be stimulated to exertion by the consciousness that they are to be, under God, the artificers of their own fortunes. In the present state of the world I know of no other course which seems consistent with safety.

We have but a few more days to remain here upon earth, and we must soon leave all we can gather here. Our houses must be abandoned for the coffin, our garments for the shroud, our gardens for the grave. We ought to think less of this world and more of the world to come. Nothing is of permanent value but that which we can bear with us to our future home. Oh that we all may render up a good account at last !

THESE BAD TIMES THE PRODUCT OF BAD MORALS.

A Sermon preached to the Second Church in Scituate, Mass., May 21, 1837. BY SAMUEL J. MAY. Boston : 1837. 12mo. pp. 20.

IT WAS the custom of the Great Teacher, and of his inspired apostles, to derive lessons of instruction from passing events, and from the circumstances in which their hearers had been casually placed. Sound philosophy, no less than these illustrious examples, indicates the wisdom of such a course. It is difficult to turn the minds of men to the voice of instruction, when it speaks a language foreign to their usual thoughts and pursuits, but when it coincides with these, it is easy to find a willing audience. The separation of the clerical profession from the more active employments of mankind is attended with this evil, that it often occasions an abstract mode of discussing religious truth and moral duties, accompanied by such illustrations only as are drawn from the history of past ages. To literary men of other professions this kind of instruction may often be the most pleasing, since they too are accustomed to

live in a great degree in the past ; but to the more active classes, who necessarily study men rather than books, such illustrations are comparatively powerless, and the instructions intended to be conveyed by them, are seldom regarded. The sermons which produce the greatest impression, and are longest remembered, are those which are properly called *occasional* discourses, as they have their origin in those special circumstances and occasions in which the hearers happen to be placed. To seize upon such occasions, therefore, seems to be the part of true wisdom in those who are set to mould the moral characters of men ; and he will, in general, be most able to do this successfully, who unites with seasons of retirement and seclusion an intimate acquaintance with passing events.

The present circumstances of the commercial world are so peculiar that they seem to have fixed the attention not only of men of business, but even of those who are ordinarily the least attentive to such affairs. As a consequence of this attention there have appeared simultaneously, in almost all parts of the country, various published sermons relating to the times, and tracing with great ability the present commercial distresses to our individual and national sins.

The author of the sermon before us calls the attention of his hearers but in a slight degree to the *proximate* causes, which he believes to be a false system of commercial transactions arising from too extensive credits, and from the destruction of the Bank of the United States. Among the remoter causes he mentions especially our devotion to *office* and *wealth*, and alludes, though perhaps in a slighter degree than the occasion might have justified, to the sin of *oppression*. Each of these subjects is treated in an interesting manner, and the discourse seems to us well adapted to do good. The following extracts will serve as a specimen of the manner in which Mr. May has treated the subject.

‘There are two objects of worship in our country, whose votaries are ten-fold more numerous than are the servants of the true God, — Office and Wealth. These are our popular idols. The idolatry of office—political ambition, is a sin which most easily besets the people of a Republic. Under other governments the highest offices are hereditary, and most of the subordinate places of trust or honor are but the gifts of those who are born to rule. There is no inducement for the people generally to seek after civil elevation. They are content to remain in the conditions of private life. Therefore, whatever may be the evils incident to such governments, and I do not deny that they are great, the people generally are not tempted to indulge in political ambition, to idolize themselves or the men of their party. They are accustomed from childhood to regard their rulers as a superior order of beings, and to defer to

their authority as if submission and obedience to them were virtues. The feeling of royalty may be often misplaced ; but it is conducive, I verily believe, to those sentiments which we ought to cherish towards the High and Mighty King of kings and Lord of lords.

Under our form of government the case is wholly different. We have no kings, we have none who claim a right to reign over us. This is well. But connected with it there are some things which are not good. The feeling of reverence and respect for authority are not parts of the Genius of a Republic. They are not cherished by our political institutions. Here every man is eligible to every office, and is apt to look more with envy than respect to the individual who attains to it. Too many among us long to stand in the high places of society. Even those who profess to be Christians, seem to be very generally forgetful of our Lord's injunctions to his disciples—'He that is greatest among you shall be your servant. Whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased ; and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted.' Nor are we mindful to obey the apostolic precept—'In honor prefer one another'—for almost every one is disposed rather to prefer himself. 'This is a sin, a very prevalent sin, and one that is working mischief through the land. Because every man is eligible to an office, it by no means follows that every man may think himself qualified for that office. Because all places of honor or profit are in the gift of the people, a man should not lightly esteem the obligations, which all such places impose upon those who occupy them. If right sentiments and feelings on this subject prevailed, the people would have to seek out men to fill the various offices of society, instead of being as they now are, infested on all sides by office-seekers. A man of high moral principle rather shrinks from than aspires to a situation above his fellows, He will not easily be persuaded that he is better qualified than others to fill an important and responsible place. He looks more at the duties it will impose, than at the honor it may confer upon him. If then he accepts it at all, he does so because he has been made to perceive that he may therein serve his fellow citizens, and not that he may be himself exalted. But it seems to me that on this subject, very base and mischievous notions are common in our country. One might suppose from appearances that the offices of our state and national governments were merely prizes, for which the people, one and all, were invited to contend. It is I am persuaded, the eager political ambition of individuals (idolatry of office,) that has given all the asperity to the contests of the parties,—contests, in which truth has been egregiously violated, righteousness trampled upon, and the common weal often wholly overlooked. Men are not now raised to office because of their undoubted qualifications for the trust to be reposed in them ; but because of their political creed. The party, to which a man has attached himself, must gain the ascendancy or he cannot be exalted. Aspirants to office, therefore, maintain the opinions and pursue all the ends proposed by their party, as if they were matters of the highest personal interest. Sectarism, bigotry and persecution, which have been so odious in religious sects, have come to take an active part in our political controversies, with all their inherent blindness, meanness and cruelty. Neither men, nor measures, nor principles, are fairly considered ; and the country suffers harm, serious harm, at the hands of those who all the while loudly profess the utmost zeal in her cause. Ardent patriots, as they would be thought, though they may not say in so many words that there is no difference between right and wrong, show by their actions that they have less confidence in a steadfast adherence to right, than they have in intrigue and the numerical force of their associates ; and that they have less fear of iniquity, than they have of the failure of their political schemes. It needs but little observation to perceive that much of the State and more of the National Legislature are determined far less by considerations of justice and mercy,

had learned, probably from necessary intercourse with a profane person, to use some very exceptionable words.

The sickness which rendered her so desolate, was exceedingly severe, and after accomplishing its fearful work upon her senses, left her system so completely prostrate, that it was long doubtful whether she would ever be restored to comfortable general health. She retained however for a considerable time, the faculty of speech, and shortly after her long night came upon her, said to her attendant, 'Why don't you light a lamp? It will never be day.' She used also to say her prayers after she became deaf and blind, to utter the names of her friends, to ask for what she wanted, to spell little words to herself, and at times when disappointed, or vexed by her wishes not being complied with, by the impossibility of making herself understood, or by the unkind treatment of a male member of the family, (to which she was occasionally subject,) she would use profane expressions, such as she had no doubt heard from this unhappy person. Her childish spirit evidently at this period, wandered about its prison-house in restlessness, anxiety and sometimes in agony; seeking deliverance, striving for communion with kindred minds, and using all the faculties and senses which remained at its command, to make known its condition, and supply itself with occupation and amusement. In making these efforts, the poor child very naturally used such language as she had been familiar with; often probably, with very imperfect ideas of its meaning: for, judging from the cases of other children of that tender age, especially such as have enjoyed but indifferent instruction, we cannot suppose that this poor child had distinct ideas of the God she addressed in prayer, and whose name she used in other ways, or, of the full meaning of any other than the simplest language.

As her strength increased and she became able to stand, and with the aid of others to walk about the house, her means of enjoyment increased also. She had much pleasure in examining by the senses of feeling and smell the various objects around her, she soon became familiar with every article of her own apparel, and indeed with every thing belonging to the family, and while her parents lived in the same house with another family, has often been known to carry back to their owner such utensils or other articles as had been borrowed or lent, often to the amusement and sometimes to the inconvenience of both parties. She early evinced great love of order, never allowing any thing to be out of place, if she could prevent it. She also as she

grew older, seemed desirous of occupying herself in the care of her brothers and sisters, of whom she had several all younger than herself: would sometimes wash their faces and hands, would undress and put them to bed, occasionally exercise some discipline among them, would rock the infant in the cradle, and feel of its eyes, to ascertain if it were sleeping, and if she found it crying would sometimes give it sugar. Whether she had learnt by experience that her mother, on whose labor the family were principally dependent for support, was generally busy, and that she might aid her by these efforts among the younger children, or whether she made them merely for her own amusement, it is difficult to determine: probably both motives influenced her.

After her complete recovery, and during all the time of her growing up, she was favored with perhaps more uniform health than is common; which has continued to the present time. She was generally obedient to her mother, or the woman, whoever she might be, that had the care of her; and was ready to comply with the wishes of any one in whom she had confidence; but was cautious in regard to strangers, and particularly fearful of men, shrinking from them and appearing disturbed, if aware of their presence.

Julia was not unusually fond of sleep in her childhood and youth, but evinced at times a disposition to change night into day, evidently preferring to rest while others were busy around her, and to be active while they were still. As darkness and light were the same to her, it is not wonderful that she should choose the most quiet portion of the twenty-four hours in which to accomplish her own purposes either of business or pleasure; for being solitary in almost all her enjoyments, she was particularly displeased with interruption in their pursuit.

Her mother naturally granted her every indulgence in her power; still, as her means were limited, her supplies, though sufficient for comfort, were not abundant. Hence, poor Julia learned to attach a high value to whatever she thought her own, was unwearied in the care of it, and resented the interference of others. In regard however, to the making of her clothing and to those things about which she needed assistance, she was perfectly compliant with the wishes of others. Her notions respecting the right of property seem to have been perfectly correct. She would never take the property of others without leave, and if her own was taken, or disturbed in her view improperly, she showed her displeasure, and seemed greatly af-

flicted. She evinced no fear of sickness, but was very kind when members of the family were sick ; would show by her manner that she felt sorry for them, would smooth down the bed-clothes, put her hands gently upon their faces, and sometimes spread the little table and bring it to the bed-side with a cup or two upon it to contain drinks. This was of course done in imitation of what she had experienced from others, or had known done by them.

Julia's most unfortunate situation, rendered her an object of curiosity to the benevolent, by whom she was constantly visited, and by whose benefactions she was in a great measure supported. Still, though pieces of money and other things of value were often put into her hands by strangers, it is remarkable that she never seemed disposed, in the first instance, to consider them as gifts ; but would uniformly return them, unless assured by signs she could not misunderstand, that they were for her to keep. Her apparent destitution of covetousness and actual delicacy of feeling on this subject, have often attracted admiration. Her peculiar circumstances, had from the beginning, called forth the compassionate regard and the requisite pecuniary assistance from charitable ladies and others, in whose neighborhood she lived. She had at times been sent to a little school for children, where she had learnt to knit ; she had been enabled to retain her ability to sew by proper care on the part of her friends, and on the whole, as she advanced in age, had an increasing amount of resources for comfort and happiness, during her dark and silent journey of life. Still it was evidently a dictate of humanity, that a home *for life* should be provided for her, where all her wants might be timely supplied, and her means of happiness, if possible, increased. With this view, the Directors of the Asylum received her under their care, as has been stated, when she was eighteen years of age. She has now been about twelve years an inmate of the Asylum, and the kind intentions of her benefactors have been fully realized. Here, she soon conformed to the rules of the institution, and has been most exemplary in the observance of such, as applied to her case. For instance, she has been an example of punctuality in her attention to such little duties as were assigned her, has been orderly in her habits, and has learned to be very neat ; has regarded the rights of others, and has attended, in the best way she could, to her own. Much of this is owing indeed, to the judicious treatment of those who received her here, and led her to the formation of good habits, and as habits

in her case at least, are second nature, she has retained them and finds her happiness in their observance.

It was an object of much interest with the Principal and Instructors of the Asylum, on her admission, to try the effect of some experiments in teaching her language. They indulged the hope that ultimately they might devise some plan to communicate even some abstract ideas, and especially, moral and religious truth. Accordingly, by means of an alphabet carved in wood, and resembling that used in schools for the blind, she was taught to understand and to form in her own way, the letters composing a few simple words. For example, she was furnished with a cushion and a supply of pins ; the teacher then placed in her hand the thing whose name he proposed to teach ; then, directed her hand to the carved letters composing its name ; then, by sticking the pins upon the cushion, he formed the respective letters and the word. This she was encouraged to do, until, when the thing was presented to her, or its sign made in her hand, (for instance, a key, or the deaf-mute's sign for a key,) she would, without assistance, form the letters *k*, *e*, *y*. In this way, several short and easy words were taught ; but the experiment soon became uninteresting to her, (it was of course very tedious and laborious to her teacher,) and, as there seemed no probability of any important result for her benefit, the attempt was abandoned.

Much greater success has attended the attempt to teach her the language of the Asylum ; or rather, such of the conversational signs of the deaf and dumb, as are necessary to convey ideas on common subjects ; indeed, with the exception of abstract ideas, on all the affairs of common life. For instance, the principal of the institution wore spectacles, and was the only person of the house who did so. He had long been distinguished among the deaf and dumb, by the sign for spectacles, made with one or both hands upon the eyes. After feeling of his spectacles herself, and having the sign made for them a few times by others, she readily learned to understand and use this sign as appropriate to Mr. Gallaudet alone. In a similar manner, the signs or names, distinguishing other individuals, were taught ; as also those for the objects around her, which it was most important for her to know. A person by taking her hands in his own, and making signs with them, or by permitting her to feel his hands and arms when in the act of signing, could readily communicate with her, on the very simple subjects with which she was most conversant. This is still the method of

talking with her, and imperfect as it may seem to a stranger, is yet sufficient, in the hands of one at all skilful in the use of signs, greatly to promote her happiness. It restores her in an important degree to society. She is sent for an article of dress, for her scissors, thimble, or any thing of her own, with entire ease, and with as much certainty that she understands what is wanted, and will procure it, as could be had in the case of almost any other person. If one whom she knows is sick, she is informed of it ; or if a death occurs, she makes the signs for weeping, for being sorry and perhaps for burying, and is desirous of going to *see* the corpse. If permitted, she examines the grave-clothes, feels the face and hands of the dead body with great delicacy and carefulness, makes the sign for being dead, says the friends are sorry, etc. Still we do not know what her *ideas* of death are. She cannot fail to know that a great change has passed upon the body, and that soon after, it is carried away ; but farther than this, all is probably mysterious. Several deaths have occurred in the Asylum since her residence here, all of which have been deeply interesting to Julia. From the first she undoubtedly obtained her original ideas, whatever they were, of so great a change ; for when, after a careful and earnest examination, she satisfied herself that the body was incapable of motion, and had ceased to breathe, she seemed filled with horror. In succeeding instances she has been less deeply affected, though the impression in each, has been agitating and distressing in a considerable degree. She is disposed to make signs about the event, while it is recent, to herself sometimes, and to others, whenever it is alluded to.

On the Sabbath, Julia dresses herself in her best clothing, and taking her rocking-chair, begins the observance of the day, by abstaining from all her customary employments. She never fails to know when the sabbath returns, nor to keep it throughout, negatively at least, in the strictest manner. This, so far as we know, is simply the result of habit, and in imitation of the example of those around her. She probably recollects nothing of what she may have been taught, previous to her misfortune, in regard to the nature of the sabbath ; nor indeed is it probable that she was, at that early age, ever taught at all on the subject, except by the examples of her friends. She shows a certain regard for the sabbath in another way. When permitted to visit her mother, and spend some days with her, she can never be persuaded to remain longer than till the afternoon of Saturday ; but gets her bonnet and insists upon re-

turning soon after dinner. What her reason is we cannot discover, unless perhaps, a desire to enjoy the quiet and rest of this day in her own rocking-chair and chamber, where she is sure of not being disturbed.

Julia rises in summer at about four, and in winter, at about five o'clock in the morning. She retires, at about nine o'clock in the evening throughout the year, and is in general perfectly quiet at night. She sleeps in a large chamber, in which most of the other female pupils also sleep ; but never gives them the least inconvenience. She is uniformly the first up in the morning, washes, dresses herself without assistance, always stands before a looking-glass when she is combing and dressing her hair, generally makes her bed before breakfast, and always in the best manner ; and then, goes down to the sitting-room and waits patiently for her breakfast : after which, she has for years washed and wiped the tea-spoons, used on the pupils' tables, amounting to a hundred and twenty or thirty, and this she also does after tea. During term time they are collected for her from the various tables, but in vacation she gathers them herself ; and it is amusing to notice her on the first morning of the vacation, setting off on her journey of collection around the hall, without anything being said to her on the subject. When washed and wiped, she puts them in the proper place, and also her towels, which she is careful to have changed, as often as the most scrupulous neatness requires. If tea-spoons from the steward's table become mixed with the others, she instantly detects and separates them, though a casual observer would hardly notice the difference. After leaving the breakfast-room, if she has any unfinished work on hand, sewing, knitting, or mending, she goes about it without direction from the matron ; otherwise, she waits till some employment is assigned her. She commonly sews or knits five or six hours in a day, but if making anything for herself, she doubles her diligence, working with great perseverance till it is accomplished.

On days when the clothes from the weekly wash are ironed, she goes early to the ironing room, puts her flat-irons to the fire, unless it has been done by another, selects her own clothes from the mass, belonging perhaps to one hundred and thirty or forty persons, and never fails to get every article. Her manner is, to examine each article by feeling, but to decide upon it by the sense of smell ; and in regard to her own things she never errs. As it respects those of others, her power of discrimination is very remarkable : for instance, she

will, if desired, select and separate the stockings of the boys from those of the girls ; she will get every article belonging to a particular individual ; and it is the matron's opinion, that she could in this way distinguish the respective articles of every female pupil of the institution. It should be recollected that these articles are *clean* from the wash ; and yet, such is the acuteness of her smell, that she can discriminate with almost unerring accuracy. She irons slowly, but very well, and sometimes for the family as well as for herself. At one time she chose to wash the smaller articles of her apparel, such as capes, handkerchiefs, and white stockings, and never failed to get them clean, changing the water often, and using soap in abundance ; at present, she allows this to be done for her.

Julia performs the entire work of knitting a stocking without assistance ; shapes it properly, narrowing, widening, etc. She is apt however to err in making her own too small ; whether from a desire to exhibit a very trim foot and ankle, or for other reasons, does not appear. She has been known on examining the knitting work of a little girl, to discover its defects with surprising readiness, and after condemning them in strong terms, to pull out the needles, unravel the work till she had removed all its imperfect parts, and then, taking up the stitches, return the fabric to its owner to be finished.

She makes her own clothes ; so far at least, as the sewing is concerned, except that she has some assistance about the waist and sleeves. Her clothes are cut out by another ; still she is very competent to the chief management of the business of making them, and even cuts out, and makes entirely, some of the simpler articles. She is desirous of having her dresses fashionable ; or rather, like those of others, and especially, of the younger girls around her, which she examines as they make their appearance from time to time ; and when her own are about to be made, she mentions whose she would have them like.

She is slow and careful in all her movements and especially about her sewing ; still she has often made a sheet in a day, and one instance is recollected, in which she made at least a half a dozen of towels, in the same time. She threads her needle by means of her fingers and tongue, but the precise manner of doing it, cannot be seen. We see her put the needle and thread to her lips and soon remove them prepared for use.

Julia is very systematic in all her doings, and yet, readily

falls in with any new arrangement adopted by the matron. After the plan of locking up certain lodging rooms had been in operation a few days, Julia, voluntarily, took it upon herself, to see it done at the proper hour every morning, and also to open them early in the evening before they could be needed ; always returning the keys to the matron's room. She is also thoughtful about the windows and blinds of the lodging rooms in summer, frequently shutting them, when a storm is rising, (which she perceives by the change of the temperature, or increase of the wind) and always doing it, when desired.

Her attachments, in a few instances, have been marked and strong, towards those with whom she has long lived, and from whom she has derived much happiness. Separation however for only a short time weakens them perceptibly, and after a considerable period has elapsed, she scarcely recognizes even her best friends ; or if she does, the impression seems very soon to pass away. Those who have made her presents of particular value, in her view, she is apt to remember, and shows pleasure at meeting them again ; when she refers to the gift with which they are associated. She always has some few favorites among the pupils ; and when they leave the institution she expresses regret, but soon selects others to supply their places, and according to the dictates of philosophy, as well as common sense, makes the best of what is unavoidable. She seems to regard her mother, sisters and brothers, with an affection differing in degree from that which she shows towards others. As she had lived with them, and derived most of her happiness through their means, till she was eighteen years old, it is very natural she should feel thus, even though, so far as our knowledge extends, she may be perfectly ignorant of the relationship subsisting between them and herself.

Julia is easily pleased by those attentions which are gratifying to others. She accepts an occasional invitation to ride, from some officer of the Asylum, with great pleasure ; enjoys the ride highly, and speaks of it afterwards with satisfaction ; not forgetting to say, that the person who has thus gratified her, is good.

When she thinks she needs a new article of dress, she goes to the matron, shows the old article she desires to dispense with, tells her she must go to the principal, get him to open her money box, take some money and give it for the new thing desired. This is a specimen of the exactness, with which she can express herself by signs, on a common subject.

The following is another : If she becomes seriously offended with one of the girls (which is sometimes the case, and for which there is occasionally a sufficient cause) she goes with the offender to the matron, states the offence in strong terms of condemnation, and says the steward or the principal must be called, to inflict the appropriate punishment ; specifying sometimes, locking up, boxing ears and whipping. It ought perhaps in justice to be added, that almost without exception, she is treated with the utmost kindness by the pupils, and that the punishments she mentions, though not common in the Asylum, are such as poor Julia may have experienced the value of in her younger days.

It has been intimated that our means of intercourse with Julia are limited to such objects and actions as are cognizable by the senses of feeling, taste and smell ; her destitution of the superior senses of sight and hearing being apparently complete. It is even doubtful, whether through any sensation produced by light upon her organs, she can distinguish day from night, but there is no doubt of her being perfectly deaf. We have also excepted abstract ideas from the number of those about which we can satisfactorily communicate with her. So far however, as certain very general abstractions are concerned, we have reason to suppose that she does understand us : for instance, the general ideas conveyed to her mind by the signs expressive of approbation, or disapprobation, health or sickness, pleasure or sorrow, are in all probability such as we design to communicate ; the evidence that it is so, being often quite satisfactory. This however, is as yet, the extent of our intercourse on such subjects. We cannot speak to her of the mind, or of spiritual existence in any form, and if we should attempt it successfully she might not have the ability to make us aware of our success. The following experiment has lately been tried. Her attention was called to a great variety of artificial objects, and she was told that Miss C. made this, Mr. S. that, a man one, a woman another, and so on. The idea of making is familiar, for she makes some things herself. Then, a number of natural objects were presented her, such as minerals, fruits, flowers, plants, vegetables ; and she was told that neither this friend nor that acquaintance made any of them ; that neither men, nor women made them. The hope was entertained that her curiosity would be excited, and that a way might be discovered to convey to her mind the great idea of the Almighty Creator. The attempt was not successful ; and

though several times repeated, has not as yet resulted in exciting her mind, fixing her attention, or giving us any encouraging indications.

Her days pass with very little of incident, or variety ; yet, there is enough of both, which comes to her knowledge in so large a family, to furnish materials for reflection and to call out in some degree her feelings towards others. If sickness or accident occur, she is told of it. If a journey is to be taken or a new pupil is received, she is early informed of it. If any member of the establishment loses a friend, if any interesting event happens, either of a joyous or afflictive nature, it is mentioned to poor Julia, and produces an appropriate, though transient effect. The birth of a child in the circle of her acquaintance, is always an event of particular interest to her, and she is desirous of improving the earliest opportunity, to visit and examine it for herself. This she does, when permitted, with great care and tenderness.

During the warm season, the concourse of visitors to the Asylum is very great ; often amounting to fifty or more persons in a day, for weeks together. Almost all desire to see Julia, and in gratifying this desire, she is often disturbed in her pursuits, her plans for the day are broken up, and her patience is severely tried. Under these circumstances, her deportment is sometimes less amiable than her friends could desire ; but on the whole, not more, indeed much less exceptionable than those would expect, who have a full view of her circumstances.

Many more facts and anecdotes might be mentioned in regard to this most unfortunate young woman, were it not for the fear of extending her story to too great a length. Enough has been said to show in some degree, the real condition of her imprisoned mind, and to gratify in part it is hoped, the curiosity so extensively felt concerning her. Should any greater success attend the efforts made hereafter for her improvement, or should any thing occur concerning her, calculated to shed light upon the phenomena of mind, or particularly to interest the mental philosopher or the christian, the facts will, no doubt, be given to the public.

AN ALLEGORY.

Two men once lived on the banks of a broad river : for a time they appeared to prosper, but at last, the one was visited with affliction ; he lost his health ; his cattle died, his crops were blighted ; he became poor, and was forsaken by his friends, so that, day after day, he cast his eyes on the dimly descried good land on the other side of the river, where a good friend of his lived, and he yearned to be there. Some there were that pitied him, thinking within themselves, ‘ what an unhappy man is this ! and how happy is his neighbor.’

That neighbor continually increased his stores ; he became rich, gained many friends, and prospered in all the works of his hands ; he pulled down his storehouses, and built others that were larger ; his barns were filled with grain, and a plentiful crop of growing corn was just ready for the sickle. Many there were who envied the rich man, and thought that he had nothing to desire.

By and by came a command to the two men, which they were bound to obey—a notice to quit their habitations, and to prepare to go across the river ; but the message was very differently received. The poor man exceedingly rejoiced, for he had nothing to lose, and every thing to gain ; he longed to depart, for his hopes had for some time been fixed on the other side of the river. The rich man was confounded ; his treasure was in his present inheritance, and where the treasure is, there will the heart be also. In heaping up goods, he had added to his grief ; he quitted his habitation with a pang, and crossed the river in despair.

For the Religious Magazine.

MORAL REFORM.

NO ALARM need be felt at the title given to this article, for it is not my purpose to offer to the readers of the Magazine any discussion of the subject to which the term Moral Reform is usually applied. My object is to state briefly two principles which seem to me involved in every discussion of this subject, and without a due regard to which, such discussions may either fail to be useful, or may become positively mischievous. The

first is, that such a degree of publicity must be given to the crimes which are to be exposed, that their nature and extent may be understood. The second is, that familiarity with scenes of vice has a tendency to break down the safeguards of virtue.

That no warnings upon this subject should be given to the young and inexperienced will hardly be asserted by any one. Such a course would be altogether opposed to the common sense of mankind, and to the example of inspired teachers and writers. Every parent feels himself called upon to warn his children against the paths of the destroyer, and to be so far from neglecting his warnings as to be clearly understood by them. He is but imitating the example of the wise king of Israel in his inimitable proverbs, and of a greater than Solomon, who warned his followers against the indulgence of wandering eyes and unlawful imaginations.

The example of judicious parents, and especially that of inspired teachers, is not only a sufficient authority for the use of such warnings, but it affords also a safe pattern for those who desire to avoid all errors in the mode of administering instruction upon subjects of such delicacy. It is not probable that any conscientious parent, deeply impressed with the dangers to which his children are exposed, and thoroughly hating and abhorring the vice against which he warns them, will ever use such language, or resort to such other means, or to pollute the imaginations of his children, and render them an easier prey to vice. He may say respecting those passages of the holy scriptures in which this vice is condemned, that they are adapted to guard the reader from every vain and sinful thought; and we suppose that no sincerely conscientious man, even though beset with all the usual infirmities of human nature, was ever heard to declare that he was afraid to read such passages of Scripture, or to have them read by his family. I know indeed that persons of abandoned character have sometimes made such use of the Bible, but they have been considered by all as being under their own corruption, rather than the dangerous influence of the language with which they were offended.

Having considered the necessity of some cautions to youth, and the propriety of being proposed in giving them, I will now make a few remarks respecting the danger of familiarity with images of vice. It is the remark of a heathen moralist, that 'The pure blush even to speak of purity.' Such is the

power of natural modesty that no one ever became corrupt until his imagination had been debauched, *and it is this natural modesty more than any thing else which constitutes the security of virtue.* While this remains in all its force, sudden temptations are powerless, but when this is broken down, not even piety, in the degree in which it is commonly found in this world, is always a sufficient protection.

Now it ought never to be forgotten that natural modesty, which shudders and averts its eyes at the first sight of that vice which it abhors, is soon impaired by familiarity with it, however pure may have been the purpose for which that familiarity was acquired. In this respect it resembles the other natural feelings. It is thus that sights of misery, which at first are attended with an overwhelming power, gradually cease to excite emotion. In a world of corruption it is perhaps impossible to preserve in perfect and unimpaired freshness those natural feelings with which we first encounter the trials of life. Nor does it indeed seem to have been intended that they should long remain fresh and entire. Their whole purpose may be otherwise answered, provided we acquire a habit of right action—a habit which will be strengthened exactly in proportion as the power of mere feeling is weakened. This is the course taken by a tender nurse or physician. At first he can scarcely endure the sight of misery in those whom he attends, but he is moved effectually by his feelings to exert himself to relieve the distress which he witnessess. Soon his pity is less moved, but his desire to relieve suffering is becoming a habit, and this is daily strengthened by the same process by means of which his painful feelings, first excited by the sight of misery, are weakened. At last he manifests almost perfect composure amid the most appalling scenes, but still all his powers are employed in its relief.

In like manner natural modesty alarmed by the slightest appearance of vice prompts us to flee from it. If its promptings are regarded and a habit is formed of shunning with care the places, persons, and thoughts, which tend to evil, virtue is secured from contagion, although in the process natural timidity is in some degree lost. But if, instead of fleeing from contagion, we remain exposed to its corrupting influence with no other effort than to avoid yielding to that influence, the original safeguard of virtue is gradually broken down, and no counter-vailing habit is produced in its place. In this respect, more perhaps than in most others, a man is known by the company

he keeps. 'Ten righteous would have saved a city once,' but that number could not be found, and even of those who were permitted to escape, the largest part afterwards evinced by their conduct, that, though they had escaped the 'vengeance of fire,' they had imbibed the manners which had brought down destruction upon their neighbors.

Let no one flatter himself that because his 'soul is vexed by the filthy conversation of the wicked,' that he is in no danger of going in their ways. 'Up, flee thou from Sodom,' is the language which his natural repugnance to debauchery addresses to him. If he obeys this voice and escapes from all the plain to the distant mountains, he is safe; but if he lingers he is undone. I would be loth to trust the honor of my family to one who spent his time in the haunts of vice, even though laboring for the spiritual improvement of their abandoned inhabitants. Still less would I believe in the purity of mind of that person of either sex, whose time was spent in acquiring a knowledge of all the steps by means of which debauchery is promoted. External restraints may indeed keep back such an one from vicious acts, but the mind is debauched; and next to choosing as a partner for life the guilty inmate of the den of infamy, I would esteem as least to be desired a wife whose time and thoughts had been devoted to learning the ways of the destroyer, and in portraying them as a warning to the inexperienced that they might avoid the snare. PUDENS.

THE APPROPRIATE SPHERE OF WOMAN.

BY REV. HUBBARD WINSLOW.

1. TIM. ii. 11-12: Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection; but I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.

THE dignity and virtue of the female character cannot be too highly estimated nor too sacredly protected. It is often and perhaps justly remarked, that as woman was first in transgression so she is first in obedience; as she was first to introduce sin, so she is first to expel it. She is undoubtedly to sustain a most important part in reclaiming the world. Her influence upon society is great, peculiar, indispensable to its highest elevation. She is capable of exerting a benign and almost irresistible dominion over the affections and the conduct of the

other sex ; but she can do it only by observing her appropriate sphere, and putting forth her characteristic graces.

The sacred writers have intimated that her constitutional susceptibility and ardor, so valuable when wisely directed and so evil when misguided ; her spirit of impulse and action, her passion for novelty and adventure predominating over cool discretion and cautious judgment—as seen in the case of the first transgression—is one essential reason why God requires that she shall ‘ learn in silence with all subjection,’ and does not ‘ suffer her to teach nor to usurp authority over the man.’

But this law of female subjection, implanted in the human constitution and enjoined by God, is misapprehended, perverted or abused, in all but christian nations. All pagan religions crush the female sex into the dust ; Mahomadanism makes them little superior to abject slaves ; and even the Jewish economy is inferior to the christian in respect to their elevation and influence. It is a distinguishing glory of christianity, that it elevates females to their proper rank and full measure of influence in the best and most finished state of society.

All great practical errors, which obtain ascendancy over nations and over successive generations of men, have their foundation in certain truths ;—they are the misapprehension and abuse of principles true to nature. Now christianity does not come to make war upon nature and to *exterminate* those principles, but to *restore* them to our right apprehension and to their true application. This is eminently the case in regard to the appropriate sphere of action and influence for the female sex. Nature had assigned to them a sphere distinct from and subordinate to that of man, though by no means less honorable and important. Paganism had abused this principle of female subordination, so as to abase her, who was made to be ‘ an helpmeet’ for man, to a condition of invidious inferiority and even of servile abjectness. Look at the condition of females in the Roman empire, at the time christianity was introduced. Christianity removed the hand which pressed them down, and bade them rise to their appropriate sphere. But the reaction from long restraint and depression, the impulse of sudden elevation in their enthusiastic temperaments, soon carried them *beyond* their proper sphere, and produced a spirit of insubordination. They became radical. They were for levelling all distinctions between the sexes. Overstepping their own boundaries, they began to assume the prerogatives of the other sex.

To correct this alarming evil, called for some of the most

vigorous and burning strokes of the inspired pen. A tendency to ultraism is not peculiar to our day. Apostles, reformers, holy men of other ages, no sooner inculcated something true and important, than zealots began to push it to those extremes, which called for scarcely less effort to keep it in its right place, than was required to introduce it. If it was an abuse of nature and a horrible evil, that woman should be depressed, scarcely less so was the opposite extreme—the process of unsexing—by which the peculiar attractions of the female character are sacrificed, and the way thus prepared for the annihilation of the domestic ties and relations.

Although moral goodness is essentially the same in all, consisting in love to God and man, manifested in action, yet nothing is clearer than that woman was to move in a different sphere from that of man, and her moral virtues are to be modified by and adapted to the sphere in which she was made to move. If modesty and delicacy are becoming in both sexes, they are eminently the ornament of the female sex; while all the moral virtues of either sex, though they bear the same name in each, are to assume the masculine or the feminine character according to the sex in which they exist. The same act which would be modest and delicate in a man, would not always be so in a woman; while on the other hand what may be very bold and energetic in a woman, might be very tame in a man. It is on this principle that we are accustomed to say of the man, who partakes of the character appropriate to females, that he is *effeminate*; and also of the woman, who partakes of the character appropriate to males, that she is *masculine*. These terms, we all know, are intended to designate something out of place, something undesirable and unlovely. We tolerate here and there an anomaly of this kind; but we wish to see such cases ‘few and far between.’ We should wisely consider the end of all things not far distant, should they become universal.

It may be difficult to trace the precise line of demarkation where the masculine character ends and where the feminine begins; but the general distinctions between them, as well as the dangers to which females are exposed in this particular, are abundantly exhibited in the sacred scriptures. As I wish to be guided by the councils of divine wisdom in this somewhat delicate yet highly important subject, I would proceed to call your attention ‘to the law and to the testimony.’ It is my simple aim to expound and apply the lessons of the bible upon the subject before us.

‘Let your women keep silence in the churches, for it is not permitted unto them to speak ; but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law.’ I. Cor. xiii. 34. Here it is declared to be according to the divine law, that females should observe silence in the churches, and act in subordination to the authority of man. ‘And if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home ; for it is a shame for women to speak in the church.’ I. Cor. xiv. 35. It is here asserted to be inconsistent with female delicacy and modesty, that they should speak in public. No exclusive reference is had to what is sometimes called a ‘church meeting.’ The apostle asserts a general principle for general reasons, as we shall see. There is no mystical reason why a woman should not speak in an assembly of the church, rather than in any other assembly ; nay, there are some reasons why it would be safer and more proper for her to speak in a meeting of the church, than in a promiscuous assembly. This the apostle implies in a subsequent passage, as we shall show ; and if she ought not so much as to ask a question in a public meeting, but should do even that privately at home, much less ought she to undertake to advance her own opinions, and to dictate instructions and rules to others.

It appears that there were some among the primitive matrons who, moved by a false zeal, encouraged the younger sisters in defaming and falsely accusing those who did not adopt their views and conform to their wishes ; the tendency of whose conduct was, to displace sober mindedness ; to alienate wives from their husbands, children, and domestic duties ; to promote indelicacy, and a fondness of being from home ; insomuch that the pure lustre of christianity was tarnished and the gospel reproached. Hence the apostle said to a minister of the gospel, ‘Speak thou the things which become sound doctrine ; that the aged men be sober, grave, temperate, sound in faith, in patience ; the aged women likewise, that they be in behavior as becometh holiness, not false accusers, not given to much wine, teachers of good things ; that they may teach the young women to be sober, to love their husbands, to love their children, to be discreet, chaste, keepers at home, good, obedient to their own husbands, that the word of God be not blasphemed.’ Titus ii. 1--5. The same apostle animadverts in terms of unqualified rebuke upon those who, meddling with things without their proper sphere, spend their time, as he expresses it, in ‘wandering about from house to house ; and not on-

ly idle, but tattlers also, and busy bodies, speaking things which they ought not.' I. Tim. v. 13.

The duty of wives to be subject to their husbands and to reverence them, is inculcated in the following strong language. While instructing husbands to love their wives as their own bodies, instead of treating them as the heathen do theirs, the apostle says, 'Wives, submit yourselves unto your own husbands, as unto the Lord; for the husband is the head of the wife even as Christ is the head of the church; and he is the Savior of the body. Therefore as the church is subject to Christ, so let wives be to their own husbands in every thing. Let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself, and the wife see that she reverence her husband.' Eph. v. 22--24: 33. 'But I would have you know that the head of every man is Christ, and the head of the woman is the man.' 'For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man. For this cause the woman ought to have power on her head, because of the angels.' I. Cor. ii. 8--10. That is, she ought to have a covering or veil on her head, in sign that she is under the power of her husband, on account of the irreligious who came to their assemblies as spies or lookers on. Here then is a promiscuous assembly, not an exclusive meeting of the church; and the apostle teaches us that here she must not only be in silence, but must even have on the then customary badge of modesty and subjection.

Such then are inspired views respecting female delicacy and propriety, respecting her becoming deference to the other sex, and her appropriate reverence and homage to her husband. She is even represented as the glory of her husband, as he is the glory of God. 'For as much,' says the apostle, 'as he is the image and the glory of God, but the woman is the glory of the man.' How any person of sober mind can read such scriptures and not perceive that they recognize an important distinction between the appropriate virtues and duties of the sexes, I am unable to perceive. The doctrine is however by some confidently sustained and acted on, that all this distinction is artificial, unchristian, an invidious prejudice, and ought to be broken down.

In his epistle to Timothy the apostle gives the following instruction. 'In like manner also that women adorn themselves with modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety, not with brodered hair, or with gold, or pearls, or costly array,

but, which becometh women professing godliness, with good works. Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection. But I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence. For Adam was first formed, then Eve. And Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression.' I. Tim. ii. 9-14. Here the inspired writer instructs us that women should clothe themselves with *modest* apparel, not with those glaring and gaudy trappings which attract vulgar and wanton eyes, as the heathen women do.; and further, that in public they should always be learners and never teachers, and that they should never assume the position of dictation or of authority over man. As a reason for this, he reminds us that Adam was first formed; that Eve was then formed, to be his *help meet*, and not his *teacher* or *governess*; and as a further reason why woman should be slow to dictate and ready to learn in all matters of doubtful expediency or questionable right, he reminds us that her characteristic ardor and imprudence, her love of novelty and change, had once betrayed her into transgression—that 'Adam was not deceived, but the woman being deceived was in the transgression'—thus intimating, that had she kept her proper place and been guided by the man, instead of attempting to guide him, the great disaster would not have befallen our race. The general idea is clearly maintained, that as man is possessed of a strong desire to gratify the woman, insomuch that he is liable to dethrone his better judgment, and to follow her wishes, even if she leads him astray, as in the case of Adam and Eve, it is imminently dangerous that she, whose predominant characteristic is not so much sound and comprehensive judgment as curiosity and romantic impulse, should assume the reins. Thus if language has any definite meaning, the bible seems clearly to teach that man should always sit at the helm, to lead public sentiment and control public movements; while woman was to move in another but not less important or honorable sphere, where she was to put forth the peculiar and powerful influences of her personal virtues and acquirements.

The apostle says, 'I suffer not a woman to teach,' &c. The term teach is the same as that employed by Christ, when he said, 'Go ye and teach,' or disciple 'all nations,' &c. This commission was given exclusively to *men*. Christ had many excellent female disciples, but to none of them did he extend this commission; and the apostle reminds some of the primitive sisters of this fact, at a time when they seem to have

been inclined to forget it. This remembrancer still speaks, and his message is as important and as binding as ever.

The physical constitution of the sexes plainly indicates that, as a general rule, the more severe manual labors, the toils of the field, the mechanic arts, the cares and burdens of mercantile business, the exposures and perils of absence from home, the duties of the learned professions, devolve upon man ; while the more delicate and retired cares and labors of the household devolve upon woman.

The intellectual and moral constitution of the sexes, as well as the bible, instructs us that all the affairs of state both civil and political, all the affairs of the church as respects both government and public teaching, all the enterprises for evangelizing and reforming the world, all the more public, literary and religious institutions, especially those embracing both sexes, should be headed and controlled by man ; while the more modest and retiring, though not less valuable and powerful influences of her personal character and conversation upon her domestic circle, her neighbors and associates, and through them upon the world, together with the fruits of her intellect, imparted not in public lectures but by private instruction, or communicated to the world through the medium of the press, belong to woman.

The appropriate sphere and distinguishing duties of woman are then as follows. Having given herself up to God, her first duty is to take care of her own house. Having severely rebuked the conduct of those who, leaving the domestic duties, wander about from house to house, idle, tattlers, busy bodies, speaking things which they ought not, the apostle adds, 'I will therefore that the younger women marry, bear children, *guide the house* : give no occasion to the adversary to speak reproachfully.' I. Tim. v. 14. Nor let any woman pronounce this an invidious and menial sphere of duty. Let her but consider how much the happiness of society and the progress of the world in all that is good depend upon domestic causes ; let her also know in what admiration she is held by those whose respect is most to be valued, who, on entering her house, behold an abode of neatness, order, cheerfulness, and hospitality ; her children well clad and smiling, her table neatly spread with wholesome provisions, and every thing about her seeming to say, 'Here is my happiness ; my husband is my best companion, my children are my jewels ; my house is my home, and no earthly pleasure excels that of rendering it a domestic paradise—a centre of attrac-

tion to my family, so that they are no where else so happy ; a place too of welcome and grateful reception to the stranger'—and she will see that this is second to no other secular sphere for honor or importance ; that she has no occasion to covet the chairs of state or the noisy scenes of public action. She will be satisfied with the inspired description of woman in her true glory—Although the progress of art has somewhat changed her occupation, yet the general duty is still essentially the same—' She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff—She stretcheth out her hand to the poor, yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy—She is not afraid of the snow for her household ; for all her household are clothed with scarlet. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry ; her clothing is silk and purple. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land.' Observe the husband, not the wife, is seen in the gates, the places of concourse, and is known by his respectable appearance imparted by the domestic virtues of his wife ; so that all who see him say, ' There is the man who has a good wife to take care of him.' ' She maketh fine linen, and selleth it ; and delivereth girdles unto the merchant. Strength and honor are her clothing ; and she shall rejoice in time to come. She openeth her mouth with wisdom ; and in her tongue is the law of kindness. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children arise up, and call her blessed ; her husband also, and he praiseth her. Many daughters have done virtuously, *but thou excellest them all.*' Prov. xxxi.

While thus administering neatness, order, comfort and happiness to her household, her hands may also go forth to embrace the poor and the afflicted ; she may, as did the holy women who attended on the ministry of Christ and his apostles, make coats and garments for the destitute, and visit the houses of sorrow and of want with her tender sympathies and benevolent aid. Thus the same passage of scripture which describes the domestic virtues, says also, as we have seen, ' She stretcheth out her hand to the poor ; yea, she stretcheth forth her hands to the needy.'

But let it not be supposed that her agency is to be restricted to mere temporal affairs. She ought not, like a sister of old, to be 'cumbered with much serving' to the neglect of other and higher duties. To 'look well to the ways of her household and eat not the bread of idleness,' to see that whatever her husband provides tells to advantage in the neat and tasteful apparel,

the well spread table, the comfort and happiness of her family, is of course a duty never to be neglected; but more, much more than this, remains for her to do. It is hers also to nourish and adorn the young and growing minds; to cause her instructions to distil upon them as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as showers that water the earth; to bend and direct the infant twig in the way it should grow, that it may shoot erect towards heaven; to put forth a mother's restraining and elevating influence upon her sons, that they 'may be as plants grown up in their youth,' and to bestow a mother's peculiar guardianship and delicate care upon her daughters, that 'they may be as corner stones polished after the similitude of a palace;' to exert a holy influence upon her husband, and by her sweet and tender sympathies to calm his anxious mind; smooth his ruffled brow, and cheer him on in the path of self-denying duty and of high endeavor; to diffuse all around her, as she mingles in society, the pure and mighty influences of female piety, always savoring of delicacy, modesty, good sense, intelligence, and transparent benevolence; and all this, if you please, adorned with a finished culture, sparkling with chastened and refined wit, and attended with whatever may be most attractive and commanding in the peculiar graces and beauties of the female character—these are the noblest virtues of woman; these are what render her what she was made to be, if we may credit the bible, the help that is 'meet' or suitable for man—such a help as he needs. And who will say that they are not as important, as honorable, as elevated, and that they do not invite and give ample scope to as high intellectual and moral cultivation, as the distinguishing duties of men?

How sadly then do they mistake, who suppose that the sacred writers depress the female sex, when they so much restrict their influence to personal, essential, intrinsic elevation and goodness. This is in fact the only true excellence, the most glorious of all power. Even the man who must needs stretch for an office, or covet some public notoriety, to make himself felt in the world, or to secure honor, is but a sorry man; how much more is she but a sorry woman, who must needs resort to these adventitious means of influence or distinction. No—so far from depressing the female sex, it was the wise intent of providence in this arrangement to elevate her to the highest point of the most excellent worth and influence; to protect her, who was to be the model of all that is lovely in character and the source of the most transforming and benign influence upon the world,

from all temptation to seek the more outward and vulgar forms of honor—to shine in the adventitious distinctions of office, to challenge for her fair name a place in the rude ballot box, or among the candidates for public office, or in the noisy halls of state; to covet for herself a share with those who would shine in public exploits. Hers was to be pre-eminently the *intrinsic* worth; the *essential* honor, the pure *moral* influence of *personal excellence*; always unaspiring, always modest and delicate, always gentle and kind, always full of mercy and good fruits; whose subject is always most loved and admired where most known, and of course always most loved and admired *at home*, and then by all who know her. Who can tell how great the influence, how wide and lasting the blessing, which the woman of such a character will bequeath to the world, or how radiant the glory with which Christ will adorn her head in the last day?

But oh how fallen from this high elevation is she, when, impatient of her proper sphere, she steps forth to assume the duties of the man, and, impelled by false zeal with conscience misguided, does as even man ought not to do—when, forsaking the domestic hearth, her delicate voice is heard from house to house, or in social assemblies rising in harsh unnatural tones of denunciation against civil laws and rulers, against measures involving political and state affairs of which she is nearly as ignorant as the child she left at home in the cradle, against churches and ministers, perhaps her own pastor, and certainly all who dissent from her views; expecting to reform politics and churches, and to put down every real and supposed evil in them, by the right arm of female power, and clamorous for the organization of female societies for this specific object; not slow to anathematize all who do not submit to her dictation, in the stereotype phraseology of certain modern charity, as ‘time serving men,’ and ‘canting hypocrites;’ and withal very sure that the world will never go right till women take the lead. What a sad wreck of female loveliness is she then! She can hardly conceive how ridiculous she appears in the eyes of all sober, discreet, judicious christian men, or how great the reproach she brings upon her sex. Despite of gallantry, her power over the minds of men is then at an end; she must henceforth ‘fight as one that beateth the air.’ Men will smile or pity, and let her pass on; for to expostulate or argue they will soon find to be in vain, inasmuch as she is certainly right, has nothing to learn, and is bent only on teaching.

But I would treat this subject with great tenderness. Many

of those who have fallen into this mistaken and unhappy course were originally moved by good feelings and benevolent motives. But they fell under the influence of bad teachers. • Some flaming periodical or plausible and exciting lecturer, kindled up a false fire in their too credulous and susceptible but well meaning bosoms. They are misguided. They verily think they are ‘doing God service.’ They perhaps even covet to be ‘persecuted for righteousness sake,’ and consider every effort to correct their way as this kind of persecution. They very sincerely suppose that they are far in advance of their unenlightened, less philanthropic, or more timid, sisters. They are willing to brave public sentiment at all hazards. They have entire confidence in the righteousness and the success of their cause. As to their logic and their arguments, they cannot be resisted; they have already seen some strong men ‘quail under them.’ They have only to go forward with increasing effort—to throw themselves boldly into this Thermopylæ. The sacrifice is demanded, and they are ready to make it. They unfortunately suppose that the public odium which they encounter for stepping out of their appropriate sphere, is nothing more nor less than the hostility of sin to the cause of truth and righteousness. Far be it from me to impugn motives so long as any favorable construction remains for them, and those persons who are actuated by such views and motives as these are surely rather to be pitied than reproached.

Some will only be spurred on to more desperate steps by whatever may be said to restrain them; others will see their error, retreat to their appropriate sphere, and recover the character which they had well nigh lost. To some a faithful exposition of the gospel upon this subject, as well as upon all others, will prove a ‘savor of life unto life;’ to others, of ‘death unto death.’ But here, as in all other cases, our hope is mainly to save those who are not far gone and fully committed, and who of course are yet susceptible to instructions from the bible respecting their duty. So long as they retain the characteristic graces of their sex in lively exercise, so long as delicacy and modesty and the finer feelings of retiring and unostentatious benevolence have the ascendancy over them, if they are well informed of what is passing, they will be quick to discern the meaning and the importance of the inspired lessons upon this subject. Such in a high degree, God be thanked, is still the character of most of the female sex in our country.

But those females who suppose that no bad influences are at

work among them, who suppose that no alarming danger threatens them, who suppose that there are as yet none on whom the inspired rebukes upon this subject justly fall, and who of course suppose that such cautions and admonitions as this discourse humbly attempts are uncalled for, have not diligently observed the 'signs of the times.' It may be very well. They have been perhaps attending exclusively to their own affairs; and the very fact that they do not at once see the importance or the application of these instructions, may be evidence that they themselves do not need them except as preventives. The principle of prevention rather than of cure, is the apology for presenting this subject at the present time.* It may not be the duty of every person to watch the signs of the times, but it is certainly the duty of some to do it; and those whom God has set expressly as watchmen to his people, and to whom he has said, 'Hear the word at my mouth, and warn them from me,' must not withhold the warning when they see the evil approaching. They must anticipate its arrival. Let the admonitions of the gospel upon this subject go before and prevent the threatening evil. Let its salutary voice of warning be heard in all the land before the plague has spread over it and killed, wherever it can, the 'presiding genius' and the 'potent charm' of the 'fair sex,' and thus laid all domestic piety and happiness, nay the domestic constitution itself, in a deep and dark grave. For surely as this unsexing process goes on till it becomes universal, not an individual will remain for man to love with the true conjugal affection, unless himself first becomes a woman. Have we yet to learn that similar magnets repel?

And even if man could succeed to engage his affections to so unnatural and repulsive and object as a woman that has lost the characteristic graces of her sex, who in his right mind would hazard his hand and happiness with one, that has already entered upon a course so ominous of domestic trouble? As it is not well known by the cautious observer, that the woman who is what the apostle calls 'a busy-body in other men's matters,' has left an unhappy home?—first rendered such by her own neglect or indiscretion or peevishness, and from which she now flees in search of happiness. Depend upon it, it is generally the case that the woman who is much abroad has left an unhappy home.

It may be supposed by some that these instructions have no

* See Note. p. 375.

application to any but *married* females. It is true that those who have no families to care for, may have more time than wives and mothers have to devote to matters abroad. But how many have not parents, or brothers or sisters, or home, to bless with most of their presence and attentions? Those who can command a larger part of their time to devote to christian conversation and to deeds of kindness and charity abroad, in ways comprehended in the appropriate sphere of female action, may consider it their privilege and duty to do it. It is our happiness to know some such women, who although not mothers of families are 'mothers in Israel,' whose characters savor of nothing but the strictest female propriety and the highest excellence, whose time is nevertheless mostly devoted to benevolent deeds among the ignorant, the destitute, the vicious, or the afflicted. Such are deserving of all praise. Those who would see one of the happiest illustrations of this, will do well to read the life of Hannah More.

It is unnecessary to attempt to define the exact line over which the graces of female character forbid woman to step, but from the scriptures which we have introduced we may easily trace its general direction. It respects both the things which she does and her manner of doing them.

To perform deeds of personal charity and kindness to the destitute and afflicted; to converse modestly or to employ the pen upon subjects which engage her mind and interest her heart; to assist in the circulation of approved religious tracts; to act the part of a personal or a private teacher, whether secular or religious; to engage in small social circles of her own sex in the duties of devotion and of christian conversation; to solicit charity for approved benevolent objects, by private application—deeds like these, if performed with the spirit and manner which become her, appear to be comprehended within the sphere which the scriptures assign to the female sex; and I know of no female virtue on which they necessarily encroach.

But when females undertake to assume the place of public teachers, whether to both sexes or only to their own; when they form societies for the purpose of sitting in judgment and acting upon the affairs of the church and state; when they travel about from place to place as lecturers, teachers and guides to public sentiment; when they assemble in conventions to discuss questions, pass resolutions, make speeches, and vote upon civil, political, moral, and religious matters; when they begin to send up their names to gentlemen holding official stations,

gravely declaring their own judgment in regard to what they ought to do, and informing them, with solemn menace what they have themselves determined to do, if they do not yield to their wishes—even to repeat the expression of their sentiments until they *do* yield ; when they attempt the reformation of morals by engaging in free conversation and discussion upon those things of which the apostle says, ‘ it is a shame even to speak ; ’ when they encourage meetings and measures like the above, either by their presence, countenance, or service ;—in short, when the distinguishing graces of modesty, deference, delicacy, and sweet charity are in any way displaced by the opposite qualities of boldness, arrogance, rudeness, indelicacy, and the spirit of denunciation of men and measures, so that they give any just occasion for being denominated, by way of distinction, ‘ the female brethren ’—it is then no longer a question whether they have stretched themselves beyond their measure and violated the inspired injunction which saith, ‘ Let the woman learn in silence with all subjection, but I suffer not a woman to teach, nor to usurp authority over the man, but to be in silence.’

And why should any woman thus sacrifice herself ? Does duty demand it ? Must she do it for conscience sake ? However good the object, it cannot be duty to seek its promotion by such means as these. The end can never justify the means, in the estimation of any whose conscience is not perverted. Does she do it for the sake of the suffering or the oppressed, or to correct moral evils and exterminate vice ? There is ‘ a more excellent way,’ to do this, and also at the same time to promote and elevate her own character ; a way clearly indicated, as we have seen, in the word of God. It can never be the duty of any one to attempt to benefit others, at the sacrifice of her own character. Is her object personal distinction ? Let her contemplate such characters as Hannah More and Isabella Graham, than which lovelier and brighter never shone upon earth, in contrast with those who have acquired an unenviable distinction in these unchristian ways—the Royals and the Dausmonts of our day—and she may see that the surest way to true glory is the one ordained for her by God. The world has had enough of Fanny Wrights ; whether they appear in the name of avowed infidelity, or of civil and human rights, or of political economy, or of morals and religion, their tendency is ultimately the same—the alienation of the sexes, the subversion of the distinguished excellence and benign influ-

ence of woman in society, the destruction of the domestic constitution, the prostration of all decency and order, the reign of wild anarchy and shameless vice. Thomas Paine could not desire better disciples ; nor would it much concern him in what name or cause they might profess to appear, since the ultimate effect is one and the same.

May those who emulate the noble example of the Mores and the Grahams of both continents be greatly multiplied. May the 'daughters of America,' observant of the true dignity and glory of their sex, consecrating their earliest and best affections to the Savior, increase the excellence and power of their influence a thousand fold. The universal reign of domestic happiness, the end of all oppression, the extermination of vice, the conversion of souls, together with the growing spirituality and vigor of the christian church—the approach of the Redeemer's kingdom, bringing whatsoever is pure and lovely and of good report—will then be rapidly hastened. Zion will begin to 'look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.' She will put on her 'beautiful garments ;' her 'righteousness will go forth as brightness, and her salvation as a lamp that burneth ;' paradise, lost by the fall, will hasten its return. It will then appear that the sacred influence of pious females, acting in their appropriate sphere, is second to no other human influence for excellence or importance in accomplishing the renovation of the world ; for 'the wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.'

NOTE. We can scarcely suppose any of our readers to have been so far removed by their situation, from the prevailing agitations of society, as not to have observed some of the causes now operating to deteriorate the female character. On a former occasion we alluded to the injurious tendency, in this respect, of the system of education pursued in many female seminaries. We might, with the same view, invite attention to the voluminous report of an Amazonian Convention recently held in New York, but for the present it may be sufficient to refer to the bustling and obtrusive applications which are now daily made in this city, by an organized company of females, to obtain signatures to memorials designed to instruct the Congress of the United States in relation to their duty. If the lady of the house, on whom these 'female brethren' call, declines to give her name, they demand the reasons for her 'declinature,' and proceed to exercise 'the inalienable right of free discussion,' concluding their tirade with a request that the domestics be called to give their signatures. We

are glad to perceive that the public are not only aware of the evil to which we have alluded, but are waking up to the means of repressing it. The following extract from the Pastoral Letter of the last General Association of this state, will show the view taken of this subject by that enlightened body. Ed.

‘WE invite your attention to the dangers which at present seem to threaten the female character, with wide spread and permanent injury.

The appropriate duties and influence of women are clearly stated in the New Testament. Those duties and that influence are unobtrusive and private, but the sources of mighty power. When the mild, dependant, softening influence of woman upon the sternness of man’s opinions is fully exercised, society feels the effects of it in a thousand forms. The power of woman is in her dependance, flowing from the consciousness of that weakness which God has given her for her protection, and which keeps her in those departments of life that form the character of individuals and of the nation. There are social influences which females use in promoting piety and the great objects of christian benevolence, which we cannot too highly commend. We appreciate the unostentatious prayers and efforts of woman in advancing the cause of religion at home and abroad ; in Sabbath Schools ; in leading religious inquirers to the pastor for instruction ; and in all such associated effort as becomes the modesty of her sex ; and earnestly hope that she may abound more and more in these labors of piety and love. But when she assumes the place and tone of man as a public reformer, our care and protection of her seem unnecessary ; we put ourselves in self-defence against her ; she yields the power which God has given her for protection, and her character becomes unnatural. If the vine, whose strength and beauty is to lean upon the trellis work, and half conceal its clusters, thinks to assume the independence and the overshadowing nature of the elm, it will not only cease to bear fruit, but fall in shame and dishonor into the dust. We cannot, therefore, but regret the mistaken conduct of those who encourage females to bear an obtrusive and ostentatious part in measures of reform, and countenance any of that sex who so far forget themselves as to itinerate in the character of public lecturers and teachers. We especially deplore the intimate acquaintance and promiscuous conversation of females with regard to things ‘which ought not to be named ;’ by which that modesty and delicacy which is the charm of domestic life, and which constitutes the true in-

fluence of woman in society is consumed, and the way opened, as we apprehend, for degeneracy and ruin. We say these things, not to discourage proper influences against sin, but to secure such reformation as we believe is scriptural, and will be permanent.'

THE FIRESIDE.

SELF-DENIAL.

'We cannot be happy unless we practise self-denial; yes, those were the very words he used,' said Anna Grey, 'and if it is true, how far am I from being happy. He said, also, that self-denial was very difficult. Is it then so hard to be happy?' And with these words she resolved that she would, on that day, try the happiness which is caused by self-denial. It was now quite early in the morning, and she was in the parlor preparing for her school duties. Her younger sister was also studying in another part of the room. 'How very warm it is,' said Anna, at the same time opening the window near her. 'Oh, don't open the window, said Ellen, it is so cold; you only feel warm because you have been walking.' Anna was on the point of saying, 'If you are cold you can go into another room,' but she checked herself, remembering that here was an opportunity to practise her new resolution. She did, to be sure, feel rather warm, as she shut out the cool

fresh air from the room, but she was more than repaid by her sister's smile, and kind words. 'Oh, thank you, Anna, perhaps I ought not to have asked you to shut it down, but the first breeze seemed to chill me through, and I did not want to sit all alone in the breakfast room.' Ellen was a delicate child. She had, from her infancy, never known perfect health, while Anna was a stranger to sickness. It was not therefore so very strange that she often did little things calculated to trouble her sister, though unintentionally. A few moments had passed in meditation and again Anna's thoughts were engaged in the book before her. Presently the door opened,—her brother William entered, bringing the chess board with him. 'Come Anna,' said he, 'come, let us finish our game now before breakfast. Here are all the pieces just as we left them.' 'Oh, I am so glad you have come,' said she, starting up and laying her Geometry on the table. 'I have

just finished my lesson.' In her hurry she threw another book upon the floor. As she stooped to pick it up, she saw that it was her History—the thought came into her mind, '*ought I not to study.*' She looked first at the chess board, then at her book. Her resolution gained the victory. 'William, I can't play now, I must learn my history. I had entirely forgotten it.' 'That is too bad,' said William, 'can't you learn it after prayers.' 'No, for I take my music lesson at eight.' 'It is too provoking—I should think you might have risen earlier and have learned it before.' The color rose in her cheeks, but she said calmly, 'I rose at five, brother,' and resumed her former vocation. 'I *know* I am right,' she said to herself, as William, leaving the room, slammed the door violently after him. With this she satisfied herself. No other incidents worthy of recording transpired till she and her sister, having taken their music lesson, went on their way to school. 'Anna, said Ellen, will you let me take *this* Virgil the first hour.' 'Can't you take the smaller one? I can study so much better in my own book.' 'I *can*, but it will make my eyes ache sadly.' Anna was on the point of saying, 'Well, take it then;' but looking up she met her sister's mild blue eye. It reminded her of her determination, and she added pleasantly, 'Oh, well, you may take it. I can learn my lesson just as perfectly in the smaller one, and almost as readily.' 'I thought you would be willing,' said Ellen, 'you are always so kind to me, Anna.' Anna's heart reproached her as she thought of the answer she had been about to make—but the knowledge that she had gained a victory over herself made her happy. Every thing passed off pleasantly at school, and she returned home with a light and joyous heart. On entering the parlor she saw a note for herself. She opened and read it. 'Oh, it is an invitation to Aunt Mary's small party for this evening—how pleasant it will be. Mother,' she added, 'have you any objections to my going?' 'I don't know,' said her mother, 'but I will see what your father says.' A cloud passed over her shining countenance, the tears were fast filling her eyes, and she sorrowfully left the room. She went up alone into her chamber. 'Oh dear!' said she, 'it will be too bad if I can't go, when I have been thinking of it so long,' (for though the written invitation had just come, she had received a verbal one several days before.) However, father knows best, and I will be contented with his decision. It hardly need be said that this feeling de-

depended on her morning's resolution. She went down into the parlor, a few moments after, where her father and mother were sitting. 'Well, father,' said Anna, 'what do you say, are you willing that I should go?' 'I am willing,' said her father, 'as you seem so very anxious, but I had a *little* rather that you would stay at home.' There was a momentary conflict. Her father had given his permission, but that last clause, 'a *little* rather,' she repeated to herself. I will give up for the '*little*,' thought she. Her eyes had been cast down, but raising them, she said, 'I will stay at home, then, dear father, if it will gratify you.' And do you not think she was fully repaid for her self-denial by her father's words. 'My dear daughter,' said he, 'I did not expect you to give up this party for me, but believe me you will not regret it when your father is taken from you. —As Anna retired that night, she said, 'how happy, how *very* happy, I do feel. Oh! I will always act on this new principle.' Do any say that this record of a day is but a small matter? to those I would only add, 'He that is faithful in the *least* is faithful also in *much*.'

E**.

LETTER TO A CONVICT.

THE following most affecting letter was written by a daughter to her father, a convict in the Massachusetts State Prison. It was read by Rev. Mr. Curtis, chaplain of the prison, at the public meeting of the Prison Discipline Society, in this city, in May last; and it is through his politeness that we are now furnished with a copy for publication.

How many hopes are crushed, and how many hearts wrung with anguish, at the crimes of those whom society is prone to regard only with abhorrence, and to view as insulated beings suffering alone on account of their own demerits! Who will dare to say that he alone shall suffer the consequences of his own sins; and that they will not at last be the means of the most excruciating suffering to those whom he is bound to love and cherish?

MY DEAR FATHER:

WITH mingled emotions I sit down to write to you. But what can I say, that will be either interesting or profitable to you? To tell you that I love you,—that I feel a deep concern for your temporal and spiritual welfare—that I would willingly forego any enjoyment, or make any sacrifice, counting it my joy thus to do, if I could but see you restored to the peace and

happiness you once knew, would only be to repeat what I have many times said. A flood of unutterable thought and indescribable feeling pours over me whenever I attempt to address you. My mind is crowded with recollections of the past—thoughts of the present—and apprehensions of the future. I have no wish to harrow up your feelings, or revert to past scenes wherein you are concerned ; for it will avail nothing ; and I would not, for the world, add one pang to your misery.

No, my dearest father, I love you too well ; and if in my correspondence with you, I ever say anything to wound your feelings, be assured it is not intentional.

‘The truest friends, through error, wound our rest.’

I have had occasion, many times during my past life, to adopt this language ; for, a single remark, which, in the mind of the individual who uttered it, had no bearing whatever on the situation of our family, has oftentimes in company, unlocked a sealed fountain of feeling, which has almost overwhelmed me. But I will not *fully* communicate my feelings to you—no—nor to any other person ; for I feel that no living being can fully sympathize with me.

The question has continually agitated my mind ever since I visited you, what can I do to lessen your misery by restoring you to peace of conscience—thereby rendering your abode a peaceful and happy one : and I know of no way in which I can do it, but by pointing you to the Savior of sinners. If you have not already submitted yourself to Him, O be persuaded to do it now. Delay it not till to-morrow. To-morrow’s sun may never shine upon you ; and if it should, there is nothing gained by delay. Look to Christ as your only source of consolation and hope. You, my dear father, as well as myself, have sought happiness from those sources and those objects wherein we thought it treasured up ; and just at the moment when we thought ourselves ready to grasp the coveted good, we found that we were pursuing nought but a deceitful shadow. We have toiled for we ‘know not what.’ Have we not seen the folly of such a course ? I trust I have—I hope my father has—that he now casts his *all* on his Savior, who bids us come just as we are, ‘weary and heavy laden’—needy and helpless. O may this letter find you rejoicing in the pardoning mercy of a forgiving God.

I want to think of you as a christian. I want to feel that your solitary abode is illuminated by the cheering light which beams from the Sun of Righteousness, and that your heart is

warmed by its gracious influences. You have, in your present situation, very favorable opportunities for meditation and prayer. You have your bible, the preached gospel—and daily moral and religious instruction. Heaven's choicest gifts you now enjoy. Do you not daily raise your voice in thanksgiving to the Author of all the blessings you enjoy? Is not your whole soul drawn out in gratitude to Him who has preserved you through all the vicissitudes of your past life? 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together,' for his goodness. Surely he has not rewarded us according to our iniquities. Amid all our afflictions can we not say, 'Goodness and mercy have followed us all the days of our life.' We certainly, after all, have been a family blessed of heaven; and now may we live as those so blessed should live. On eternity—on a boundless eternity let our eyes fix; for this is but a life of dreams and shadows—a passing scene; it will soon vanish with all its pains and pleasures. We, my dear father, have found a *temporary* separation painful indeed—but what is this, compared with an *eternal separation*! Oh the thought of an eternal separation!

But how blessed to think of a re-union in that world, where pilgrims roam no more; 'where earth's partings' are known no more forever; where sorrow's tears are never shed! Our ideas of heaven, are, doubtless, very imperfect; but it is enough that we know, there is, *there*, fulness of joy and pleasures forevermore. 'Fullness of joy'; then there is no room for mixture—no room for alloy—pleasures for evermore; then they will never fade, never pass away. In answer to this, will you not inform us of the true state of your feelings, at this time. How does the law of God appear to you—the way of salvation as revealed in the word of truth? Are you happy in the consideration that you are in the hands of the great God, whose power is unlimited, whose knowledge is unsearchable, and whose ways are past finding out?

My visit at the prison I consider one of the most interesting events of my life. I only wish that it could have been repeated. It was a source of much consolation to me, to find you so comfortably situated; to find your temporal wants so well supplied; but above all, to find you in the enjoyment of so many spiritual blessings. I shall always remember the Warden and Chaplain with much gratitude, for the kindness they showed me while there. I trust you are not indifferent to their counsel and instruction; and that you will ever yield a cheerful obedi-

once to all their requisitions. I should think the prison under the very best regulations, both physical and moral.

I should have left you better satisfied, could I have been permitted to take your hand, and to give you the parting embrace—O I do hope to meet you under different circumstances. Should you be once more restored to our circle, our cup of temporal blessings would be full. We would ask no more. If life be spared till the expiration of your sentence, may not this joy be ours?

And now, dear father, with a full heart, I must leave you. I feel very grateful for the privilege of writing you. O what would I not give for one day's conversation! I would willingly spend it in prison, were it consistent with the laws of the institution.

You will receive this, full of love, from your daughter,

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WE have recently received, from a southern correspondent, a letter designed to correct what he supposes to be a mistake in our notice of Mr. Freeman's Sermons on the 'Rights and Duties of Slaveholders,' contained in the 6th Number of the Magazine for the present year. It is but justice to the author, whose name we have withheld, to remark, that he is a gentleman of high and honorable character, distinguished even at the South for his liberal hospitality; a humane master, and what is far better, he is an active, an enlightened, and we doubt not, a sincere and humble christian. It cannot but be interesting to our readers to know what is said by such a man on such a subject, and they will probably feel the more interest in his statements when they know, that few men south of the Potomac possess better opportunities for obtaining correct information on every subject of general interest. After some preliminary remarks, he observes:

'I wish to set you right as to one fact. On page 277, is the following. "The result, we believe, of a dispassionate perusal will be the conviction that the minds of many slave holders in the southern states are, at the present time greatly agitated by a consideration of this subject; that they are doubting the correctness [of the ground on which they have hitherto rested the defence of slavery, and that conscientious men especially, stand in need of arguments to quiet their minds in the continuation of the practice. This we confess is the

only ground on which we can account for the importance attached to the publication of these discourses. It is plain that they were not written with any expectation of influencing northern abolitionists, but, in mercantile phrase, were intended solely for the southern market.”]

‘As the review in question circulates exclusively at the north, I presume this observation was intended for the “*Northern Market*,” and believing that you would be unwilling to circulate any thing there which is not true, thinking also that you would do me the justice to conclude that I would not mislead you in a matter of fact, I have concluded to say to you that the reviewer is mistaken. With an extensive acquaintance, and more extensive correspondence, I venture to assert, that, with the exception hereafter mentioned, there has not been a single convert on the subject in the southern states; that there is [not] a resident of them, religious or irreligious, who is not perfectly satisfied with the relation as it exists; that there is not a single male slaveholder who is not ready to defend by force of arms his rights, nor a single female who would not buckle on the armor of her husband or brother to defend these rights. It is true that some timid people have been induced not to give up their rights, but to sell out and avoid the risk which they fear is impending over this kind of property. This has caused much distress to the slaves by the disruption of old and well-beloved associations, with which the abolitionists are chargeable. But there is a deeper, a darker and a sterner determination to maintain their society as they please to organise it, than the world ever saw. I lament this spirit, for it is gradually undermining the Union; it is daily and hourly strengthening the hands of the nullifiers, for many firm old Federalists feel that they have a right to live happily without having their firesides violated.

‘The exception I allude to is the Misses Grimké. The effect of this is entirely done away by the general notoriety which exists of the unfortunate hereditary insanity which prevails in that family.

‘The fact that there is not a single resident clergyman of the Presbyterian church in the southern states holding abolition principles, I submit is very strong evidence of the truth of my statement.’

We have but a single additional remark to make respecting the letter of our worthy correspondent, and it is this. He has wholly mistaken the purpose of the reviewer in the passage to which he alludes. It was not our intention to intimate that abolitionism had received any accession to its ranks by enlistments south of the Potomac. We were well assured by information on which we could safely rely, that, in this respect, it had wholly failed in its object, and that the whole South were united to a man in opposing what they regarded as an unkind and officious intermeddling with their local concerns. In speaking then of the agitations on this subject, which were supposed to prevail at the South, we had reference to the general progress of enlightened views in regard both to morals and political economy,—views which influenced the minds of slaveholders not in consequence of northern denunciations, but in spite of them. We referred to such southern feelings as were manifested but a few years since in the Legislature of Virginia,

and which, though for the present less obvious than at that period, we had no doubt were still operating upon the minds and hearts of enlightened and philanthropic men, wherever they could escape from the irritation of foreign interference. Whether we were wrong in this opinion, is not so much a question for a single witness to decide, however honest and credible he may be, as for an enlightened community. For ourselves we fully believe that there are moral and political, but especially religious causes in operation, which, if not counteracted by a deplorable system of irritation, cannot fail, at no distant period, to terminate, in every christian country, a constitution of society essentially repugnant to the prosperity and piety of the community in which it exists.

LITERARY NOTICE.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM C. WALTON, late pastor of the second Presbyterian Church in Alexandria, D. C., and of the Free Church in Hartford, Conn. By Joshua N. Danforth. Hartford : Daniel Burgess & Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 319.

This is a highly important addition to the department of religious biography, and deserves much more than the brief notice which we are able to give of it, at the present moment. The ministry of Mr. Walton was singularly owned and blessed while he lived, and this biographical sketch, we doubt not, will perpetuate his usefulness through many coming generations. The public are certainly under great obligations to the editor for the ability which he has shown in the preparation of the work. We hope, hereafter, to take some further notice of this volume. It is for sale in this city at Crocker & Brewster's.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. A number of valuable communications, which came to hand too late for the present number, may be expected in the number for September.

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
AND
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

VOL. I.]

SEPTEMBER 1837.

[No. IX.]

**THE RELATION OF NATURAL SCIENCE TO
REVEALED RELIGION.**

An Address delivered before the Boston Natural History Society, June 7, 1837. By Hubbard Winslow.

THE following address relates, as will be perceived, to a subject of great and constantly increasing interest. It is true indeed that, in every age of the world, the works of God and his providential arrangements have been such as to demonstrate not only his existence, but his approbation of virtue, and his unqualified abhorrence of vice. On the other hand, the direct verbal revelations made by him contains in themselves the most conclusive evidence of their divine origin and of their importance to human happiness, in their evident adaptation to the nature and circumstances of man. Each of these manifestations of the divine character and will, has ever been perfect in itself, and has left those who have been severally favored with them, without excuse for continuing in disobedience. In the progress, however, of human knowledge, a new light has been kindled up. In proportion as the works of God have been more thoroughly investigated, and their laws ascertained, it has become more and more evident, that the instructions in the book of nature are the same as those contained in the book of revelation. In both the character of the great Lawgiver is shown to be the same. Whatever of doubt or uncertainty has been felt by any respecting the divine origin of the scriptures, or, in other words, whether the God of nature and the God of revelation were the same, the increasing light of modern science is fast dispelling. It is becoming daily more evident, that the mind from which the scriptures emanated, was one which grasped the whole science of nature. False theories in human science have arisen from age to age, and infidels have for the time, exulted in the evidence which such theories afforded them, that the writers of the scriptures

were mistaken ; but when a few years have elapsed, the error has passed away like a cloud, and the sun of revelation has shone forth with increased brightness. Upon this subject there still remains a boundless field of discovery. Many obscurities in nature, and also in revelation, are yet to be made plain, and every well directed effort for the elucidation of each, will furnish new materials in the department in which the learned author of this address has labored so successfully. As the address was too long to be inserted entire in the Magazine, we have reserved the author's remarks upon Astronomy, Natural Philosophy, Medical Science, and Chemistry, together with some concluding observations, for our next number. Ed.

AN unhappy prejudice has often existed between natural science and religion. It has been so frequently and earnestly insisted that science is at variance with revealed religion, that the friends of religion have sometimes indulged sentiments of hostility against science, and have thus given no small occasion for the reproach that ignorance is the mother of devotion. A large measure of the prejudice against religion among the more intelligent classes, has come from this source. They have been accustomed to regard religion as a sort of Utopia, a land of shadow and of fiction, where, wrapt in pleasing vision, credulity reposes on the lap of imposture.

It is too late for a religion to maintain ground against the science of nature. She is rapidly extending her dominion, and with the force of demonstration is she challenging the confidence of mankind. Every enlightened and benevolent mind must contemplate her progress with intense interest.

Our knowledge of the character and government of God is derived both from his works and from his word. Both of these are, in strict truth, a revelation ; but in accordance with popular usage, and to avoid circumlocution, let us call the knowledge obtained from the one source science, and that obtained from the other revelation.

To enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge ; to instruct us how to remove or to alleviate misery ; to open to us ever growing and fresh sources of happiness ; to lift our thoughts upward, and introduce us to the great cause and guardian of the universe—these are the noble objects of all science. These too are the objects of revelation.

In prosecuting scientific knowledge we first endeavor to collect and systematize *facts*, then to discover their *relations*. The former being the primary and more definitive office of science, successfully sustained by the learned members of this association, on the present occasion it may not be impertinent,

assuming the facts of science, to point out one of its most important relations—its relation to revelation.

To every mind that has felt the objections to revelation so frequently urged on philosophical and scientific pretensions, and that considers the certainty attending the recent discoveries of inductive science, and the consequent strength of evidence against any supposed revelation which does not harmonize with its teachings, such an attempt may not be uninteresting nor unimportant. If it is successful, the entire harmony of science with revelation will appear, they will be seen to reflect light upon each other, the identity or the analogy of their facts will be made manifest; it will thus become evident that science and revelation have the same foundation and truth in nature, the same source, the same import and interest, and that they are actually conspiring to the same end.

I am aware that some of the doctrines of revelation have been asserted to be in opposition to reason and natural science; and hence that we must either withhold the free exercise of our reason and shut our eyes upon science, or abandon our religious faith. That they may have been sometimes so exhibited, is very possible; but when correctly apprehended, not only are they not opposed to right reason, but they encourage its loftiest efforts. No honest mind will doubt this, unless because it is yet in its infancy, and does not know all that it may know, at some future stage of its existence. Whatever is revealed, is itself of course no longer a mystery; but connected with and involved in things revealed, may be other things not yet revealed. In this view a divine revelation to man may necessarily involve or imply things at present above the reach of human reason, but nothing opposed to it.

The greatest and most profoundly scientific men that ever lived were firm believers in the bible, as a divine revelation. Who was prince of inductive science? Bacon. Who of the philosophy of the human understanding? Locke. Who of astronomy? Newton. Who of chemistry? Davy. No intelligent person will deny, that of all men that ever lived none have probably done more than these to enlarge the boundaries of human knowledge, to extend the dominion of real science. Yet these men were believers in revelation. They prized its lessons of instruction, and the ennobling faith which they inspire, above all mere human knowledge or earthly treasures.

But it is said that the bible does not speak in the *language*

of science. And what if it does not? It was not given to teach us science, but religion; consequently it addresses all classes of minds, in language of most common currency. Did it employ scientific modes of expression, it would be a sealed book to more than nine tenths of its readers. The wisest and most learned philosophers, in their common intercourse with mankind, still speak in the same way that the bible does, notwithstanding the discoveries of modern science. Suppose the chemist should direct his cook concerning the preparation of his dinner, in the language of science. Would his cook be any the wiser for his instructions? Suppose the physician should employ the language of science, when instructing the nurse or the friends of the sick? He might as well hold silence. Indeed we all say, The sun rises; although, in strict science, the earth moves. We say, objects have such and such colors; although, in fact, they have no colors, all colors residing in the media, the solar rays, through which they are seen. All say, We see this or that object; although we never truly see the object itself, but only its image.

There are then two kinds of language, that of science and that of common use. The wise philosopher knows how to understand and to use each of them in its place; and hence the bible, in the spirit of wise philosophy and common sense, inasmuch as it addresses all classes of mankind, employs the latter.

But while revelation was given to teach us religion, and not natural science, it is yet evident that whatever reference is had to facts in nature by a revelation truly divine, must be such as to endure the test of all the subsequent discoveries of science; and furthermore, as all true religion is founded in nature, it must exhibit facts in the moral world corresponding to those in the natural world. Let us then proceed to a cursory notice of the identity and the analogy of the facts unfolded by science and by revelation. To do this successfully, demands the united aids of both science and philology. They serve to enlighten and to chastise each other. Some employ only science without philology; others only philology, without science. The consequence is that each class, in explaining supposed facts, incline to many wild and conflicting theories. But when you sit patiently down to the exact teachings of cautious science, and to the legitimate teachings of sober philology, bringing each of your lessons to bear together, you will not long be left in doubt respecting either their import or their agreement.

1. **COSMOGONY.** Science indicates that the world was remodeled from preexisting materials, which were probably the ruins of a former economy. Revelation also instructs us, that, in the beginning of the present economy God formed, produced, renovated, the material globe which we inhabit. Such is the import of the original **ברא**. The word does not signify, to bring into existence from nothing, but to germinate, produce, remodel, or make over again; as in the case of the vegetable creation, every spring. The same use of the word occurs in the Hebrew parallelism, ‘*Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me.*’ By a principle of the language, well known to the Hebrew scholar, the latter term is here explanatory of the first. To create a clean heart, is not to bring a heart into existence out of nothing, but to *renew* or *change* the character of the old one. And thus are we taught, ‘*In the beginning God renewed the heavens and the earth.*’ Such is the import of science, and such too of philology.

Science teaches that previous to this renovation the elements were in a state of chaos, confusion, wild and dark disorder. So also revelation instructs us, that ‘the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep.’

Science teaches that the work of creation was not effected by a *single fiat* of the Almighty, but in *successive stages*; and furthermore it demonstrates that these stages were, in respect to order, precisely the same as those given by revelation.

First, the spirit of God brooded over the abyss, and began the mighty work of renovation. The earth was balanced in its orbit, and commenced those uniform revolutions, which introduced light to all its surface and ‘divided the light from the darkness.’

Secondly, the atmosphere was formed, and by enveloping and belting the globe with its elastic energy, suspended a portion of the waters above the earth in mid heaven; it ‘divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament.’

Thirdly, the waters upon the earth gradually retired to the deep beds, and the dry land appeared; and now the moist and warm earth, planted with the Creator’s hand, instantly began to put forth the vegetable kingdom.

Fourthly, the dense vapors, fogs and mists, occasioned by the agitation and retiring of the waters together with the evolution of latent heat, rolled gently away from the heavens and

left a clear sky, so that the sun, moon, and stars, put forth their naked glories upon the world. The word *עָשָׂה* translated 'made' in the sentence, 'God made two great lights, the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night; he made the stars also,' is not the same as that translated in the first verse, 'create;' nor yet does it signify to *originate* or call from nothing into existence. It has a more general meaning, and signifies here to bring into a certain *relation* to an object, to give, put, place, constitute. The meaning is, that God made the sun, moon, and stars *to become such to the earth*. In the same way it is said, that he made Joseph father to Pharaoh, made him lord of Egypt; that he made or constituted the bow a sign, &c. 'As the rainbow,' says a learned pen, 'was made or constituted a sign, though it might have existed before, so the sun, moon, and stars, may be said to have been made and set as lights in the firmament on the fourth day, though actually existing long before.'

Fifthly, the present race of living creatures inhabiting the two kindred elements of water and of air, were next called into existence, and began to propagate their kind.

Sixthly, the animal tribes of the earth then commenced their existence; last of all which was man, the crown and glory of creation. All things being prepared, and the goodly mansion being completed and adorned for his reception, he is created erect 'in the image of God,' and placed in dominion over the earth.

Such is the order of creation given by revelation, and any scientific scholar is competent to demonstrate that it is the *precise* and *only* order taught or admitted by severe and exact science.

The *time* occupied in the successive stages of creation, science makes indefinitely long; the same also does revelation. The word *יום*, translated 'day,' is here evidently the language of analogy or accommodation; the expressions first, second, third days, signifying first, second, third *periods*. Such was a common use of the term at the time Moses wrote, when we are of course to look for the meaning of the language which he employs. The term has this use both in the scriptures and in common parlance. Thus, the expressions, 'In the *day* that the Lord made the heavens and the earth,' 'In the *day* of visitation,' 'In his *day*,' 'In the *day* of judgment and perdition of ungodly men,' signify in the *period* when the recorded events did or will take place, without any intended

designation of the *length* of the period. And the constitution of the seventh weekly sabbath, the seventh month, the seventh year, in the Hebrew theocracy, as time sacred to rest and religion, by the express authority of the Creator, has respect to the fact that he appropriated the seventh *period* after the work of creation to resting from all his works; the observance of the *weekly* seventh only being a part of the *moral* law, or ten commandments, which our Savior said he did not come to abrogate or annul, and which, for the benefit of mankind, is of course virtually binding on all ages to the end of time.

Revelation teaches, that there is no such thing as *equiocal* production or generation; that every vegetable and animal in the world springs from some organized and living parent, 'after its kind, whose seed is in itself upon the earth;' that is, whose seed and power of self-propagation are its own exclusive prerogative, so constituted in the beginning by the Creator, and never to be invaded. The most modern and exact science teaches the same fact; a fact not taught by science nor admitted by philosophy, but often confidently denied by them, until quite recently, but now conclusively demonstrated to every scientific mind.

We might show the identity of the facts taught or assumed by revelation with those taught by science, in numerous other minute particulars under this head, but will proceed to notice some of the more recent facts taught by

2. GEOLOGY. This science investigates the internal structure of the terraqueous globe, its materials, formation, primordial and transitionary states, especially the changes through which it has passed since the creation. It has been supposed, upon partial and superficial investigation, that some of the facts disclosed by this science militate against the Mosaic age of the world. More mature examination and study, however, have reversed and corrected this opinion. 'Whatever may be said,' says an able writer, 'with respect to the state and duration of the earth prior to the period with which Moses commences his narration, it is admitted by every geologist that our globe, as to its present form and arrangement, has been comparatively of but short duration. Cuvier, one of the most enlightened geologists of the age, deduces from certain progressive changes on the earth's surface, as well as from the concurrent traditions of many nations, that the first appearance of man upon the face of the earth cannot be referred to a period farther back than about five or six thousand years from the present time.'

Geology also instructs us, that since the creation 'the fountains of the great deep' have been 'broken up,' and that mighty floods of water have swept the earth's surface. Especially the last great cataclysm, described by Moses, is so fully demonstrated to the mind of every geologist, that the identity of the deluge taught us by science with that taught us by revelation, is now established beyond a philosophical doubt. Yet who does not know that the Mosais deluge has ever been, till quite recently, since the introduction of the science of geology, the subject of the severest ridicule and most confident sport of infidelity?

Revelation admonishes us, that the earth is a small and frail thing in the hand of the Almighty, that 'he taketh up the isles as a very little thing;' that 'the mountains have skipped like rams and the little hills like lambs,' that seas have 'fled' affrighted, that rivers have been 'driven back,' and that the solid earth has been made to 'tremble at the presence of Jehovah.' 'Thou coveredst it with the deep as with a garment; the waters stood above the mountains. At thy rebuke they fled; at the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.' 'He looketh on the earth and it trembleth; he toucheth the hills and they smoke.'

At all this infidelity has laughed; nor could she believe that there lives a Being able or disposed to effect such stupendous changes with our firmly established world. But geology confirms the solemn facts, as taught by revelation. It even informs us that those vast mountains, which tower in awful grandeur and pierce the snowy heavens, were hove up from ocean's depths; that the mountains have truly skipped like rams and the little hills like lambs; that vast waters have rolled back their affrighted waves and sometimes sought other beds and channels—before the dread presence of the Almighty, when he has arisen to shake terribly the earth, to prepare his way to bring order and life out of chaos and death, or to chastise mankind for their iniquities and to deliver and protect the faithful.

3. NATURAL HISTORY. In its most extensive sense, this department of science embraces *all* the *obvious* and *external* facts of the physical universe, of the earth and the heavens, of all minerals, vegetables, fishes, birds, insects, beasts, reptiles.

Not only does this science teach the same facts which are recognized by revelation, so far as revelation touches the facts of natural history, but it also exhibits similar views of the amazing perfections of the Creator—his power, wisdom, goodness, ubiquity, and his minute regard for the least as well as comprehensive regard for the greatest of his works.

The more extensively this science is pursued, the more conclusively does it teach us the same lesson which is so beautifully and variously taught by revelation—that nothing is created in vain, that the finish of a divine hand is upon every thing, even the smallest insect and the feeblest blade of grass ; and that, with an infinitely wise benevolence, all creatures are perfectly adapted to each other and to the world in which they are made to dwell. Even those animals, reptiles, and insects, which were once considered not only useless but hurtful, this science has shown to possess an important value. Those carnivorous and destructive animals, which we most dread, are needed to dispatch a redundant horde of inferior creatures, for which creatures there is nevertheless an important use, in the general economy ; to say nothing of the happiness enjoyed by themselves, as long as they are permitted to exist. Those poisonous reptiles, insects, and vegetables, which we so carefully shun and would feign annihilate, though often supposed by the uneducated to have been made in vain, are yet proved by science to have an important use in the general system.

Having described many of the most striking and instructive phenomena of natural history, the mind of the writer bursts forth in rapture, ‘O Lord, how manifold are thy works ! in wisdom hast thou made them all ; the earth is full of thy riches.’ Is not this the very language which every enlightened mind feels constrained to employ, under the inspiration of modern science ? And to perfect the wisdom and benevolence of creation, revelation instructs us that important relations exist between all parts and all beings in the universe, from atoms to worlds and from insects to men and to angels. The same truth is also taught by natural history ; and that too with a demonstration which none but a truly scientific mind can fully feel, and which it would require volumes to illustrate.

The scientific mind will not fail to be impressed with the beautiful illustration from *botany*, in which the resurrection of man from the grave is exhibited as analogous to the resurrection of the vegetable kingdom. ‘But some will say, How are the dead raised, and with what body do they come ? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption ; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory ; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power ; it is sown a natural body, it is raised a spiritual body.’

For the Religious Magazine.

THE GUIDE TO HAPPINESS.

‘Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit.’

‘Blessed are they that do his commandments.’

HOLY WRIT.

THROUGH every rank and grade of society—in every variety of situation, there is a reaching on to things before. The child of but few years, is looking for the pleasures of to-morrow or next week,—the youthful heart, is panting after the freedom and the privileges of manhood,—and the man of mature years, is still unsatisfied and looking ‘on and up.’

The miser, counts his heaps of treasured gold with longings after an addition to his hoard. The votary of ambition is striving to reach another height on the ladder of fame. The man of learning and science, is still endeavoring to fathom the depths that are beyond. And the devotee of pleasure, dissatisfied with present enjoyment, is promising himself greater, from the luxuries and the delights that are to come. And thus it is; the present never satisfies—while the future paints in vivid colors something to be attained. And thus it has been; through all the past ages of time, each generation as it passed away was occupied in gazing at the prospect of joys to come, and dissatisfied with what the present afforded. As I thought on these things my heart was sad, and I exclaimed in bitterness of spirit—alas! and is contentment no where to be found?—is it a boon denied to mortals?

I had a dream. I thought myself in an extensive and cultivated garden. Every thing was here that could delight the eye, please the taste, and charm the ear. There were shady groves and cooling fountains—flowers and fruits of every kind; while feathered songsters of various hue and size, gaily hopped from branch to branch and tree to tree, filling the air with a chorus of sweet sounds. I looked around to see if there were any to enjoy the beauties and the pleasures which this garden afforded—and I saw that the ‘sons and daughters of men,’ were treading with busy steps these flowery walks.

I seated myself to observe—vainly imagining that amid all these delights of nature, contentment and peace would pervade every bosom. But suddenly my ear was pained by jarring sounds of discord. The voices were loud, and I could not but understand the secret of the quarrel—one with a longer arm had

reached and devoured the fruit which the other tried in vain to obtain. Again I heard a sound—it was a groan of distress. I approached, and found on enquiry that the suffering was occasioned by a wicked indulgence of appetite—and I sickened at the folly of thus abusing the blessings bestowed. I looked up to observe the countenances of the passers by. On some were depicted anxiety and gloom, others were puffed up with pride and haughty self-conceit, and others still bore marks of inward passion—‘malice, hate and foul revenge.’

As I was musing upon this sad scene—pondering upon the inexcusableness of all this guilt, my painful reflections were broken by the sound of music. It was the voice of a female, singing in sweet melodious strains, the words of gratitude and praise. I looked whence the sound proceeded ; and seated on a green and mossy bank, I saw the person whose harmonious accents I had so unexpectedly heard. Her gentle mien and bland smile, cheered my soul. She held in her hand a book, and when she ceased her song she opened and read. I watched her countenance, and as she read there seemed a radiance of heavenly dignity to overspread it. As she closed the book, I approached and enquired the source of the calm and quiet happiness which she seemed to possess—and why she alone of all the multitudes around, realized and enjoyed the pleasures and blessings of the garden ? ‘Stranger,’ she replied, ‘most happy shall I be to tell you the source of my enjoyments, but alas ! I fear you will but scorn my sayings as do the mistaken beings around me. The book in which I have been reading is *a guide to happiness*. It was written by the owner of the garden, and offered to all who dwell here, as a chart in which the path of peace and safety is plainly marked out. A few out of the multitude have gladly received the gift and eagerly sought its instructions ; but the many, fancying themselves wiser than their benefactor, and choosing to follow the paths which their own inclinations dictate ; despise the gift, and neglect the instructions ; and as a consequence their lives are filled up with discontent and misery ;—while not one of the few who have humbly followed its directions, have failed to find its promises fulfilled—and to have a peace which passeth all understanding abiding with them.’

I awoke from my dream. The bible lay before me. I opened its hallowed pages, and was refreshed and strengthened by its sacred instructions ; and my mind was convinced that contentment and peace dwell only with those who ‘sit at the feet of Jesus and learn of Him.’

From the Microcosm.

AN ADDRESS

At the Grave of Jane Keith Palmer, New Haven, May 30th, 1837. BY REV. E. T. FITCH, D. D.

‘Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.’

‘It is appointed unto men once to die.’ From this decree, none are exempt. The children of God even, though forgiven and beloved, must pass through this dark hour of trial. But to them, whatever trials attend upon the event, it is but a change necessary for passing out of this state of probation, and entering upon the glories of their immortal state in heaven. For they are here clothed with flesh and blood, which are corruptible. They must put off this mortal tabernacle, that they may be clothed upon with immortality.

Viewed thus,—as the transit of their sanctified spirits, from this to another state, from time into eternity,—their death is an event of deep interest to God, the Father of spirits. We must believe this, from the interest which he manifests for his children in this world, and from the nature of the change through which they pass at that hour. ‘Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints.’

The day of their entrance upon this life is precious. There is joy on earth over their new-born existence. Their opening faculties and budding affections, are full of promise and hope. Yet at this stage of being, the clouds of uncertainty hang over all their future course. The paths of sin, and temptation, and death, as well as the path of holiness and life, are open before them; and they are the children of the apostasy. Suspense, doubt, fear, mingle with all the joys and hopes which are indulged over their existence.

The day of their spiritual birth is still more precious. In that day, they who had lived, as the erring children of the apostasy, in alienation from God, come back to Him in repentance, and become the children of His adoption; and over the event, there is joy in the presence of God in heaven. Angels rejoice that they are now become heirs of glory, and are henceforth to unite with them in the service of their King. And God, the Father and Redeemer, rejoices over their recovery, and their entrance on the way to endless redemption. Yet the trials and imperfections of this pilgrimage are still before them; and joy

is mingled still with solicitude for their welfare, while they remain in a world of imperfections and sorrows, absent from their Lord and their final home.

How precious, then, is the day when the children of God are called home to their rest : when, leaving all their sorrows and imperfections on earth, they enter upon their incorruptible and unfading inheritance in heaven : and in the cloudless light of their immortal existence, feel full assurance as to their eternal career of glory ! What though it was in their hearts to serve God on earth, and they are torn away from all their plans ? The counsel of the Lord, which rules the event, is better than theirs. They have the same God and Savior still to serve : and at his bidding, they honor him in their dying behavior, and go to honor and serve and praise him in heaven, in ways far more exalted than any on earth. Precious, therefore, is their death in the sight of the Lord and in the world of his presence. The child of God is then welcomed home. Angels welcome him to their everlasting society and worship. The golden harp of praise is put into his hands. He sweeps its strings before the throne of Jesus, and sings forever of the love that ransoms from death, and redeems to God.

This thought,--that the death of the children of God, being ordered by his perfect counsel, and introducing them to the perfection of the heavenly state, is precious in the sight of the Lord,--may serve both to *console* and *admonish* us as we stand around this grave, mourning the early departure of our friend.

JANE KEITH PALMER, the deceased, gave evidence, while with us, that she had consecrated her heart to the Lord. During a period of six years, she has maintained a consistent profession of her faith in Christ ; and walked, as his follower, in the graces of christian love. She ardently desired the advancement of the kingdom of Christ in this guilty world ; and had arrived at that maturity and vigor of her powers, in which she might be useful in appropriate labors to promote that kingdom. She particularly desired to enter on the field of missions, so strong was her compassion for the perishing heathen ; and was willing, for this object, should the providence of God prepare the way, to leave all the endearments of her home and country. Meanwhile, she enlisted at home in the cause of the sabbath school, as a sphere in which she might teach the young and susceptible the word of God, and lead them by that word, to the Savior. In her native city of Charleston, she continued

steadily in the discharge of this labor of christian love, endearing herself to her pupils as a christian friend who sought their welfare ; remembered by them, as such, with affection, and now to be wept by them with sorrow. On the recent removal of the family to New York, it was still in her heart to employ herself, in this new situation, in the same office of a sabbath school teacher : she had also made the necessary arrangements for entering on the work of a tract distributor,—a work so much needed, and so much blessed, to benefit those who are beyond the reach of the ordinary means of grace in that populous city. But the Lord saw fit, by disease, to disappoint her hopes ; and, by death, to remove her from every sphere of earthly labor. Is it not a consoling thought, that there is another and higher sphere of usefulness and blessedness for the children of God ? and that, when he takes them from our sight, and leaves us to mourn in disappointment and grief, he exalts them to that blessed state ; where, exempt from every trial and sin, they serve him day and night forever ?

Let the thought admonish you, my friends,—who pay your respects at the grave of this sister and friend,—that the great object of this life is to prepare yourselves for an everlasting life to come. The follies, the fashions, the pleasures of this world pass away : but the glory of God, and the blessedness of serving him, survive the grave and endure forever. May you turn from this world and consecrate yourselves to the Redeemer : and then death, when it comes, will not be an hour of wrath and punishment, but the hour of release, the hour of eternal redemption and rest !

JULIA BRACE.

IN the last number of the Magazine, we republished, from the twenty first annual report of the Directors of the American Asylum, an account of JULIA BRACE, the deaf and blind inmate of that institution, from the pen of Mr. Weld, the Principal of that institution. For the purpose of completing this interesting narrative, we now add the following ' Letter from Miss Dudley, former matron of the American Asylum, and now holding the same place in the institution of New York,' addressed to Mr. Weld. ED.

New York Asylum, March 27, 1837.

MR. WELD :

DEAR SIR—Your letter of inquiry concerning Julia was received on Saturday evening, and I hasten to comply with your

request. There are of course many things that might be interesting, which I shall not be able to recollect, as she has been so many years out of sight and out of mind. When she first came to the Asylum I led her up stairs, and down to the dining room, which was then in the basement. This was sufficient ; she then went herself, directed by that powerful instinct which the Almighty has kindly given for her guidance. She soon fell in with all the habits and customs of the family ; she rose early, and was as regular as a clock in all her movements. She was passionate and violent, impatient of control, and coercive measures were necessary both for her own happiness and that of others. She soon yielded, and became perfectly docile and manageable, so much so, that at any time when she was unwilling to comply with the wishes of others, if I took hold of her, she would instantly do as requested, and often with a smile ; as threading her needle, or showing her work, &c. I was much in the room with her, and often sent her on some little errand, like going to my room to bring my scissors, or pocket handkerchief ; for she knew where every thing was in my room. I once told her to go up stairs and take off her boots and put them in the closet, on a high shelf by the side of her handbox, leave them for winter, and put on her shoes. I was curious to see, if she understood all I said. She instantly laid down her work, rose, and stood a moment ; I took her hands again and made the same signs. She went directly up stairs and did as I bade her. She knew something about sewing and knitting when she came to the Asylum, but improved very much afterwards. She could thread her needle with thread No. 150, and hem fine linen handkerchiefs, which she did many, for ladies in Boston. By that same wonderful sagacity which directed her movements, she selected her own articles of clothing from a multitude of others, and would tell to whom they all belonged. I have often requested her to tell me to whom certain articles belonged, when I did not know myself. She took good care of all that was her own. She was ingenious in her work and very industrious.

In her intercourse with the girls, her ideas became enlarged, and her mind appeared to receive a new impulse. Previous to her coming to the Asylum, she was confined with children, over whom she felt she had care, and had no desire to imitate them. Of her love to her mother and brothers and sisters I need say nothing ; you know all. She had her favorites among the girls, and she seemed very discriminating, for they were

among the best ; such as one with all her faculties would have chosen. Miss R. she loved as herself ; she sat by her at the table, and would, when they were out of school, feel all around to find her, in cold weather, to see if she was warm and comfortable. If she found any thing that belonged to Miss R. in the possession of any of the girls, she would not rest till it was returned to her. You probably know the circumstance that Miss R. was engaged to Mr. H. (whom she afterwards married) while living at the Asylum. Some of the girls one day had Mr. H.'s watch ; which, when she found, she stamped and raved till it was given her ; she immediately gave it to Miss R., seeming to understand she had the best right to his property. There were those in the house she most cordially hated ; D. for instance. This leads me to recollect an occurrence. D. had stolen Julia's money. I do not now recollect the amount, be it more or less, it was in small pieces. You know Julia is very fond of money, and miser like, she counted it often, and failed not immediately to discover when any pieces were missing. On this occasion she stamped with such violence that I ran up stairs to see what was the matter. She told me of the loss. Suspicion fell on D. I made her get all the money she had, and give it to Julia. She sat down by a table, selected all her own, and gave the rest to the owner.

As to gratitude, I do not know what to say ; she remembered a kindness done her, and seemed affectionate. On meeting those who had given her anything, she would instantly recognize them, though they had been long away. The lady who taught her the use of the needle, came to see her, whom she had not met in a long time. After examining her she made the sign for *sewing*. She was very fond of children, and had much kindness of manner towards those of Mr. P. and Mr. G. ; I have often thought I saw but little of depraved human nature in her. She appeared to derive enjoyment from the return of spring, and would go out and pick a little grass. If she could reach a limb of a tree, and there were then peach trees in the yard, she would feel the buds, and seem delighted. She went with us on a sailing excursion to Saybrook. When we returned, she by her gestures told actually more about a steamboat than any one else could have done. The chambermaid took her all over the boat ; she enjoyed it much. In little excursions, walking out, &c., she showed susceptibility of enjoyment equal to any.

The first death that occurred at the Asylum after she came.

there, was that of Miss S. She was sick but a short time, but during that period Julia manifested much solicitude, often going and feeling if she was warm, and if she was nicely covered. On the morning she died, the clothes were laid off, and while preparations were making to lay her out, Julia went in. I followed her ; she went up to the bed ; felt her cold face and hands, covered her up, put the clothes close around her ; she felt her face and moved her hand over it ; observing no motion she put her thumb and finger on her nostrils and rested them there for a minute, and then turned away with the greatest sorrow and agony depicted on her countenance. It was something she could not understand, and it was some time before she resumed her usual cheerfulness. Her mind must of necessity be shut up in impenetrable darkness concerning death, eternity and a future state of existence, subjects which we, with all our powers and faculties, cannot comprehend. When she retired for the night she would go into the closet and take the posture of prayer, in imitation of the girls, and remain about the same length of time. I have thought I would have given worlds to know her thoughts. She had one fit of sickness while I was with her, at the time so many of our family were sick. She, with one other girl, was in my room. Julia was very sick, but I found no trouble in taking care of her, except that she would not take medicine unless it tasted well. We had to resort to many expedients, but all would not do, the bitter would be bitter still. The other girl died. Julia was sensible something was the matter, and her look showed signs of deep distress. She afterwards became more familiar with death and the coffin. Mr. B., Mr. P., Mr. T., each lost a child ; all of which she examined, so that perhaps now such an event would be less terrible to her. Mrs. S. requested me at the time to note down many of those little circumstances of daily occurrence ; and I now regret I did not, that I could furnish you with many things of which I was then an observer, but have now forgotten.

Yours with esteem,

MARTHA DUDLEY.

For the Religious Magazine.

AN INSOLENT THREAT.

By publishing the following extracts from a recent communication of the 'New England Correspondent' of the New York Evangelist, together with the accompanying remarks, you will oblige a
 CONSTANT READER.

'Every effort to establish institutions, and form distinct organizations for the separate benefit of colored people should be discouraged.' * * *

'Let colored people who have the means of supporting their daughters at boarding schools, make application to the seminaries already existing, and persevere in their applications, till they have been denied admission into every one of them; or till some of them are opened. And, if necessary, let the public know the facts. Those who refuse them admission, may hereafter see cause to repent of it.'

It seems then, Mr. Editor, that it is no longer to be permitted to any private individual to open a school for *white* children. The world has rung with the execrations which have been uttered, because the inhabitants of a respectable town in Connecticut were unwilling to have a school opened among them for the exclusive benefit of the *blacks*. But it seems that the right then claimed to open such schools as the proprietor pleased, provided she did nothing inconsistent with legal and moral obligation, is not to be allowed to those who would open schools for white children. If any person shall presume to open a boarding school for white children, it is now recommended to bring down upon him the vengeance of the community. He is to be held up to public indignation. 'LET THE PUBLIC KNOW THE FACTS!!!' Nay sir, I am not certain that even proscription is to be the full measure of the punishment to be inflicted. '*Those who refuse them admission, may hereafter see cause to repent of it.*' This looks, sir, exceedingly like resorting to Lynch law, or some other and similar 'act of uniformity.' Of all the notions under heaven, the people of New England have shown the earliest and the steadiest hatred to slavery and to tyranny in all its forms; and I am greatly mistaken if the threats of a hired letter writer, at a stipulated sum per column, will prove sufficiently terrific to induce them to submit to such odious dictation. The man, who can give utterance to such sentiments, can know little of the spirit of New Englanders, and has yet to learn that while they have ever been the foes of oppression, when exercised over their fellow men, they will be the last to submit to it in their own persons. There is no

doubt, sir, that they will continue to claim for themselves and for their children, a right to associate in the intercourse of private life in such manner as shall appear to themselves right and proper ; and will not be compelled, even by the fear of denunciation, to receive into their families, their private schools, or their pews in church, such persons as are, from any cause whatever, disagreeable to them.

For the Religious Magazine.

CHRISTIAN SELF-DENIAL.

MR. EDITOR : My remarks, under this head, in a former number of the Religious Magazine, have called forth a series of essays from one of your correspondents which I am on the whole, quite glad to see. I am especially pleased with the kindness which your correspondent has manifested in his animadversions. May it be my good fortune, to be able to preserve, by divine grace, a similar spirit.

Your correspondent *assumes* that when a child of ignorant and destitute parents goes, as a domestic, into a pious and well regulated family, her whole condition is changed for the better. 'She has now,' as he affirms, 'wholesome food, and comfortable clothing. She can acquire habits of neatness and industry, and has constant intercourse with those from whose superior education her own mind and manners must receive some improvement—while in common with each member of the family, she bows the knee in family devotions, and is thus taught her dependance upon God, and the duties he requires of her. Is she not thus preparing to be a useful member of society ?—and if called to be herself the head of a family, would she not have occasion for gratitude that she had been placed where she had the opportunity of reaping so many advantages ?'

Now, Mr. Editor, one of three things must certainly be true ; that 'pious and well regulated' families are exceedingly rare, that I have been rarely introduced to them, or that the representation of your correspondent is not correct. I have seen what are usually called pious and well regulated families, but I have seen nothing, as yet, which would lead me to regard the picture which is here presented as any thing more than a picture, without a counterpart any where in nature.

I am personally acquainted with some families having do-

mestics, whom, not only myself but others esteem as among the lights of the world, as bearing, for the most part, the image of Christ ; and yet I do not know of one in which a domestic, male or female, would be likely to go out better fitted to become the head of a family than would probably have been the case had he or she remained where they were before the change of condition, except it be in the single article of clothing. This may have been, in a few instances, somewhat improved in character and neatness. And when this is the result, without running into foppery, the change is unquestionably happy.

The food, instead of being more wholesome, is usually less so. The habits, instead of being improved, usually deteriorate. It is to be observed, however, that your correspondent very modestly says, she *can* acquire better habits ; not, she *will*. But he immediately adds, with less caution, that she '*has* constant intercourse with those from whose superior education her own mind and manners *must* receive some improvement.' Would it was so. But is it thus ? If it is, your correspondent must affix a very different meaning to the phrase 'constant intercourse' from that which is commonly received.

There are, indeed, a few instances to be found, in which a domestic has in some respects, constant intercourse of the kind described. I know of one instance in which a female domestic—the only one in the family—is allowed not only to sit with the family at church, at table, in the parlor, and in the visiting circle, but every where else. I know of one or two instances in which the domestic is allowed to sit in the same pew with the family at church. The number of those who are summoned twice a day to attend family prayers is rather larger, though still exceedingly small ; and I have been pained to find those whom I loved with great tenderness, and who could discourse with apparent sorrow and regret on the usual treatment of domestics, who yet never thought, for once, to invite them to join them at the family altar.

But I have never yet known, in my whole life—with the single exception alluded to in the beginning of the last paragraph—of a domestic who was treated as one of the same race with the rest of the family. I have never known the treatment such as to lead children, naturally, to have any more sympathy with domestics, or regard them as any more of the same family with themselves, than the good natured cat or dog, which had long been well fed and sheltered and kindly spoken to and caressed. Others may have witnessed more than one exception to the

truth of this remark—for the honor of human nature, and above all, for the honor of christianity, I hope they have.

And as to their being better prepared by their service to become the heads of families, experience and observation lead me to believe they are usually more and more unfitted for this great and primary duty of life. They are taught, or rather led, more and more to seek their happiness in the gratification of their appetites ; they are taught more and more to be envious or jealous of those whom they regard as placed a little above them ; and they become less and less able, in the language of the Episcopal Church Catechism to ‘keep their hands from picking and stealing, and their tongues from evil speaking, lying and slandering.’ They gradually lose self-respect, and as gradually become unworthy of our confidence ; and I could name families of the highest respectability—families remarkable too for their general kindness—who cannot or think they cannot trust the best female domestics they can get, with any thing more than the pressing daily wants of the family oblige them to do, lest it should be wasted or smuggled ; and who invariably keep the most of their flour and provisions locked up for security. I do not mean to say that this state of things has become very general, but I do say that this is every where the tendency of things. That it might be rendered otherwise, I do not pretend to deny. That pious, well ordered families *might* change this whole state of things, I have reason to believe possible, though not without encountering some difficulties ; but that judging from the past we have any reason to expect such a change, I am compelled to deny utterly, and with much confidence.

Hence will be seen one of the principal reasons why I object to the practice of having domestics in our families, when it is possible to avoid it. It is because I believe it to be—forming my opinions from the past—injurious rather than beneficial to the servants themselves ; and because I have no hopes of any speedy reform in this department. That there are multitudes of females of whom it may be asked, what would become of them if no one employed them as domestics, I am free to confess ; and if I cannot answer the question, it does not necessarily follow that the only course is to make domestics of them. Besides we have made a long experiment of employing them on this principle, and what has been the consequence ? Have I not shown that the experiment has failed ? But suppose I had not, there would still remain another proof of the fact ? Who does not know that the more we have come

into the system of employing this class of society as domestics, the more every year their proportionate number in society has increased? The fact is that it is the very state of over refinement in society that creates the class of persons in question. And the more of them we employ, the more will they throng our towns and cities demanding our employment. Grant even that they are now in a school of vice, I maintain that employed as domestics, they are so still, at least generally; and that the more the pupils are promoted, the more will their number and the viciousness of the school continue to increase by the addition of new inmates.

It is said to be incumbent upon me to show — what I have believed myself competent to do — that the views I take are sustained by every consideration which regards economy, health, and intellectual and moral improvement. And first, of *economy*.

Can it be doubted, for one moment, that it costs more to keep a servant than not to keep one? Must not a servant eat and drink and sleep and be clothed? But it will, of course, be said that their help is needed, and that they more than pay their way. This is begging the very question in debate. I contend that their help is not ordinarily needed. I contend that, as a general rule, every family is able to take care of itself.

The *health* of every mother, already in health, demands for its preservation, the very sort of labor, and in precisely the amount, which is required by her rising family. And the health of the elder daughters, as a general rule, demands their employment as assistants.

This is evident to me from the very nature of the case. I cannot believe the Creator constituted the family state, without contemplating it as a state of independence. If servants were contemplated, who was to furnish them? Was A to claim them from the family of B? But, by what right should A claim a son or daughter from the family of B, any more than B from the family of A? Suppose the demand was made both ways? A claims B's daughter and B, A's. How is the matter to be settled? Who shall be the umpire? To me the idea of constituting the human family, originally, unable to take care of itself, is an absurdity. If there be human families in health which cannot do this, then I think they are either larger than the Creator intended, or more indolent.

It is more evident, however, from observation. Multitudes

of our New England mothers have reared large families without any foreign help, except a single month once in two years, in case of sickness ; and have found much time for improving their own minds and hearts and those of their families besides. Indeed this was once almost universally the practice throughout New England. But there is not — there never was — a race of healthier mothers among us, than those very persons. We find few such now-a-days. And just in proportion as society in New England has departed from this good old practice, just in the same proportion has the health of females, especially mothers, diminished. I could present in detail numerous instances, which would illustrate this position, but I perceive I am already extending this article farther than I, at first, contemplated.

I should like to have your correspondent consider well the circumstances under which New England character is usually formed. That spirit and enterprise and intelligence, and I might say morality, too, which have distinguished the ‘yankees’ as they are commonly called, and given them a character which is well understood and usually respected throughout the civilized world, were they formed under the influence of servants ? Have not the great body of this wonderful people — this nursery for the whole western world — been educated by mothers who had no domestics but a husband and three or four or six or eight other children ? Nay more, were not the best of these yankees — a nobler race than whom, at least in a physical point of view, the sun never shone upon, the men of ’76 — educated by mothers who not only had their children to take care of without the aid of domestics, but who were obliged at the same time and in addition to their other duties to manufacture the greater part of the wearing apparel of these same families ? Was there ever more health and economy and morality and true republicanism in New England, or indeed in any other country, than from the year 1750 to the year 1780 ? Was there ever, in fact, a people whose education — intellectual and religious — was better adapted to the times in which they lived, or in other words more truly practical ? In short, and in spite of the numerous and onerous duties of the housewife, was there ever a period when there was more benefit derived to the family from the visits of ministers and other intelligent individuals ?

I will only add, at present, that more than one half of the present labor which is done in our families ought to be entirely dispensed with ; and that if this were done, it would make a

great difference in regard to the ability of housewives to receive and enjoy the society of respectable visitors. As things are, there is great reason to believe that if the illustrious Personage, who, when once visiting a family at Bethany, took upon him to chide one of the ladies of the household for her over anxiety about the little things which she supposed would add to his happiness, were to come into many of our modern families, he would find the same unnecessary and uncalled for neglect of *intellectual* and *moral improvement*, and the same apology for it, which could have been made by the sister of Lazarus.

For the Religious Magazine.

NOT FIT.

‘MR. EVERHARD,’ said a very plain spoken lady, not long since, ‘what is the reason you never come to see us? Don’t you go any where? I should think you would want to spend your evenings in visiting, after being at the store all day.’

‘I assure you Mrs. Lennox, I come here more frequently than I go any where else, and my business is the very cause of my staying at home so much. After the wear and tear of the day I do not feel fit for the society of ladies, so I settle myself with my books, the only companions which I am sure of not annoying.’

‘Well,’ returned the honest lady, ‘you never will be fit for society till you go into it. The more you sit at home with your books, the more unfit you become. If you wish ever to throw off your misanthropy, you must begin by going into society while it is still upon you, and by and by you will wonder where all your cold, selfish, disconsolate feelings are gone.’

More was said upon the same topic, but the part here noticed it was, which, constantly recurring to my mind, seemed a forcible illustration of another subject of vastly greater importance. Precisely such, in the end, are the thousand excuses made by indolent creatures, for not throwing off a burdensome service to sin, and acquainting themselves with God, whose favor is life and peace. One person says he does not know how to be a christian: True, he does not know how, because the natural man discerneth not the things of God’s spirit, neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned. Another

feels almost entirely indifferent to the subject ; his heart is hard, and he cannot feel, because he is dead ; and he never will feel, till he will arise from the dead, and receive life from Christ. All the excuses made by sinners, may finally be resolved into this one ; ‘ I am not fit.’ And if we wait till we are fit, death will find us still waiting, still unfit. We must ourselves go to God, all unfit as we are, and do it as earnestly and zealously as if his converting grace had nothing to do with our salvation.

For the Religious Magazine.

RELIGIOUS POETRY.

BY WM. A. BREWER.

I AM not much of a linguist, and little better than a smatterer in philology, but really I am not much in love with the title of my theme. It appears to me the term ‘ religious’ *naturally* indicates a quality of the affections, which develops itself in the exercise of some one or more of the multitude of pious actions ; or that *to be* religious, is to be obedient to the promptings of a supreme devotion to the will of God. Hence it would appear, that to apply the term ‘ religious’ to a poetical composition, in the sense to which I have alluded, would be pre-eminently improper and absurd. Nevertheless, the poverty of our language, and the conventional use of the word, authorize its employment in the connection in which it stands at the commencement of these remarks.

Again, the word ‘ poetry’ conveys but an indistinct idea of that species of writings to which I shall more particularly allude — some being very unpoetical in every thing but their external shape, and others less poetical in shape than in other particulars.

But waving discussion of the etymological extract and grammatical use of the terms, whether taken separately or conjointly, I would simply remark that it is my purpose to offer a few suggestions upon that class of writings which constitutes no inconsiderable portion of the materials of many of our periodical magazines and newspapers, and which in common parlance is denominated ‘ religious poetry.’

Writers of religious poetry are exceedingly numerous ; and I think it will be allowed on a fair examination and analysis, that their poetry, as a general thing, is exceedingly vapid, and

in many instances almost entirely wanting in the essential ingredients of true poetry. Thus like the frogs of Egypt they swarm 'in such numbers as to cover the whole land,' and their inflictions upon the intellectual and moral refinement of the community, are scarcely less tolerable than were the physical sufferings of that unhappy people who refused obedience to the commands of the God of Pharaoh, and who turned from the worship of Jehovah, and transferred the homage of their hearts to the sun and to the Nile.

In some instances of contemporaneous religious poetry, it is quite difficult to find any thing in keeping but the rhyme; the subject being so much obscured by the determination of the writer to make the ends of his lines jingle, that it is hard to divine whether the composition is intended as descriptive or devotional. Such writers are well met by the author of *Hudibras*, who imputes to their perpetrations the characteristic expressed in the couplet —

' Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
With which like ships they steer their courses.'

Another class of modern religious poets have no regard for rhythm, and so long as they keep track of their theme and *terminate* their lines jinglingly, they trample down all attention to measure and euphony. They often fall into errors nearly as gross as those illustrated by a facetious writer in the lines —

' Pharaoh was a great rascal,
Because he would not let the children of Israel go forty days' journey }
into the wilderness to keep the pascal.'

There are others who write in such a manner, that it seems almost that they must have written their words upon separate cards, and thrown them into the air, determined to edify their readers with a hasty transcript of the result which fate might exhibit upon a barn floor. And others still seem to pride themselves upon their eccentricities, and think the beauty of poetry consists in its extravagances; they are ultra advocates of the sentiment expressed by Pope —

' Poets a race, long unconfin'd and free,
Still fond and proud of *savage* liberty.'

And thus we might go on with illustrations of the various styles adopted or fallen into by the modern writers of religious poetry. But this is not necessary to the accomplishment of the object we have in view. It is not so pleasant to recur to past failures, as to anticipate future success on the part of wri-

ters of sacred poetry. We wish to see the cause of religion advanced by its literature, and not retarded. And we doubt not that if writers and editors were more regardful of the intimate connection that exists between the progress of religious literature and the triumphs of religion, we should soon be able to rejoice in the conviction that religious poetry is not in arrears of poetry of a miscellaneous or dramatic character, either in point of literary or real poetical merit.

Now it is not my purpose to prepare a poetical *formulaire*, from which to gather rules for the composition of religious poetry. In the first place it is not my province to do this ; I write as a reader and an ardent admirer of good poetry, rather than as a dogmatical dictator of other men's thoughts and the modes of giving expression to their ideas. And although we have sometimes blemished pure white paper with our own attempts to illustrate our communion with the muses, still we would not be so arrogant as to expect any one to take such imperfect specimens as examples for imitation, and we would sincerely hope they would not take those productions as the personification of our *beau ideal* in poesy.

In the second place, were we to attempt to mark out rules for writing religious poetry, the task would be a hopeless one. Any one at all acquainted with poetry, will at once perceive that the style should vary according to the subject in such an infinite number of shades of difference, that it would be useless to mark out a given course for a writer. It would be as difficult to select the least useful parts that enter into the construction of good poetry, as it would be to select the least useful grains of sand that enter into the composition of the cement that holds together

‘ Doric pillars,
Cornice, and frieze, with bossy sculptures graven.’

And then again, it is difficult to sit in judgment upon or dictate to the poet ; for a true *poet* is one who when he builds,

First from chaotic elements brings forth
His marble unsurpassed, and garnishes
With gems called up from caverns of the earth,
Or stars from heaven. He trellises with gold
From mines erst unexplored, and costly pearls
Brought at his bidding from the farthest shores,
By meteor messengers who wait his will.
He hangs his temple walls with lightning's glare,
And frets them o'er with majesty of storms,
Then weaves the rainbow into draperies,
And summons sun-beams to illumine his halls.

He never chaffers either for his art or his materials at the counter of his neighbor. His tools are not sold by the dozen, nor are his ingredients merchandized by the pound. He asks no man how or whether he shall do this or that, but does his own work in his own way. It is true he uses liberties, but they are as the silvery rills that meander in their unrestrained willingness among the woodlands; they beautify rather than distort the scene of his creation. While 'he giveth not account of any of his matters' unto man, the spirit of poesy within him, manifested by the beauty and power of his writings, suppresses the disposition in any to say unto him 'What doest thou?'

However, in his wildest derelictions from the path of simple prose, you will not find the true poet battering down all regard to matters of fact; nor in his attempts at originality, will you find him avoiding all the received rules of modern prosody. We should not expect a limner who was striving to paint from imagination the portrait of a very beautiful person, libelling his art by avoiding every peculiarity that distinguishes man from a viper; neither should we expect to find a good poet deviating so far from propriety, as to leave us in doubt whether his compositions were intended for *bona fide* poems or for caricatures, for blank verse or for rhyme, for chants or for ditties. A good poet rather falls in with the general lineaments that characterize the compositions of established writers, as the features most in harmony with truth and nature.

Thus much have we written upon the structure and uses of religious poetry, with the hope of eliciting attention to the subject. We have dwelt more upon the *structure*, for the reason that we conceive it necessary that this should be complete, in order to produce the effect which makes it at all useful. We did not intend to attempt to throw any new light upon this subject, but only to assist, if possible, to diffuse the light already concentrated upon it. And further we did not suppose that the *objects* of religious poetry were unknown or unappreciated; but think only that the way in which they are to be attained is often — very often — mistaken or forgotten. No poem — however pure in thought or sentiment, can accomplish good if ridiculously deficient in diction or rhythm. Neither can a poem elevate and refine the reader, however elegant the language, and however symmetrical in other respects, if it be wanting in ideas and true pathos.

The question now arises, *what shall be done to prevent the community the waste of time and the mental indisposition occa-*

sioned by the miserable abortions under the name of religious poetry with which the press teems? We answer, —

1. *Editors* may do much to check this evil. That they are now deficient in this department, may be illustrated by the following examples. The first is somewhat in the shape of a sonnet, and was published in one of the most respectable and longest established papers in the 'Literary Emporium,' and was sent by the writer of it purposely to ascertain the calibre of the poetical discrimination of the perspicacious editor thereof.

TO TRINITY CHURCH,

(On the occasion of its dedication.)

Thou noble pile of simple grandeur hail!
Hail to the men who minister in things
Holy within thy walls. Hail to the swells
Of the old organ as they vibrate sweet,
And mellowed, softly fall upon our ears,
Rolling from 'midst thy snowy Goth domains.
Hail to thy tower without a bell, (for lo!
The soft and sacred liberty of bells
Hath into noise licentious swollen.) And hail
To the assembled groups that throng around
Thy sacred altar, thither called by *love to God*.
Holy Father! feed them with the truth. Peace
Be to the sacred ashes of the dead,
Which vaulted lie *beneath* thy hallowed floor.

The 'lines' which follow, were published in one of the most respectable religious journals in this country, the editor of which would have much reluctance in having this article taken as a specimen of the literary elevation of his labors; and were it really a fair specimen the proprietors would soon have light pockets, unless the *ex cathedra* sanctity of its origin, overawed every spark of literary acumen and poetical taste. We have some suspicion that this piece was intended for a 'quiz,' inasmuch as it was dated April 1st, — a day, the annual return of which is still cherished by a few stupid children of large and small growth, as a day of buffoonery and folly; so much the worse then for the sage editor. It seems almost a wicked waste to spend the time, ink and paper necessary for copying such a piece. But here it is.

LINES

Written on the death of a child.

He comes! he comes, the spoiler comes, with visage grim,
And hands uplifted as ghastly he smiles
O'er the victim he has made;

No distinction he makes, for the enemy, sin,
Has enveloped us all in his mantle of guile.*

Now an editor if he cares a straw for the character of our native literature will not suffer such pieces to gain access to the public eye through the medium of the press over which he may have the control; and if he view the progress of religion as at all connected with the progress of religious poetry, we are sure he will be too conscientious ever to palm upon those under the influence of his journal, a medley of words meaning nothing, teaching nothing. We would not desire editors, to do as one does whom we have in our mind, who, knowing his utter ignorance of the 'art divine,' excludes all original poetical communications from his paper, lest he should be imposed upon. Nor would we have them like another, publish all for fear of offending some. Nor again, would we have them from motives of sympathy, publish such a melange of mournful thoughts and doleful ideas as are jumbled together in the 'lines' above quoted. And above all, we would detest the denunciations of a *gourmand* of epics, who caricatures blank verse as a kind of poetry 'which ends in those unemphatic words *and, of, in, from, up, with, to, and on,*' especially if that said blank verse be of a religious cast. Such pusillanimous acts are unworthy the responsibilities of the office of an editor, and will certainly receive sooner or later the reprobation to which the transparency of his pedantry, verbosity, and railery continually expose him.

We would have editors take a manly, independent and candid stand. Let them, if they have no poetical taste, never tamper with an art of which they are ignorant. Let them frankly represent to the proprietors of the publication over which they are called to preside, that they are incapable of meddling with poetry; and, if religious poetry is an essential component of their journal, let them advise the proprietors to employ an assistant to conduct that branch of the editorial labor, or to transfer the whole supervision to some one who is capable of doing honor to the corps, by well sustaining all the parts of the profession.

Further, let editors who *have* poetical taste, prune, 'excise,' curtail, add, alter, in short do anything rather than let an unfinished crudity in the shape of a religious poem meet the public eye. No matter what the authors say or feel. Without

* For a reason suggested by the author of the essay in the sentence following the stanza above quoted, we omit the remainder of the 'lines.' *Ed.*

doubt such liberties on the part of editors would often be construed as unnecessary and dictatorial; but the feelings that are caused to authors by such a wholesome exercise of an editor's responsibilities, will not be one half as bad as those which must harass them in after life, if their pieces are suffered to go abroad to the world in an attire that consigned them to disgrace and oblivion. The author serves his dish for the public, and it is the province of the editor to decide, nay it is his solemn duty to decide whether the *morceau* will nourish or surfeit, and to season it with salt or cast it out forever, rather than suffer it to be marketed forth to the world, carrying infection and plague wherever it goes. An editor cannot commit a greater injustice to the public, and especially to an author, than by the admission into his publication of an unfinished or unmeaning composition. If an author be sincere in forwarding such a piece to an editor, he will by its publication without correction, be encouraged in a listless and incoherent style, and the public will (if they have not already) become disgusted with every thing bearing the name of religious poetry. Authors must learn submissively to apply, in respect to editors, the proverb of 'the wisest of men,' who says, 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.'

2. *Writers* of religious poetry may also do much, very much to reduce the evils referred to in this communication. In the first place, it belongs to all writers of poetry of this nature, to be strictly conscientious in publishing their productions. They never should publish until they are convinced by a candid examination, that their pieces will on the whole do good in some way apparent at least to themselves. We do not say that they must move a whole world to benevolent action, but they should embody in their compositions such characteristics as will both contribute something to the literature of our age and country, and something to the tide of moral and religious influence that is rolling on to fertilize the barren, moral wastes of a world lying in wickedness and sin. These are the objects of all religious poetry; and are not authors of *such* writings pre-eminently bound intelligently to aim at their attainment?

To accomplish the objects of religious poetry, it is necessary that writers should read and study. Be familiar with masters in your art. Despise not models in *style*; while in *ideas* it becomes you to be original — in advance of those who have gone before. If you are so captivated with the idea of *perfect* originality, or if you are too listless to acquaint yourselves with

the *chef d'ouevres* of poetical lore, you may as well hang your harps upon the willows, that shall weep over your impatience, and by their sighing draw unto them those, who shall sweep the neglected strings of your forsaken lyre with prayerful diligence and a sense of religious responsibility. While the sentiment, '*Poeta nascitur, non fit*,' may be very true in a certain sense,* it is as necessary that poets who wish not to destroy the moral influence of their poetry, should consent to fall into the received rules in relation to *style*, as that they should consent to use a *language* not invented by themselves, to express their sublime and original ideas.

Such are a few thoughts upon religious poetry, which have occupied my mind in moments of relaxation from the grosser cares of life. I have written them out for my own amusement, and I fear that in giving them publicity I shall be thought too confident and dictatorial. But if any one who has waded through them, feels disposed to rebuke or chastise, I would not screen myself from flagellation by getting behind the mysterious shade of an *anonymous signature*, (if I may so express myself,) but would frankly point him to the indication of their authorship at the commencement of these desultory remarks.

Boston, July 2, 1837.

* It is certainly true in this sense, that many of the poets alluded to in this article, '*are born not fit*.' ED.

For the Religious Magazine.

THE FIRESIDE.

GRACE WILLARD.

GRACE WILLARD had seated herself in her mother's room, near the pleasant window overlooking their beautiful garden. By her side, she had placed her work-basket, well supplied by the kind hand of a mother, with every article she would there find useful. Her mother sat near her; her own hand busily engaged in finishing a piece of work for the absent father, and ready to aid the little girl, whenever she should find that the assistance of one more skilled, was needed. Grace had laid aside all her little store of games and sports, to spend

the morning in making a needle book, as a present for her cousin Mary. William, her playful brother, just beginning to afford amusement for the whole house, had been made to understand that Grace was to be uninterrupted, and that he must for a while, amuse himself without her aid. A pattern which Grace liked, and which she knew her cousin liked, she had had opportunity to examine, a day or two before; 'and with a very little of mother's aid, perhaps she could make one like it, and send it to her cousin.' Some few moments were spent in deciding upon the prettiest shade for the outside; for the lining; and in determining upon the kind of ornament, most appropriate to adorn the leaves within. Blue was chosen from her little collection, as the prettiest for the outer part, and buff within. Blue was the choice of both; buff was selected after a season of deliberation upon the part of Grace; for she had a very beautiful shade of rich crimson, which she said, perhaps Mary would choose to have for the lining; but soon she yielded to her mother's preference, and the buff was laid aside for the purpose. The leaves were to be worked simply upon the edge, with blue; the name of Mary, Grace thought it would be well to insert upon the outer leaf, with silk of the same hue, and her little gift would be completed. Almost every thought of the last two days, had centred upon this gift; now had come the happy hour when she might engage in its formation, and she is seated beside her mother. "Oh," said Grace, 'it will be finished before we dine, the needles will be placed upon the leaves, the pins upon the cushion, and it will be all ready to send by my uncle Charles. And it may be, mother, Mary will send me something, when he comes again.' 'Patience, my little girl,' said her mother, 'for I fear you can hardly complete it all during the morning, and I hardly think you will find the whole day too long, as you wish to make it with a great deal of care. "Slow, and sure," you know, was to be our motto for this week, and you will need to think of it often to day.' Grace could not bear to think that evening must come before the book should be finished, and with new ardor, she bent herself to her work, happy in the thought, that at the termination of the appointed hour, she should lay in triumph, before her mother, the completed gift.

Each of the parts was fitted and prepared, and all were ready to be placed together. To be sure, the first effort with every part, had not proved entirely successful; the second attempt with some of them had

not been quite sufficient, and in one of the covers for the outer part, poor Grace found even after her third trial, that the effort must be once more repeated. But the little girl with a commendable degree of patience, and cheered by the kind voice of her mother, quietly persevered in her attempts, until this part of her work was performed successfully. 'And now, mother, I know I can put the parts together, and I *think* too, it will be done by noon-time—What do you think, mother?' Just then, word was brought into the room, that company was waiting in the parlor. Mrs. W. went to meet them, leaving Grace alone. Soon she returned, and announced the arrival of a very intimate friend, accompanied by her little girl, of the age of Grace, who would spend with them, one or two days. Grace's first thought turned to the unfinished needle book; in any other case, very happy would it have made her, to have seen her playmate. 'Mother,' said she, 'if they had waited till to-morrow, or if they had come in the afternoon, perhaps the book would have been finished;'—then, laying all her little store in her work basket, she placed it carefully in her room, and entered the parlor with a smiling and a happy face; for she determined to forget her work, and to make Ellen happy during her visit.

The little girls had many a pleasant ramble together, over the hills, and among the walks of the village. The garden was large, and beautiful; a clear, rippling pond was near; birds were warbling, from the first dawn of the morning; until the little girls were resting in their evening sleep; and they could not well be otherwise than happy, unless indeed they themselves had been unkind; and then, all these pleasant things even, could not have removed their unhappiness.

The two days passed away; the third morning came; Grace bid her friends good bye; their carriage turned from sight; and soon, with her basket once more in her hand, she was seated in the chamber of her mother. 'Now, I think it will be done to day; and besides, I shall work the faster, for leaving it so long.' Grace hardly spoke for one or two long hours; her work advanced; noon had nearly arrived, and she was now ready to prepare the leaves. 'And now mother,' said Grace, 'will you begin for me, to embroider this leaf, and shall I find it very difficult, very difficult indeed?' Her mother showed her little girl, the pattern, and commenced the leaf; then advising her to exercise all her skill and talent in their completion, she resigned the leaves into the hand of Grace. Poor Grace, she

found this the most difficult part of all ; and more than this, she had made but very little progress, before she was summoned by the dinner bell, to leave her room, for a while. Gladly would she have passed this by, and remained employed with her needle ; but so often had she heard her mother's request always to be present at the appointed hour, that once more, she laid aside the unfinished gift, asking not even leave of absence, and entered the parlor.

The time was not long, before she had again returned to the chamber, and with renewed diligence, she again commenced. Her mother watched her efforts ; she saw the difficulties, and it made her very happy to see the repeated attempts of Grace to overcome them. And she left the little girl undisturbed, to test the result of her perseverance.

'There, mother, it is done ! Mary's name I have marked in the centre of the leaf, and now, will you please see, if I have made it neatly ? Oh, mother, dont *you* feel glad that it is finished ?' Grace received the commendation of her mother for her perseverance, and then placing the book upon the table, she left the chamber, to communicate the information to the other members of the family. On entering the parlor, to ascertain if any one was there, a

new book, with the gilded title, 'Book of Plates,' met her eye. She amused herself for some time in its examination, and then, replacing it upon the table, ran up stairs to take one more look at her gift for Mary. Her little brother had woke from his slumber during her absence. She heard his glad and merry voice, before she entered, and she was all prepared to return his happy shouts. She entered. Edward had the needle book in his hand. One leaf had fallen upon the floor ; another too, was there, at a little distance, and the scissors were lying beside them. This then was the cause of all his gaiety ; his skill in severing what Grace had so carefully united. Her lip quivered ; her eye filled with tears. 'Mother,' said the little girl, pointing to its parts, but she could say no more.

The little boy checked his smiles at the grief of his sister ; for he saw something had made her unhappy. Throwing aside all that he had, he ran to Grace, threw his arms upon her neck, and tried to share her grief. Grace returned his embrace. 'Mother, he did not mean to do wrong,' said Grace ; and the sobs of the little girl checked her for a moment ; but she manfully brushed away the tear, and smiled, mid all her grief, with the little boy, who again begun to be happy, as he saw

the smile of Grace once more. 'And mother, I know you will let me try again; and it will not take me so long, the next time.'

The mother felt for her little girl; she knew how great must be the grief to one so young; and she saw the effort Grace was making to rise above her

sorrow; giving the little girl, a kiss of sympathy and affection, she advised them both to play awhile together in the garden, promising in a day or two, that a new gift should be commended, and cheering Grace with the hope, that the result of a new attempt would be even more successful, and the gift more beautiful, than would have been the first, for her cousin Mary.

Little reader! in the troubles such as these, which you are daily called to bear, can you not act the part of Grace Wil-

CARLINA.

For the Religious Magazine.

'IT IS MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE.'

Nothing is more common, in practical life, than the notion, that when an act of charity is performed, the benefits all flow to him who receives the favor. Whereas the Bible teaches a contrary doctrine from all this. On nearly every page of the New Testament is inculcated in some form or another, the great principle, that 'it is more blessed,' that is, more happy, 'to give than to receive.' Giving, communicating, or 'doing good,' says a distinguished writer, 'produces love;' and on another occasion he observes, 'we love those to whom we do good, more than we love those who do good to us.'

If this is true, and if love is the fulfilling of the law, how important is it, both to individual and general happiness, that the subject should be more extensively considered. There are thousands who give grudgingly, whether of sympathy, time, or money—because they suppose, or seem to suppose, that what they part with diminishes, by just so much, their own happiness. But could this unworthy notion be removed, and the plain gospel truth on the subject flow in, and occupy its place, how would it change the aspect of society! Who does not know, in a world like this, the blessedness of receiving? But if the receiver is less benefited than the giver, who would not know that also? If it is more blessed to give than to receive, who is there among us that would not be a giver; and withal a cheerful one?

For the Religious Magazine.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

WE cheerfully insert the following communication from the Misses Grimke, in relation to an extract from a letter of a southern gentleman contained in the last number of the Magazine. Whether they have shown conclusively, that there is in their family, no tendency to monomania, or, in other words, to extravagant and Quixotic opinions, which we presume was what our correspondent meant by 'hereditary insanity,' is left for the sane to decide. For our own part, we fear that the verdict of any respectable coroner's court, in view of the course pursued by these ladies for sometime past, would be, as in other cases of suicide, when committed by people previously respectable, 'temporary derangement.'

We leave the remarks respecting the progress of abolitionism at the South, to the consideration of our correspondent, with this observation only, that the Misses Grimke appear to have fallen into the same error as some of their contemporaries, in considering all the dissatisfaction with slavery which still remains at the South, *in spite of abolitionism*, as in fact produced by it.

In the last clause of the communication, we perceive a gentle reprimand, apparently intended for ourselves. The most satisfactory apology, we presume, which we can make, for holding to the now exploded opinion, that a christian may engage in defensive war, is our want of opportunity hitherto to listen to the demonstration of the contrary doctrine, as falls daily in public addresses and debates from the lips of our fair correspondents. Ed.

HAVING read with some surprise and amusement, an extract from the letter of a southern gentleman, in the August number of the Religious Magazine, which alleges falsehood with regard to us, we are induced to request the favor of thee, to insert a few lines from us, by which the erroneous statement may be contradicted.

The gentleman says, 'I venture to assert, that with the exception hereafter mentioned, there has not been a single convert on the subject (abolitionism) made in the southern states.' 'The exception I allude to is the Misses Grimke. The effect of this is entirely done away by the general notoriety which exists of the unfortunate hereditary insanity which prevails in that family.' *Hereditary Insanity.* We wish very much thy correspondent had been so kind as to mention what branch of our family ever was afflicted with derangement, for we can assure the public that this is the first *we* have ever heard of the possibility of our inheriting such a malady. The wife of one of our uncles was deranged for many years, but she was a *connection*,

not a relative, and through her we certainly could not have inherited the insanity which the gentleman evidently wishes his readers to presume we are now laboring under. This strange assertion on his part reminds us very forcibly of an official letter which Bishop England, of Charleston, S. C. wrote about ten years ago to his brethren in Ireland, in which he said that it was not at all wonderful Mr. Thomas Grimke should oppose the Catholics, as it was well known he was a descendant from a *Jewish* family.

How false and puerile are the arguments which the opposers of truth employ to crush it. If they are not bold enough to attack character, they endeavor in some other way to destroy the influence of those who are warring against their favorite institutions, whether social, ecclesiastical or civil.

Permit us now to offer a few remarks with regard to another false statement contained in the extract from the southern gentleman's letter. He asserts that with the exception of ourselves, 'there has not been a single convert on the subject (i. e. abolitionism) in the southern states.' Can it be possible that he is ignorant of the fact that James G. Birney, of Kentucky, was converted to anti-slavery principles a few years ago, and has ever since been a strenuous advocate of immediate emancipation, having first manumitted his own slaves, and has been for two years the editor of an anti-slavery paper. Did he ever hear of the important discussion which took place in 1834, in Lane Seminary, in the progress of which 14 *southern* young men became converted to abolitionism, one of whom was a slave holder, who immediately emancipated his own slaves, and instead of any longer allowing them to support him, began to labor to procure the means of educating them? Several became agents of the anti-slavery society, and have openly and boldly advocated the principles of justice, mercy, and truth upon which it is based. Some of these have induced their parents to set their slaves at liberty, whilst others, like ourselves, feel stimulated to the course they are pursuing, by the fact, that their nearest and dearest relatives, are still involved in the sin of holding men, women, and children as property. But these are not all the southerners who have been converted; for last winter we had the privilege of seeing the original of a letter from a southern gentleman, to the publishing agent of the American Anti-Slavery Society, in which he says, 'deep reflection, the reading of your excellent publications, and years of travel in Europe, have made me what I am now proud to call myself, an

abolitionist.' In another letter he says, 'I regard slavery not only as a great sin in a moral point of view, but a great evil politically speaking, and it is my candid opinion that it must be abolished, or our liberties must be destroyed forever.'

We may also add that in James Smylie's work on slavery, in which he endeavors to prove that this heart-breaking, pauper-making institution, was ordained by God, and sanctioned by Christ and his apostles, he makes the following important acknowledgment on the very first page of his book. 'From his intercourse with religious societies, of all denominations, in Missouri and Louisiana, he was aware that the abolition doctrine, viz: that *slavery is in itself sinful, had gained on, and entwined itself among, the religious scruples of many* in the community, so far as to render them unhappy. 'The eye of the mind resting upon *slavery itself as a corrupt fountain*, from which, of necessity, *nothing but corrupt streams* could flow, was incessantly employed in search of some plan, by which, with safety, the fountain could in some future time be *entirely* dried up.'

This is the reason assigned by the professed minister of the gospel for writing his pro-slavery book. Now this acknowledgment is a palpable contradiction of the assertion of thy correspondent who says there is not a resident of them (the southern states) religious or irreligious, who is not *perfectly satisfied* with the relation as it exists. We might contradict this assertion from our own personal knowledge of individuals at the south now, but we are accused of derangement, and have therefore preferred giving the testimony of others rather than our own. We might enlarge on this considerably, but are fearful of occupying too much space in the Magazine, and will therefore close by asking what the legislature of Virginia meant by the horrible pictures they drew in 1832 of the system of slavery, if they were 'perfectly satisfied with the relation as it exists.' Why, too, have some individuals in Tennessee, Kentucky and Delaware, formed themselves into anti-slavery societies, and why, too, have more than four hundred residents of the south, subscribed for the publications of the American A. S. Society, and why have six hundred slaves been emancipated at the south. If the gentleman would be so kind as to answer these inquiries, he would confer a favor upon us as southerners.

Thou sayest this gentleman is 'a humane master, and what is far better, an active, an enlightened, and we doubt not, a sincere and humble christian.' And yet he expressly says, 'there

is not a single male slave holder, who is not ready to defend by force of arms his rights, i. e. to his slaves, I presume from the connection. '*A sincere and humble christian*'—ready to gird on his armor to defend his right to hold property in the image of God, the beings for whom Christ died. Is this the *enlightened* and active christianity of the south? Monstrous absurdity—and do northern men unblushingly recognise such sentiments as the religion of Him who said to his disciples 'resist not evil,' 'bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you,' and afterwards expressly declared, 'ye are my friends *if ye do whatsoever I command you,*' thereby intimating that those who did not obey his precepts were *not* his friends.

SARAH M. GRIMKE,
ANGELINA E. GRIMKE.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE MINISTRY OF JESUS CHRIST ; compiled and arranged from the four Gospels, for Families and Sunday Schools. With poetical Illustrations and Notes. By T. B. Fox. Vol. II. Boston : Weeks, Jordan & Company. 1937. 18mo. pp. 180.

We noticed in a former number the appearance of the first volume of this work, containing a biography of the Savior, compiled from the writings of the Evangelists. The volume now before us completes the plan, by the addition of poetical illustrations and notes.

The peculiarity of the poetical illustrations consists in this, that the editor has brought together and arranged in such order as is adapted to the narrative contained in the first volume, a series of lyrical pieces, founded upon incidents in the life of our Savior, or upon his more striking instructions. So far as we know, the plan of this volume is original, and it seems well adapted to be read in connection with the preceding volume. As might be anticipated, there is a considerable variety in the pieces selected ; not a few are of a high order, while others appear to us simply tolerable. Among the most beautiful furnished by our countrymen, must undoubtedly be reckoned those written by the Rev. S. G. Bulfinch. As a sample of these, we extract the following. It is founded upon the passage in Luke xxiv. 32 : ' Did not our heart burn within us while he talked with us by the way ?'

'Hath not thy heart within thee burned
At evening's calm and holy hour,
As if its inmost depths discerned
The presence of a loftier power ?

Hast thou not heard 'mid forest glades,
While ancient rivers murmured by,
A voice from forth the eternal shades,
That spake a present Deity?

And as, upon the sacred page,
Thine eye in rapt attention turned
O'er records of a holier age,
Hath not thy heart within thee burned?

It was the voice of God, that spake
In silence to thy silent heart;
And bade each worthier thought awake,
And every dream of earth depart.

Voice of our God, oh yet be near!
In low, sweet accents whisper peace:
Direct us on our pathway here,
Then bid in heaven our wanderings cease.'

THE STUDENT'S ACCOUNT BOOK. By Allen Lincoln. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 1837. 12mo. pp. 208.

"The object of this book is to provide students with the means of keeping an account of their pecuniary concerns with ease and correctness, and to promote habits of accuracy and economy." These are highly important objects, whether regard be had to the happiness of the parents and friends of the student, to his success in his studies, or to the formation of his intellectual and moral character. The work is executed in a very neat and appropriate style, and appears to us well adapted to promote the objects for which it was designed.

RICH ENOUGH: A Tale of the Times. By the author of 'Three Experiments of Living.' Boston: Whipple & Damrell, 1837. 18mo. pp. 72.

The flattering success which attended the publication of the 'Three Experiments of Living,' was in a great measure owing to its happy adaptation to the times in which it appeared. It was published at a season of great pecuniary embarrassment, when the public were looking with anxiety to some means of permanent relief. It illustrated very strikingly some of the causes of the distress and ruin with which multitudes had been visited, and at the same time pointed out a mode of relief to which the public mind was already turning, but which it required some little courage openly and professedly to adopt. The necessity of retrenchment was secretly felt by all, but few had previously been willing to incur the suspicion of resorting to so unfashionable a mode of retrieving their affairs.

The little work now before us, though entitled 'A Tale of the Times,' and consisting of a narrative substantially the same as might have been furnished in many cases by recent events in the commercial world, is still somewhat behind

the times in which it appears, and for this reason will probably attract far less attention than its predecessor. The folly of wild speculation, and of grasping with excessive eagerness for useless riches, would have been a useful lesson to men of business a few months since, but at present it is a lesson which has been well conned by all. Instead of rash speculations, and excessive enterprise, we now witness extreme despondence and a timidity which scarcely permits the putting forth of ordinary and reasonable efforts for the acquisition of property. The work we are considering details past errors, but provides no remedy for the evils already occasioned by them. There is no doubt that upon this subject, as upon others, the lessons of experience will ultimately be forgotten, and men will again hurry on in the same road to ruin, but it is not likely that this tale will be remembered for future use, when the more tragic events in real life are forgotten.

There are, moreover, other reasons why this work should be less successful than the former tale by the same author. That was in a good degree original, but this is too obviously of the same class to attract attention by its novelty. The author's former success is therefore an obstacle to her present attempt to win applause.

Independently, however, of these reasons for comparative failure, the last tale, we conceive, has less of real merit than belonged to the first. The story is not told in the author's happiest manner, nor does it awaken any very deep emotion. It was not well dramatically, to represent the principal heroine as standing in the somewhat awkward relation in which she is presented in reference to the two brothers, whose contrasted history forms the subject of the tale, unless the interest of the story was made to turn in a far greater degree upon this relation. The commencement of the tale is singularly inelegant, and the mode of distinguishing the two brothers and their wives throughout the work, by calling the couple who reside in the city, Mr. and Mrs. Draper, and the others simply Howard and Caroline, is exceedingly clumsy. We are moreover, not greatly delighted with the piety of this 'Tale of the Times.' The mode in which the two brothers spend their sabbath morning in the country, is very different from that which was practised by their pilgrim fathers, and even in the near prospect of death, the religious conversation of the heroine is mere sentimentalism; it speaks not of the mercy of God through a Redeemer, and rises in no respect, that we can perceive, above the piety of Grecian and Roman philosophers.

With all its faults, however, and we have perhaps dwelt too long upon them, there is much in the book of a more pleasing character—much which is just and true to nature, and which will tend to implant in the mind of the reader a sounder estimate of the real value of wealth, than is commonly entertained by those who are engaged in its pursuit.

TOO FAST AND TOO FAR; or the Cooper and the Currier. Boston: Whipple and Danrell, 1837. 18mo. pp. 34.

The era of the reformation was scarcely more distinguished for the promotion

Literary Notices.

of piety, than for the advancement of literature, and it will always that as vice tends to the production of ignorance and mental degradation, virtue elevates as well the intellectual as the moral powers. This fact is often remarked in the conversion of the abandoned and profligate to a pure and holy life. Our object, however, at the present time, is to call the attention of our readers to a different but still a striking exemplification of the connection between reformation in morals, and the advancement of literature. We allude to a class of publications which owe their origin to what is usually denominated the 'temperance movement.'

A little attention to the lectures and dissertations, the reports and tales, whether real or fictitious, which have issued from the American press since the commencement of this reformation, and having a relation to it, will satisfy any one that they constitute a peculiar class of writings, and one of the most interesting character. In this field so truly American, and into which our transatlantic brethren have as yet, scarcely ventured to thrust their sickles, no one has reaped a richer harvest than the highly talented author of the tale whose title stands at the head of this article. The tales of this kind composed by him amount now, to fifteen in number, and constitute four volumes of almost unparalleled interest and usefulness. So long as the author sets before him in each of his tales, the illustration of some one great principle in the cause of temperance, there is little danger that he will write himself out, or that his latest productions will be less valuable than his earliest.

The object of this tale is to illustrate the importance of the temperance pledge, considered as a means of strengthening the resolutions of the intemperate in regard to the difficult task of reformation. The narrative is of the simplest character, but well adapted for the purpose for which it was intended, and, while we cordially commend it to all, we would especially recommend its careful perusal to those, if any such there are, who still entertain doubts respecting the value of the temperance pledge.

Parson Wheatly, an earnest and uncompromising friend of temperance, in conversation with a younger brother in the ministry, who had expressed his apprehension that the friends of temperance were going 'Too Fast and Too Far,' mentions the happy effect of this reformation upon two families in his parish, those of George Webber the Cooper, and Peter Bailey the Currier. Webber and Bailey had married sisters, had both early in life become intemperate, and had experienced in themselves and in their families a full share of the misery consequent upon their vicious course. After many years of wretchedness they are both reformed, and the principal interest of the tale arises from the simple narrative of George Webber, who, on a visit of Parson Wheatly and his clerical brother the morning after the conversation above alluded to, is induced at his own fireside to tell the story of his reformation.

'Peggy Webber had removed the breakfast table to one side of the apartment, and with a baby in her arms, had drawn her chair into the circle. 'Brother Bailey and I have often said,' continued the cooper, 'that, if we hadn't

turned about just as we did, we should have been, as like as not, in the drunkard's grave by this time. We used to have terrible quarrels, and all about nothing. Rum was at the bottom of them all. I don't really think we should have had any bickering, if it hadn't been for rum. The first time we fell out, we were fuddled, both of us ; and we went on from bad to worse, till there was no kind of ill turn that Bailey wouldn't do me, and I wasn't behind him in any sort of mischief. Our wives were separated from each other, and there was a complete family quarrel. Bailey's wife and he had a terrible time of it; she took to liquor, and he handled her roughly enough. 'That poor woman,' said he, pointing to his wife, 'had a hard time of it, too ; but she never took a drop of the vile poison. She never gave me an unkind word in her life; and, if I ever lifted my finger against her, in anger, it must have been when I was crazy with liquor.'—"You never did, George," said Peggy Webber.—"Well, I am grateful," continued her husband, "that I have not that sin against me. However, it was bad enough. We got to be very poor, and I got to be very cross. When I was ill-natured, Peggy used to cry; and, when I was only melancholy, she used to come and sit down by me, and say all sorts of comforting things; and, whenever she thought it would do, she would urge me not to drink any more spirit. I lost all my custom, and we parted with the principal part of our furniture. Our house got to be full enough of misery, if it was emptied of every thing else. I couldn't pay my rent any longer, and our landlord began to talk pretty roughly, and threatened to turn us out. I heard there was a good chance for coopers at New Orleans, and asked Peggy if she was willing to go. She said yes, if I thought it the best course, but that she didn't see why we mightn't get on here, as we used to. I told her we could stay here, and live on bread and water. She replied, that she should be truly happy to do so, if I would give up spirit; that she knew it made me poor and wretched, and that this made her so; and that she did not believe our misery would be lessened by a change of residence, but by a change of habit, which could be as well made here as any where else. I was not so degraded as not to feel the force of what Peggy said.

"My wife's father and mother were dead. There was a shrewd, honest, old Quaker, in our village,—you know who I mean, Parson Whently—old friend Boynton, as we call him—he was a very intimate friend of my wife's father, and took an interest in his children, and used to visit at Bailey's house and mine, till matters came to a very bad state. He was very fond of Peggy always. He advised her to persuade me to go and hear a temperance lecture. I went twice; and, though I had nothing to say against the lecturer, I couldn't help smiling to think how little he knew of the force of a tippler's habits. He seemed to think a drinking man could throw them off, as easily as he could his old shoes. I knew better, as I thought, for I had tried. I've promised Peggy a hundred times, when I went out in the morning, that I wouldn't touch a drop, and I meant to keep my promise too, but I've come home drunk at night, for all that.

"At the time I was speaking of, when the landlord threatened to turn us out, and our best prospects were about as black as a thunder-cloud, Peggy urged me to make a visit to old friend Boynton, and ask his counsel. I felt rather awkward about it, for I had avoided the old gentleman of late; and whenever I met him, I had put on a sort of swaggering gait, which a drunkard occasionally assumes to show his independence. I couldn't refuse Peggy's request, however, and, besides, I felt as though I'd give the world, if I had it, to be able to leave off; so I went to see the old Quaker.

"I made my visit in the morning, and that I might appear decent, I had not taken a dram since the forenoon of the preceding day. I found the old gentleman at home. He relieved me of all my awkward feelings, in an instant.

by his kind treatment. 'Ah, friend Webber,' said he, 'I am glad to see thee; thee hast not made me a visit for a long time; how is Peggy, thy wife, and thy little one?'—I told him they were tolerably well, and that Peggy had sent her respects to him.—'Peggy was always a good child,' said he, 'and she maketh thee a good help mate, friend Webber, doth she not?'—'A thousand times better than I deserve,' said I, 'as you well know, Mr. Boynton. If I didn't know how kindly you feel to my poor wife, I couldn't have come as I have to ask you to help me.'—'And pray, friend Webber,' said the old man, 'what wouldst thee have me to do? Thy wife's father was my friend, when I was a boy, when the heart is like softened wax, and impressions are made deeply. There are people in the world, as thee well knowest, friend Webber, whom it is hard to serve, but Peggy is not of that number, and if I can'—'I have not come a begging,' said I, interrupting him; 'I have not come to ask for money, meat, fire, or clothes; and yet I have come to ask you to assist me to pay off the heaviest debt that a man can owe to a fellow mortal.'—'And pray what may be the nature of thy debt, friend Webber?' said the Quaker, evidently with a little distrust as to the condition of my mind, and the real object of my visit.—'I will tell you, sir,' said I. 'When I courted my wife, I made her fair promises, such as most men make on such occasions, to be kind to her, and do all things to make her happy. These promises I have broken. When I married her, she had a little property, which you, as her guardian, had considerably increased: this property I have squandered. She took me for a sober man, and I have proved a drunkard. I have abused her kindness and good nature, yet she has never given me a harsh word or an angry look. Many times when I had provided nothing for dinner, and supposed her without a mouthful for herself and her children, she has sent little Eli to find me, and let me know that dinner was ready; and, when I have returned, not unfrequently from the grog-shop, I have found her, if not cheerful, always kind, and glad to have me come home, for I have always loved her, however I have neglected my duty towards her and the children. Peggy, somehow or other, always found something for dinner, a few roasted potatoes or a dish of dandelions, and, after Eli got to be old enough to catch fish, which are plenty in the pond, we had no lack of them in their season. At such times, I have always felt heartily ashamed of myself, and have solemnly vowed, again and again, that I would never touch another drop of spirit. But the smell of it, or the sight of it, or the very thought of it, has crowded my good resolutions aside, and, in a day or two, I have returned home intoxicated. Now, sir, if I could only cure myself of this dreadful habit, I could be happy, and so would Peggy. If there was no spirit, I could earn money and keep it. But I feel unable to resist the temptation, that is to be found at every corner. Rum has ruined me. I have disappointed my customers so often, that I have lost them all. I have nothing to do, and Roby, our landlord, has warned us out. Peggy has been anxious that I should come and talk with you, and take your advice; though I don't see how that will be like to help me.'—'Thee talkest well and wisely, friend Webber,' said the Quaker: 'I have often grieved for thee and thine, and have long hoped that thee wouldst come to reflect, as it seemeth thee has done, upon the fatal consequences of thy bad habit. I thank thee sincerely, friend Webber, for the confidence thee seemest to place in me, and thee shalt in no wise be the worst for it. Thee hast a just view of this matter, and thy feelings are right, and thee wishest heartily to reform; now why dost thee not put thy name to the temperance pledge? I was well pleased to see thee at the lecture about the middle of the fourth month.'—'Oh, sir,' said I, 'I cannot do that, for I should never be able to keep clear of the temptation: I should certainly break my word, and be worse off than I was before. I dare not trust myself, Mr. Boynton. I don't think I could leave off for any length of time, unless I was compelled to

do so, in some way that I cannot foresee.'—'Verily,' said the Quaker, after a long pause, "thy case is an interesting one, friend Webber, and I think better of thee, than if thee hadst a vain confidence in thyself and thy powers of resistance. I cannot advise thee to any course, until I have considered thy matter more fully. To-morrow will be the Sabbath; wilt thee call and see me again on the evening of the Monday following?"—"I will, sir," said I.—As I was rising to depart, the old gentleman took my hand, and holding it in both of his, looked me steadily in the face, with such an expression, as a kind father would bestow upon a child, whose welfare is very dear to him.—'Friend Webber,' said he, 'wilt thee oblige me in one thing?'—"Very gladly, sir," said I, 'if it is in my power.'—"Well, then," said he, 'as I wish thee to receive such counsel as I may give thee, in a profitable condition of mind, wilt thee promise me to forbear from tasting any intoxicating liquor till I see thee on Monday evening.'—"I'll give you my word and honor sir," said I, 'that I will not touch a drop.'—"And may the Lord help thee," said the old man, as he pressed my hand with great earnestness.

"I felt better for my visit. I found that I had a friend, for Peggy's sake at least, who did not utterly despise me. I kept my word with the old gentleman, and knocked at his door on Monday evening, with something like the confidence of an honest man. He opened it himself.—'I am right glad to see thee,' said he; 'sit thee down. Well, hast thee kept thy promise?'—"Yes, sir," I replied.—'Thee hast not tasted spirit since I last saw thee?'—"Not a drop, sir," said I.—'I thought so,' he replied; 'thee lookest better than I have seen thee for a long time. Dost thee feel any the worse for it, friend Webber?'—"No, sir," said I; 'I feel better and happier.'—"Well, now I must tell thee," said the old gentleman, 'that I have been so much engaged since our last meeting, that thy matter has not occupied my attention so fully as it ought. I have had much upon my hands in connection with our conference, which takes place on Wednesday, and from which I shall not return till Thursday. On the evening of that day, I will endeavor to prepare for thee, and in the mean while, thee wilt promise me to abstain until that time.' I gave him my promise and took my leave.

"In the interim I began to feel the want of occupation; and, having foreclosed myself from seeking it at the grog-shop, I endeavored to find it in my own."

When George Webber had reached this part of his narrative, he perceived that Peggy was deeply affected. A few tears had fallen upon her infant's hand, which the child raised towards its mother, with a smile of wonder upon its features, while its eyes were turned inquiringly upon hers. The incident had attracted the attention of the clergymen.—"You are thinking of old times, Peggy," said her husband.—"Yes, George," she replied, 'I can never forget that week, nor how I felt, when I told Eli to go over to the tavern and ask you to come home to dinner, and he told me you had been sitting at work on the shaving horse ever since breakfast. I always had a fondness for music, but I never listened to any half so sweet as the *rub a dub dub*, that you kept up upon your barrels after your return from visiting good old friend Boynton."

Mr. Merrick, who had become exceedingly interested in the cooper's story, begged him to proceed.

"Well, gentlemen," said he, "when Thursday evening came, I went once more to Mr. Boynton's house. He received me as kindly as ever. 'Thee lookest so well, friend Webber,' said he, 'that I need not ask thee if thee hast kept thy word.'—"I have kept it, sir," said I.—'And is not thy home pleasanter, and thy wife happier?'—"Oh yes, sir," I replied,—'have you made up your mind, Mr. Boynton, as to any course which would be best for me.'—"I owe thee an apology," said he, 'for thus putting off the full and final considera-

tion of thy matter ; but, if my life be spared, and thee wilt call on me on Monday morning, I will surely give thee my advice.—We have killed a pig, friend Webber, and my wife will have thee take along a roasting-piece for Peggy.—Thee wilt keep thy promise, I trust, until we meet on Monday.’—I thanked the old gentleman for his kindness, and, having renewed my promise, I returned to my family.

“As I was sitting at my work, it suddenly occurred to me, that I had already reformed, without knowing it. I sat for a few moments upon my shaving horse, marvelling at my own stupidity, in not having understood the old gentleman’s drift before. I had not supposed it possible to abstain for twelve hours, and yet I had already tried the experiment successfully for nearly nine days ; and, when I marked the increased happiness of my poor wife, and the lightness of my own spirits, I resolved within myself, that it should be something more than a nine days’ wonder. I hadn’t been inside the meeting-house for about a year. Saturday night, after I had shut up the shop, I washed myself up nicely, and, when I went into the house, I told Peggy, if my coat wasn’t torn so badly, I’d go to meeting with her next day. ‘Why, George,’ said she, ‘I’ll sit up till morning to mend it, if you’ll go.’—‘Do go, daddy,’ said Eli, and running out, he got my bettermost shoes, and began to scrub ‘em up for Sunday. I remember your text, that morning, Parson Wheatly, and I applied it to my own case—*Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not.*

‘On Monday morning I went to see my landlord, Mr. Roby ; and, when I told him that I had left off spirit and meant to work, he agreed to wait for his rent.

“I did not go that morning to see Mr. Boynton, and, in the afternoon, he came, of his own accord, to visit me.—He found me hard at work. ‘Well, friend Webber,’ said he, ‘thee didst not keep thy appointment. I hope thee hast kept thy promise.’—‘Yes, sir,’ said I, ‘I have kept my promise, and I trust, by God’s help, to keep it to the end. If I can keep it for ten days, I begin to think I can keep it for ten years, and to the end of my life ; and such, I suppose, though I did not understand you at first, is the substance of the advice you intended to give me.’—‘Yea, verily, friend Webber,’ said he, with a benevolent smile, ‘I can do no more for thee than thou hast done for thyself. If all, who are given to strong drink, would make the effort, as thee hast done, the path of reformation would be found much easier than it is supposed to be.’

THE HARCOURTS : Illustrating the benefit of Retrenchment and Reform. By a Lady. Part III. Stories from Real Life. New York : S. Colman. Boston : Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837. 18mo. pp. 144.

The object aimed at in the composition of this story is well expressed in the motto upon its title page. ‘It is not poverty so much as pretence that harasses the mind. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.

The story opens with an account of the difficulties and perplexities of the Harcourt family, occasioned by their struggles to maintain appearances under the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments. Fortunately for them the folly of their course is distinctly perceived by Mr. Harcourt and his eldest daughter, and by their efforts, the whole family are ultimately brought to live in accordance with their real circumstances. The result, as our readers will doubtless anticipate, is the restoration of the family to affluence, while some of their

proud neighbors, who persevere in keeping up appearances, are brought to irretrievable poverty and disgrace.

The story is in general well written, and, like its predecessors, is adapted to the state and temper of the times in which we live.

We regard the pecuniary difficulties arising from the attempt to ape the customs of the wealthy as of less moment than the moral consequences. It is a species of practical falsehood which depraves and hardens the heart, and blunts the finer sensibilities of those who practise it. Like other falsehoods also, it generally fails of accomplishing the purpose for which it is intended, but succeeds in rendering those who practise it ridiculous as well as sinful. In appearances as well as in the most important transactions of life, 'Honesty is the best policy.'

THE TEMPERANCE TEXT-BOOK ; A collection of Facts and interesting Anecdotes, illustrating the evils of intoxicating Drinks. Philadelphia : E. S. Carey and A. Hart. 1836. 18mo. pp. 161.

In compiling this little work from the mass of publications upon this subject, now before the public, its editor, Mr. J. Doggett, jr., has rendered a very essential service to the cause of temperance. The anecdotes, facts, and opinions of eminent men, of which the work consists, are arranged under more than forty distinct heads, and unitedly form the most interesting temperance manual we have ever seen. We cordially recommend the work as a most convenient text-book for all who are engaged in promoting the temperance cause, and a valuable addition to every sabbath school library.

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Vol. I.]

OCTOBER 1837.

[No. X.

**THE RELATION OF NATURAL SCIENCE TO
REVEALED RELIGION.**

An Address delivered before the Boston Natural History Society, June 7, 1837. By Hubbard Winslow.

(Concluded from our last No.)

4. **ASTRONOMY.** This science teaches us the magnitude, position, motions, laws and relations of the heavenly bodies. It unfolds to our astonished and admiring eyes an immeasurable vastness, wisdom, and glory in the material universe. Revelation does the same, introducing us also to a corresponding *moral* universe. It discovers to us as magnificent a moral creation, as is the material creation disclosed by astronomy. It brings to our view moral worlds, thrones, kingdoms, principalities and powers in heavenly places. It teaches us that so vast is the universe 'the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance;' that 'all nations before Him are as nothing, and are counted to him as less than nothing and vanity.' No religion but that of the bible does this. All other professed revelations and religions are too circumscribed to correspond with the magnitude of creation, as unfolded by astronomy.

Astronomy instructs us further, that no sun, nor world, nor satellite is made for itself only ; it teaches us, that each contains important relations to all others ; that if one performs well its office, others are benefited ; that if it fails, others are injured along with it. If one planet should swerve or fall from its or-

bit, others must suffer too. So also teaches revelation respecting moral worlds and moral beings. It informs us that the fall of one man brought disaster upon a whole race ; that the fall of our race has produced commotion abroad in heaven ; that ' no man liveth to himself ;' that the good man is a benefit to all around him, and sends out an influence to bless the universe forever, and that the bad man perishes ' not alone in his iniquity.'

Astronomy instructs us that there is a *physical sympathy* between the various parts of the material universe—that suns, planets, satellites, feel and respond to each other's condition and movements. Revelation informs us that also a *moral sympathy* is felt between the various parts of the moral universe. It is true that man in sin feels little sympathy with other and superior beings ; for it is a tendency of sin to narrow down the soul and exclude this benevolent emotion. But revelation informs us that benevolent beings in higher worlds still cherish a sympathy towards us, such that ' there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth ;' and experience and observation have taught us, that no sooner is a soul upon earth renewed unto holiness than it reciprocates this sympathy. That a creature upon earth should realize and respond to the love of an angel in heaven, is no more strange than that the planet we inhabit should realize and respond to the influence of the sun, at the distance of ninety millions of miles.

Astronomy instructs us that there is order, subordination, government, in the material universe. It gives to suns their appropriate stations and offices as the grand central sources of attraction, light, heat ;—it gives also to planets their places of due subordination ; to moons and other satellites, theirs ; making each to maintain its own rank, and revolve in its own orbit and not another's. Thus in the solar system a planet revolves around its sun, and not the sun around its planet. Why ? Because the sun is the greater and more glorious body, more worthy to reign. For the same reason a satellite revolves around its primary and not the primary around its satellites. Thus the whole system of planets and satellites revolves together around its common centre ; and thus, probably, the whole material universe revolves around the great central source of dominion and power—the throne of God. What a magnificent lesson of the excellence of order and government, that even gross matter, so unmanageable, turbulent, noisy and destructive, when out of place and not held in due subordination, can be

made to people the vast realms of space in such immense quantity and move to such amazing results, with such perfect silence, ease, power and beauty ! There is no interference, no usurpation of each other's prerogative, no confusion, with the solar and celestial orbs, but all move harmoniously around in their appropriate places, praising God.

So also revelation assigns rank and power to every moral being, and to all classes of moral beings, according to their excellence and greatness. For this reason it makes God supreme, placing him upon the throne over all other beings, and assigning to his creatures subordinate rank and power, to some higher and to others lower. It informs us that in the moral as well as in the natural heavens 'one star differeth from another star in glory ;' nor does it allow a star of the first magnitude to despise or injure a star of the sixth, nor a star of the sixth magnitude to envy a star of the first ; but it requires each and all to shine in the unsullied loveliness of good nature, in the beauty of mutual love, and with all the strength they have, to their Maker's praise.

Astronomy teaches us the comparative insignificance of the human race. It makes us feel that we are so diminutive, as to be unworthy of the divine notice. Even with the naked eye about one thousand stars can be seen, which astronomy has shown to be probably suns to other worlds ; and with a powerful telescope, some millions become visible. What then is the race of man, in such a vast universe ! Such is the language of modern astronomy ; and such too is the language of revelation. 'When I consider thy heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him ?' 'Who is like to the Lord our God, who dwelleth on high ; who humbleth himself to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth ?' Revelation everywhere represents the condescension of God in deigning to notice our world as exceedingly great ; but how could this be, if there were not, as astronomy teaches, a vast multitude of other and higher worlds more worthy of his notice ?

Astronomy discloses the solemn fact that some of the fixed stars — that is, suns with their systems like our solar system, — what the scriptures call 'heaven and earth' — have been destroyed. Almost every century witnesses the disappearance of some, showing that it is a law of these material systems, as it respects their present form and appearance, to come to an end ; thus teaching us to expect, that the system we inhabit — our

'heaven and earth' — will, in process of time, be destroyed. And this, too, is what revelation has taught us will actually be accomplished. 'Heaven and earth will pass away.'

5. NATURAL PHILOSOPHY. Natural history is concerned with *external* and *obvious* appearances of things ; natural philosophy with their more *interior* and *hidden* phenomena. It explores causes. It searches out the laws or general principles, by which nature operates. Thus it investigates the laws of gravitation ; of magnetism ; of light, heat, electricity ; of galvanism ; of air and sound ; of rain, snow, hail ; of all the phenomena of nature.

This is a boundless field, and to point out all the moral relations here, would require volumes. Our reference must be general and brief.

Philosophy teaches us that the laws by which the Creator governs matter are perfect, exact, unbending, and universal in their demands. They extend to all worlds, all portions and combinations of matter, all atoms. Take for example that law, by which all bodies and all particles of matter are attracted towards each other directly as their magnitudes and inversely as the squares of their distances. It is ascertained that this law is exact and universal. Not an atom of matter is allowed to escape. The mote that plays in the sun-beams, as truly as the planet that rolls in the skies, is rigidly subjected to this law.

Revelation informs us that the laws by which the Creator governs *minds*, are also perfect, exact, unbending, universal in their demands ; that they extend to all moral beings and to all their actions and motives. Not a single moral being, action, or motive, is allowed to escape. But while matter is only *passive*, and hence is always compelled to obey, mind is *active* and voluntary, and hence can obey or disobey, as it pleases ; but unless it renders voluntary obedience in every moral action, in every motive, the transgressed and offended laws will punish.

So it is in respect to every particular in physical law, as science teaches ; and so also it is in respect to every particular in moral law, as revelation teaches. 'For whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.' If the law is perfect in nature, it is equally perfect in religion. Why not? Is it not as important to have perfect law over mind, as over matter ? And is it not as important to have it *obeyed* in the one case, as in the other ? Does then the natural law of the universe extend its claim even to particles of matter,

not permitting so much as an atom to escape ? And does not the moral law of the universe then extend its claim to the thoughts and purposes of our minds ? Are not motives as important in the moral world, as particles of matter are in the material world ? Is it not as important that law should look after the one, as after the other ? So says science ; so says revelation. Infidelity laughs at the idea that God will call men to this strict account ; that he will punish or reward such little things as motives ; but its cavils are as directly against enlightened natural science, as against revelation.

It is by virtue of this perfect moral law, whose demands are perpetually upon us and will never be repealed, and by which we are all finally to be tried, that our Judge is now declaring to us in the language of revelation, ‘ I am he who searcheth the reins and hearts, and I will give to every one of you according to your works.’

Philosophy teaches that it is impossible for man to *annihilate* any portion of the material universe. He may compose, decompose, change the place and form of matter, but he cannot put a single particle out of existence. Revelation informs us that it is also impossible for man to annihilate any portion of the *moral* universe—that is, a moral being, or soul. He may dispossess it of its present tenement, change its place and mode of being, but cannot annihilate it. Thus Christ said, ‘ Fear not them who kill the body, but who have no power to kill the soul.’

Further, as matter is never annihilated, but may be changed, refined, and reduced to forms of surpassing beauty, philosophy teaches us that our mortal bodies, after dissolving and returning to dust as they were, may be raised again in new and glorious forms. And does not revelation declare, ‘ All who are in their graves will hear the voice of the Son of God and come forth.’

Philosophy also instructs us that the same effect may be passed upon the bodies of living multitudes, who have not tasted the bitterness of death. As science teaches the indestructibility of matter, and the rapid and wonderful changes through which it may be made to pass, as if by a flash of lightning, from the grossest to the most spiritual, splendid and enduring forms, revelation, assuring us that what science indicates as possible and probable *will* be done, declares, ‘ Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God, neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be

changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality.' Thus we see that here, as in many other places, revelation takes up our minds where science leaves them, and carries them forward into regions which mere human science is incompetent to explore.

6. MEDICAL SCIENCE. The term is here used in its most comprehensive import, including anatomy and physiology as well as the treatment of patients.

This science develops the wonderful mechanism and laws of the human system, demonstrating the existence, power, wisdom, and benevolence of the Creator, in a manner which fully corresponds with what is taught by revelation. It shows us that we are indeed 'curiously formed,' that we are 'fearfully and wonderfully made.'

Medical science also calls upon us for the same *treatment* both of our bodies and of our minds, which revelation enjoins. It is ascertained, scientifically, that every one of the virtues inculcated by revelation, is conducive to health of body and soundness of intellect, in a medical view; also that, in the same view, every thing which revelation calls vice, and condemns and forbids as such, is positively injurious. Science has demonstrated that he who would enjoy the clearest and most vigorous intellect, the purest health, the longest and most efficient life, can take no surer course for it than to follow the precepts of revelation.

How widely different in this respect is that revelation of which we speak from all pagan and false schemes of religion. They all approve and even enjoin many things as virtues, which medical science has shown to be injurious both to mind and body. They admit principles which science proves to be at variance with the true philosophy of our nature. They sanction conduct which dwarfs and enfeebles the intellect, corrupts the heart, impairs the health, shortens life. Their austerities are cruelty; their indulgences licentiousness; 'the way of peace they have not known.' From the days of Methusaleh to this hour, those communities which have enjoyed the light and walked most in the precepts of revelation, have been favored with the soundest health, the most of physical as well as moral happiness, the highest degree of efficiency, the longest lives. And how perfectly hand in hand do science and revelation go with us in promoting temperance, virtue, morality, and religion.

What made Daniel wiser than all the medical college of the royal court of Babylon, in regard to the means most conducive to the beauty and health of his person? Because the science of physiology was not then understood; but Daniel was taught from above. 'There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding.' A good physician and a good divine will always agree in regard to what is conducive to health and virtue, although they derive their knowledge from different sources; the one from science, the other from revelation. Indeed it may be difficult to tell from which source the cause of temperance, for example, has derived most assistance; from the testimony of revelation, as furnished by divines, or from the testimony of science, as furnished by physicians.

Not only do science and revelation agree in commending strict and thorough virtue in all things, but also in rebuking those ultra doctrines and radical theories into which ardent minds, not liberalised by science, have ever been prone to rush, to the harm of important principles lying deeper than they penetrate, and to the ultimate undoing of much good. The voice of revelation is, like the healing operations of nature, gentle, kind, powerful; it is ever reasonable, is full of 'sound knowledge and discretion,' is 'temperate in all things,' lets its 'moderation be known to all men.' The same is true of the teachings of science. The physician, reformer, or divine, who undertakes to promote the health and virtue of mankind by any wisdom contravening that of revelation, is sure to depart from sober sense and sound science, and to do more evil, ultimately, than he does good.

7. CHEMISTRY. This science investigates the original *elements* of things. It discovers the changes which take place both in organized and unorganized bodies, also in all gaseous substances; it explores the nature and operation of the powers concerned in producing their compositions and decompositions. It discloses the amazing wisdom and economy of the Creator, in that all the complicated and boundless phenomena of nature are the result of the operations of only some eight or ten simple substances. It shows how frugal he is in means; how prodigal in results.

Revelation instructs us that all the complicated and boundless phenomena of the *moral* world, all the graces and beauties that adorn the kingdom of God, spring from the operations of a very few simple laws. The ten commandments embrace the whole.

All the elements of the material universe, can be contained in a thimble ; and all the laws of the moral universe, can be inscribed upon its surface.

Modern science is fast resolving all the elementary powers, which actuate matter, into one principle—**CALORIC**. Revelation has resolved all the elementary powers, which actuate minds in the kingdom of God, into one principle—**LOVE**.

Chemistry teaches us that if the elements of nature are misapplied, that if they are not used according to the Creator's intention, great evil will inevitably result. The elements which compose air, water, the earth, vegetables, animals, may be so miscombined and misapplied as that the atmosphere would explode, the ocean be converted to flaming fire, the earth be reduced to ashes, and all living things and beings perish.

So also revelation informs us, that if the elementary powers of moral beings—intellect, conscience, will, affections—be misused ; if they are not rightly exercised and given to their appropriate objects, according to the laws of the moral universe ; in other words, if they are perverted by *sin*, beyond recovery, moral ruin is inevitable.

Chemistry, aided by geology, is teaching us that the earth contains the elements of its final destruction, in its immense central fires, relieved at present by volcanic eruptions, which are however gradually subsiding, and thus preparing the way for a general catastrophe, when the long restrained and impatient element will burst forth from its confinement, and with consuming, and awful energy envelope the world in flames. So also does revelation inform us, that ' the heavens and the earth, which are, now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved to fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men ; ' that ' the heavens will pass away with a great noise, and the elements will melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein will be burned up.'

Chemistry teaches us, however, that while matter is capable of infinite changes and modifications, it is never actually *annihilated*. So also does revelation instruct us, that the destruction of our world will not be an annihilation of it, but, as in the case of our bodies, a *transition* from its present to a more glorious form—to a world of surpassing magnificence and beauty, fitted to be the everlasting and happy abode of holy beings. ' The heavens being on fire will be dissolved, and the elements will melt with fervent heat, nevertheless we, according to his promise, do look for a *new* heaven and a *new* earth, wherein dwelleth

righteousness.' 'And I saw a new heaven and a new earth ; for the first heaven and the first earth had passed away, and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people, and God himself will be with them and be their God. And God will wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things have passed away. And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW.'

Let it now be considered that all of these sciences are *modern*. The facts which they teach, they did not reveal to the world till more than a thousand years after the bible was written. What had science taught, at the time the bible was written, respecting the creation of the world ; its primordial and transition states ; the order of its formation ; the mighty changes through which it has passed ; the successive production of its mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms ? Respecting that last great deluge of waters that has swept its surface ? What respecting the most wonderful facts in natural history so illustrative of the divine perfections, and especially the exact and inviolable laws of propagation ? What respecting the magnificence of creation, as unfolded by modern astronomy, and its correspondence to the moral kingdom disclosed by revelation ? What respecting the extent and perfection of the laws of nature, so exactly correspondent to the revealed laws of the moral universe ? What respecting physiology and the system of morals and religion most conducive in a medical view to health, efficiency, and long life ? What respecting the elements of nature, the combustibility of water, earth, and air ; the great central fires of our globe ; the means and the probability of its ultimate dissolution ?

These things, and thousands of subordinate particulars in connection with them, were not taught by science till within two or three centuries. Human learning had not dreamed of them. Indeed many opinions entirely repugnant to them were entertained by all philosophers, till since the origin of inductive and sure science. Yet they are all distinctly and accurately recognised by revelation.

Now that all these vast and unexpected discoveries of modern science, should in no instance contradict what is taught in

the bible ; that the numerous teachings of a book written nearly two thousand years ago, should exhibit the same views of nature which the most certain and exact science now does—is it not invincible proof of the truth and the divinity of its professed revelation ? Does it not prove the book to be true to nature, and of course as true *as* nature ?—and does it not also discover a prescience and omniscience in its production, which unequivocally bespeak the special presence and agency of the Infinite Mind ? Then is it scientifically demonstrated to be a revelation from God. It is clothed with divine authority ; and all of the stupendous and glorious things which it teaches, may be relied upon as *unquestionable facts*.

It follows further that true science is a friend to true religion. It is only the ‘opposition of science *falsely* so called,’ that religion shuns and condemns. Other things being equal, the more there is of true science, the more will there be of true religion, in any community ; and, vice versa, the more there is of religion, the more will there be of science. In all preceding ages, those nations and communities which have had the most of true science, have had the most of true religion ; and if at this moment you take the map of the world, and draw your pencil around the kingdoms most enlightened by christianity, you circumscribe precisely those most enlightened by science. Since science and revelation teach the same, kindred, and analogous truths, the one by human study and the other by divine communication ; since the truths they teach are comprehended and mutually affianced in one great connected system ; since they occupy different departments, but conspire together for the same end—the intellectual and moral elevation of our race—they ought to be united, they *must* be united in every scheme of sound and comprehensive philosophy, and in every successful effort for the permanent good of mankind. A hall of successful science excluding revelation—a college for liberal education detached from all religion yet tending to promote human knowledge and happiness—is an anomaly which the world never saw, and of which none but a deluded brain, or one ignorant of true philosophy, ever dreamed.

Science can never supersede the importance of revelation, for the history of mankind has proved that revelation must always precede and attend true science ; that it is necessary, first, to put the human mind upon the track of successful investigation, and secondly, to take it up where human science leaves it and conduct it upward to other and higher knowledge,

which science, unaided, is unable to reach. For, as Mr. Andrew Fuller has truly said, 'When you have ascended to the height of human discovery there are things, and things of infinite moment too, that are utterly beyond its reach. Revelation is the medium, and the only medium, by which, standing as it were on nature's Alps, we discover things which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, and which have never entered into the heart of man.'

For the Religious Magazine.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

'Rejoice, O young man ! in thy youth ;
And let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth,
And walk in the ways of thine heart,
And in the sight of thine eyes ;
But know thou ! that for all these things,
God will bring thee into judgment.'

Ec. xi. 9.

MARIA T. was the schoolmate of my early days and the friend of my youth. Possessed of an amiable disposition, a very pleasing personal appearance, and that grace of manner which a polished education usually confers, she was, when I last saw her, the pride of her parents and the beloved associate of a large circle of friends. In the party of pleasure, she was the gayest of the gay ; and she passed her days away as though this world was her home—and the dread realities of eternity were never to appear.

At the age of about twenty-one, Maria was married and went to reside in one of our southern cities. Here I lost sight of her, nor did I receive any intelligence concerning her, till on taking up a newspaper about a year afterwards, I was startled and grieved to read the record of her death. From the account I learned that she had died in her native village, at her father's residence. I reflected much upon this melancholy event, and my interest was greatly excited to know the circumstances of her death, and whether she had made that preparation, which even the young and lovely must make, or be forever separated from happiness and holiness. A short time after, I had occasion to visit the place where the gay and interesting Maria had lived, and where her remains were now interred ; and there I learned some particulars of her last hours. She had returned a few months before her death to her former home in a state of ill health, hoping that the country air would

restore her. But alas ! the destroyer had bent his bow and aimed his shaft—and before the arrow of the mighty conqueror who can stand ? Consumption had seized her, and the most kind and assiduous attentions of friends could only alleviate in some degree her sufferings—while day by day her strength wasted, her form decayed—and soon the lamp of life went out. But painful to relate, during all her illness she had cherished a hope of recovery ; nor had it ever been hinted to her, that in all probability the close of her earthly existence was fast approaching. The sad subject of death was shunned in her presence—and even when its cold chill was upon her, she apparently had not the remotest idea of her solemn situation—that she was on the eve of her eternal destiny.

It was with the most heart sickening emotions that I heard these circumstances related by one who was well acquainted with the particulars of the event. I thought of that solemn declaration of God's word, 'Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God'—and where was the foundation for hope, that she whose death I mourned, had been a subject of this change ?

Youthful reader ! perhaps you are now pursuing a course of pleasure, thoughtless of eternity and your soul's danger ; will you not be warned by this solemn event, and turn your feet into the strait and narrow path ? Remember, death may come suddenly, or it may approach you gradually—yet so cautiously that you dream not of it, and if you are not prepared, where, oh where, will your immortal spirit find its home during the ceaseless ages of eternity !

P.

A PARABLE OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT.

READ BEFORE AN ASSOCIATION OF MINISTERS, AND PUBLISHED AT
THEIR SUGGESTION.

IN a certain city, there was a Fire Department. It was divided into several companies, and was furnished with first rate engines, hose, buckets, hooks and ladders, torches, speaking trumpets, carts and sails. Each company had a peculiar costume, so that its members could easily recognize each other, and be distinguished by the other companies. It also seemed to give each company a society spirit, and had a good effect as a common bond of attachment and a pleasant symbol of brother-

hood. It was interesting to observe that new members, when they were so situated as to have the liberty of choice, joined that company whose costume best suited their fancy. Spectators gathered round different engines at fires according as they were attracted by this or something similar, in one or another of the companies.

A great fire, the work of an incendiary, had called out the department when I first saw them, and I went with others to see the sight. They had been laboring hard for some time, and whether they were so much fatigued as to be irritable and impatient, or whether it arose from a bad spirit, I could not tell; but they were in a strange state of disunion and discord. One of the companies was inveighing against all the rest for the excess of their costume, asserting that it impeded the motion of their limbs, took off their thoughts from their work, and made them ostentatious. They also complained that the Department had too much organization about it, the rules and orders were numerous and confused; it would be better to let each company be independent and manage their engine in their own way. All this time the men were most of them leaning upon the breaks of their engine, and the foreman, with the pipe in his hand, was haranguing them on the above named topics, while now and then a few spirited members would make the brakes fly, till the indifference and party spirit of their foreman and fellows disheartened them.

Further along, a company was disputing with another about the comparative excellence of their dress. They were quoting passages from the constitution of the Fire Department which seemed to have a construction bearing in favor of either side, but asserted nothing positive upon the subject. Two other companies were angry with each other because one insisted that the water should be thrown directly upon the burning building in a flood, and the other contended that it should be made to rise a little above the place where the flames issued, and descend in broken streams upon it. Another matter of dispute with them was the membership of boys, who were attached to several of the engines and gave great offence to some who insisted that the Rules and Orders made no provision for any but adult members.

Next to these was a company of fine spirited fellows who were singing and shouting at their work. They could not refrain occasionally from breaking off and assailing a neighboring company who had the word *Particorando* upon their engine;

which motto, and the earnest shout of *Perseverance*, seemed peculiarly obnoxious to this first named company, who, by the way, seemed to be practising upon the motto as much as their brethren.

A man with a sort of mitre on his head attracted my attention, as he stood on the head of an engine and called to several companies within hearing, that nothing could be done with the fire till they were all united. Union! Union! was his cry, intermingled with sarcastic allusions to the irregular, unauthorized proceedings of many of the companies. He had a parchment in his hand, which he said was the warrant of his company, and the first warrant issued by the city authorities. He insisted that as his was the oldest company, the rest should join it, and then they might hope to extinguish the fire.

Just at this moment a stream from another engine was levelled at this mitred man;—and turning to see whence it came, I saw a host of men in plain citizens dress who had been so much disgusted at the talk about costume, Rules and Orders, that they formed themselves upon the spot to help extinguish the fire; but with all the purity of their zeal and freedom from foolish attachments they could not help showing, as one said, ‘how much human nature there is in mankind.’ For instead of playing constantly upon the fire, they undertook to administer reproof to the litigants, now playing upon the man with the mitre, then at the company who were fighting against the *Perseverance* engine, and now at those who were contentious as to the mode in which the water should approach the fire. They seemed to be proud that they had no peculiarities, and felt at liberty to dispense their admonitions to the whole department.

I saw a large company divided and fighting about one member who it was said had published something contrary to the rules and orders. They were drawn up in hostile array, side against side, contending on the one hand, that the offensive member should not play the organ for his heretical notions. And on the other, that his speculative opinions did not invalidate his membership nor unfit him for the manual. I afterwards learned that as soon as this case was settled, they being determined to quarrel, a contest succeeded about removing some hook and ladder companies which had gone to a distant part of the fire, from the authority of the Board of Engineers to another body newly constituted for this purpose.

Some of the spectators now began to be exceedingly distressed, and some I thought were angry. The fire was spread-

ing in every direction. Flames were bursting out in what was called Ceylon Street, Burmah Avenue, China Row, and Ottoman Square. Cries of perishing men, women, and children went up to heaven with the flames, destruction upon destruction was cried, and still the men appointed to extinguish the fire were quarrelling about costume, modes, union, mottoes, membership, opinions, and boards of control.

A crowd of citizens, and some of the members of almost every company, now came around the Chief Engineer, and implored his interposition. They represented to him the divided and wrangling state of the department, the prospect that the flames would cease only with the bounds of the city;—and called upon him to use his authority and compel every member of the department to do his duty.

All hands were then summoned together by the Chief Engineer, who spoke through his trumpet as follows, and the words were repeated by his assistants.

Every company to its engine. Mind nothing but how to put out the fire. Put on your fire dress, or leave it off. Every company have its own regulations, subject only to general orders. Your only business is to put out the fire. If other companies work better in their own way than in yours, and think that they are minding the rules, let no man interfere, or he shall be disgraced. If any company refuse to work with another because it will not conform to their understanding of the rules, it shall be presented to the Mayor and Aldermen to be disbanded.

Then the men began to put on different looks. Most of them were ashamed of their past conduct. As they looked at the desolation of the city and the smouldering ruins, they began to reproach themselves. Faster than their breathing now flew their redoubled strokes; each company received immense accessions, according as the taste or fancy of men determined them to one or another of the engines. With their different costumes, watchwords and social songs, they wrought like complicated machinery turned by one wheel. The flames soon lowered, shouts of rejoicing rent the heavens, men whose buildings were saved mingled with the crowd to express their joy, and gangs of plunderers who had been at work during the distracted state of the department, now fled. The work was soon finished, and in a few days plans were made for the rebuilding of the city.

An old man came with me from the fire, who said that it

seemed to him that citizens were in a state of division and strife like that of these firemen, and for aught that he could see, their disputes were equally senseless, and more pernicious. They strive, he said, about circumstances, and forget the object for which they were called; they labor more, in some cases, to produce conformity in modes and forms and speculative notions than union of spirit and design, are more offended at dissent in non-essentials than at the prevalence of sin and the perdition of souls, and frequently waste more strength against their fellow christians than they spend in their master's work, and yet think that they are doing God service. I told him that we must not, however, be so angry with them as not to do *our* duty; that while some of us labor independently of human prescriptions and control, we must not wrangle with any who prefer more legislation and judicial supervision. He wished, he said, that all ministers and churches would adopt and prosecute the directions of the Chief Engineer. To which I assented, and each of us went his way.

A. N.

A SERMON

Delivered at the Pursewaukum Chapel, Madras; on the 21st anniversary of the Madras Auxiliary (London) Missionary Society, September 19th, 1836. BY MIRON WINSLOW, M. A. American Missionary. Madras: 1836. Svo. pp. 19.

MANY of our readers will recollect the pleasure which they felt, in listening to the conversation and public instructions of the highly respected author of this discourse, during his recent visit to his native country. The sermon now before us, it will be perceived, was delivered since his return to India, and was published at Madras. It is employed in discussing the duty, the means, and the encouragement of the church, to labor for the conversion of the world. The following extracts relate to the two first topics.

It is not that the Hindoo lives usually in a mud-cabin, or bamboo-hut, or that his clothing consists principally of a strip of muslin wrapped round his waist, or that he sleeps on a mat spread on a floor of earth, or eats from a leaf or plate, without the use of knife, or fork, or spoon—taking up his food with one of his hands—that he especially needs the benefits of christian civilization. In these respects, certainly, his situation would be improved by a proper reception of christianity. He would be lifted by it from the dirt in which he grovels. But he needs

it more to teach him the art of *self-government*, to disenthral him from the chains of custom, and to make him a *thinking* instead of a mere *imitating* being. There is now among the Hindoos, except as the result of extraneous causes, no *onward* progress of Society, no discovery of useful arts, no invention—as of labor saving machinery—no new applications of power, as in steam-vessels and on rail-roads. Agriculture continues in the most simple form. There is little improvement in the science of medicine, and almost no acquaintance with surgery; and whatever may be said of the *comparative* comfort of the higher classes, the lower are certainly in a state of great degradation, ignorance and wretchedness.

Nor is *their social state* more happy. The division of all ranks into *castes*, confining every one to the station in which he was born, is at once most anti-social, and unfriendly to general happiness. The lower castes are by birth the menial servants of the higher castes, and cannot by any possible exertion, rise from this degradation. Nor are the poor and wretched generally cared for by the rich and those who live at ease. Where among them do you find asylums for the deaf, retreats for the insane, hospitals for the sick, or even free schools for the children of the poor? Is it not the fact that to be blind, or deaf, or deformed, or of low caste, is considered as an indication of sins, in a former birth, which required this form of punishment from the gods, and with which men ought not lightly to interfere? We all know that the aged and sick are often left to suffer, and that sometimes their death is even hastened, if it may thereby take place near some holy river, or temple, or under such circumstances, as are supposed to insure happiness after death.

Look then at *their domestic state*. The wife is the *slave* rather than the *companion* of her husband. She is not allowed to walk *with* him, she must walk *behind* him—not to eat *with* him, she must eat *after* him, and *eat of what he leaves*. She ought not to sleep until he is asleep, nor remain asleep after he is awake. If she is sitting, and he comes in, she should rise up. 'She should,' (say their sacred books,) 'have no other god on earth than her husband. Him she should worship while he lives, and, when he dies, she should be burnt with him.'

The horrid practice of the Suttis has indeed been abolished by the strong arm of that Government under which it is their happiness to live; but still, as the widow is not allowed, ac-

cording to Hindoo customs, to marry again, is often considered little better than an outcast, and not unfrequently sinks into gross vice, her life can scarcely be considered a blessing.

As there is little social intercourse between the sexes, little or no acquaintance of the parties before marriage, and consequently little mutual attachment; and as there is an absolute vacuity and darkness in the minds of the females, who are not allowed even to learn to read, there is no solid foundation for domestic happiness. As, also, their children are left ungoverned, are never assembled as olive plants around the table, or in smiling companies around the domestic fireside, the delights of family life, and much that is included to a christian in the word home, 'sweet home,' can be but little understood.

In regard to their *moral state*, I need not say it is most wretched. The very gods they worship are vicious, and how can they be better than their gods? Besides, the doctrines of fatalism, as held by them, destroy their sense of accountability. —Some say 'God is every thing, and every thing is God.— He does every thing, men do nothing, they are neither to be blamed or praised.' Others say, 'God is in every thing. He is the soul of the world, the soul of man is a part of God.' All the evil that exists is supposed to be in consequence of the union of spirit with matter. This is to be removed by the soul of man passing from one body to another in an almost endless series of transmigrations. The actions of each one are determined, by his character in a preceding birth, and his fate is written in his head when he is born. According to this, his conduct is determined. He is not accountable for any sin, as it is the consequence of his *fate*. Not only so, but whatever takes place, the soul will at length be prepared for a re-union with the Divine Spirit, from which it emanated, as a drop of water, taken up by the clouds, returns to the ocean.

Nor is this all. Sin may be so easily atoned for, as to leave almost no fear of its consequences. The repetition of the name of a god, though without any intention—marking with holy ashes on the forehead, breast and arms, or even being marked with them after death—bathing in certain holy waters—placing a light in a temple—giving in charity, especially to the brahmins—or doing penance, will effectually atone for sin, and secure happiness after death. At the same time their very worship encourages licentiousness, and their general rule of right and wrong, as to lying, fraud, &c., is *expediency*. Their sacred books teach them, that in some cases, lying, and even theft,

are not only allowable, but commendable. Is it any wonder, then, that we see the land filled with falsehood, profaneness, theft, perjury, conspiracy, of one against another, and even murder, especially of unborn infants, while many seem to have 'given themselves over to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness?'

As to religion, they are gross idolaters, and to those who know what idolatry is, it is unnecessary to say that it comprehends almost every thing vile. Such can feel the force of the expostulation of God, with his ancient covenant people, 'Oh, do not this abominable thing, which I hate.' Much has been said to palliate some of the absurdities of idol worship, and it has been pretended that the Hindoos do not actually adore the images before which they raise their hands, and prostrate themselves. The more intelligent among them may see the folly of idolatry, and while they join in the ceremonies despise them; but even their worship is professedly paid to the idol. It is not supposed by any that the image, as it comes from the hands of the artificer, is a god, but being made so as to represent some form which the god is supposed to have assumed, it is consecrated by a brahmin, and the spirit of the god is supposed to enter in and possess it. Some think the image is thus animated, so as to see, hear, eat, and talk; but most consider the god as only invisibly present in the image, and that he does not usually manifest himself to the senses of his worshippers though they are manifest to him. They offer food to the image, but do not suppose it eats, the god dwelling in it only smells the food. This is enough; it may then be eaten by the brahmins. But in any case, the idol is actually worshipped; and the glory of the incorruptible God is changed into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds and four-footed beasts, and creeping things.

My dear hearers, you have doubtless witnessed not only their daily worship, but the ceremonies of their occasional feasts, when the god is brought out in state, seated in an immense car, upon a throne, wearing a crown of gold and precious stones, with the richest drapery, and surrounded by brahmins holding umbrellas over him, waving lights and fans, and burning incense, while the immense multitude are alternately dragging along the ponderous wheels of the car, and worshipping before the idol. You have heard the discordant music of these festivals, have seen the dancing girls performing their evolutions before the image, have witnessed the noisy zeal of the worshippers—and perhaps seen

great numbers of them rolling on the ground after the car, the whole length of the procession, and performing other austerities, if not actually throwing themselves under the wheels which bear their imaginary god, to be crushed to death. You know also, how absurd the idea of worshipping an image is, that these festivals are very imposing, and that they are connected with the earliest association of every Hindoo : even when infants they are carried to the temples and made to hold up their little hands to the idol, and with their first accents to say *Saumy* ! When children, they go to the temple to see the show ; when they become older, to gratify their love of amusement, and baser passions ; and when old, from habit, fancied merit, and pride. Thus thousands and tens of thousands, flock to these head quarters of Satan, where he seems to keep holiday with his followers, and by pampering their love of show and parade, their pride and their sensuality, he intoxicates them, and makes them ' mad upon their idols.' Have you not stood in their midst, until you could almost fancy yourselves surrounded by laughing fiends ; and as Jacob saw a ladder from earth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending upon it, could you not almost fancy the bottomless pit open before you, and a ladder from earth to hell, with the spirits of darkness ascending and descending, to carry down the souls of men ?

And this idolatry, you are aware, is connected with a *slavish and cruel superstition*. These poor heathen believe in the *uncontrolled agency of evil spirits*, whom they dread, worship, and in various ways attempt to appease. Through fear of them, as they have no idea of a superintending Providence, in which they may trust, they are in terror by night and in terror by day. They also believe in *magic and witchcraft* ; and are in constant dread of *sorcery*. They observe *signs and omens*, which often fill them with dismay ; and their principal actions in life are governed by *astrology*, and regulated by a belief in *lucky and unlucky days*. Thus they are in *slavery to Satan*, who leads them captive at his will ; and sometimes induces them to practise the most *revolting self-tortures*. They are lying in the arms of the *wicked one* ; he wraps his black mantle around them, and carries them down by multitudes, every year, to people the dark world of woe. They are perishing, for the Scriptures of truth have told us, that ' idolaters shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.' They will not indeed be condemned for rejecting a Savior whom they have not known, but they may be ; for sinning against the light of nature ; and we are

told that 'they who are without law shall perish without law.' Does not then compassion for their wretchedness, call upon us to do every thing in our power for their rescue? As they sink around us into the bottomless pit, does not the cry seem to come up from thence, help, Oh, men of God, help?

Let us then consider,

II. *The means to be used for their rescue;—or the means in the hands of the Church, under God, for the conversion of the world.*

These are as various as the opportunities of the whole Church to make known and recommend the Gospel. It is a *light* which must be sent to the benighted—a *medicine*, which must be commended and offered to the sick. The Church is called the '*salt of the earth*'—'*the light of the world*,' and it is the business of every Christian to be a walking light in the midst of darkened minds, '*holding forth the word of life*.' The whole Church is a *propagation society*, and he who is not an acting member of it, is not a true Christian; for our Savior has said, 'he that gathereth not with me scattereth abroad.'—Some have contended that the Church, in this labor of love, should move only as a *body*, and do nothing except in its ecclesiastical character. They are afraid of voluntary associations, and individual efforts. Let such urge on the Church to do every thing possible in its united capacity, whether it be Episcopalians, or Independents, or Wesleyans, or Presbyterians, or Baptists, who consider themselves to be *the Church*; but let none forget that the Church itself is in some sense a *voluntary association*; and that there is no danger of too much *union*, even of different denominations in this warfare against the common enemy.

But while some would have the Church in an organized form do every thing, others would have the work done principally by *individuals*, at their own charge, and on their own responsibility. They would have great numbers go forth to the Gentiles 'taking nothing' of them, or of the Church, but ministering to their own necessities: and surely this were a noble charity. Individuals there are who *can* do it, and blessed be God who actually are doing it. To some God has given wealth, to others influence over those who have wealth, and to others ability to labor, '*working with their own hands*;' and such may no doubt go forth and preach the Gospel at their own charge, only guarding against those collisions of which there would be danger were many independent bodies acting together in the same field.

One great advantage of voluntary associations, or societies,

is that they are able to bring a large number of laborers under common rules, and direct their efforts to a definite result. Having as a body, a perpetual existence, they can carry forward operations in any place beyond the life time of an individual, and thus both sow and reap in the same field. They also collect the scattered energies of those who can do little alone, but the drops of whose charity collected with others, may form a shower; or rather whose little rills of benevolence, which would be lost amidst the sand, uniting with others, may go to form a noble and fertilizing river. In attacking an enemy's country, though *guerrilla* parties, acting independently of each other, may be useful, the mass of the army must move on unitedly to the attack, or victory cannot be expected; and certainly voluntary associations have great advantages for this object, above any other form of operation. The laborer is also 'worthy of his hire,' while in India at least, but few could support themselves and do much else. Most ministers must therefore at present depend for subsistence on Societies organized for their support, and not take from christians, who cannot themselves preach the Gospel to the Heathen, the privilege of doing it by means of others.

In regard to the forms of operation among the heathen, there is felt by some similar difficulties with those concerning the agents. One would have ministers principally employed in *itinerating*, and preaching the gospel in various places, as did the apostles; another would give them a more fixed habitation, and prefer concentrated to desultory labors. Perhaps a *union* of the two is most desirable. Let there be in any given place *concentrated efforts*, enough to produce an impression, and the impression being made, let it, as far as possible, be extended. Let the fire be kept burning in some central place, and lighted coals be carried from it to all the surrounding region; but let them not be too much scattered at once lest the light should be extinguished. To change the figure, as the forest of heathenism is to be cleared, and converted into a garden, it is usually best to begin in some place suited to the number and qualifications of the laborers,—whether it be in the country or city—fell the trees, break up the fallow ground, cast in the seed, water and watch it until the harvest; and then gradually extend the cultivation—taking seed and plants from the garden for other portions of the field. This will be found, in general, perhaps, more successful than to scatter the good seed of the word broadcast, through the whole wilderness; though the latter

should not be neglected, as some plants may here and there spring up and bring forth fruit.

Again, some would depend almost wholly on *schools*; and others almost wholly reject them, as too secular and not Apostolic.—‘We do not read,’ say they, ‘of any schools established by the Apostle Paul.’ True, although we *do* read of his disputing daily in the school of one Tyrannus; and this continued by the space of two years.’ The fact is, no doubt, there are *extremes* on both sides. Those who would magnify education, beyond its proper merits, and especially those who would depend on the influence of science in any other respect than as a mere auxiliary to Scripture truth, and who expect much from schools not strictly *Christian*, are in danger of overlooking the absolute necessity of divine influence, and of depending too much on human machinery: The world is to be converted, not by philosophy, but by the *cross of Christ*. Let there be *machinery* (or the proper use of every method to enlighten the mind), but let there be also a *living spirit* within the wheels. If schools are not useful in a heathen country, like this, where few comparatively will otherwise be taught to read printed books with any understanding; where the whole course of instruction in literature and science is entirely opposed to Christianity, and where, emphatically, the great hope of success must be on the *young*, not saturated with idolatry and stereotyped, and hardened, into the very image of the prince of darkness; and where preachers, teachers, and assistants of every class, must be *raised up on the ground*, and fitted for the work, or the immense field cannot be supplied, then schools cannot be needed in any country. They are needed from the lowest to the highest; from the infant school to the university; and so is every other form and mode of instruction. The great instrument is the *preaching of the Gospel*; not only publicly, but from house to house. Even in the corners of the streets, ‘wisdom must lift up her voice,’ and every method, whether by the distribution of the *Scriptures* and religious *Tracts*, or private conversation and prayer with individuals, or public worship, or teaching and making known the Gospel in any form, all is to be considered as included in preaching, or promising, or ‘holding forth the word of life.’

To argue in contrast from the practice of the Apostles, is to argue from a very different state of things from the present. The Apostles went forth with peculiar credentials, with the gift of tongues, and the power of working miracles; and they went also to a people prepared by some acquaintance with the Jewish

Scriptures, and intercourse with the Jews, and by a literature not wholly adverse to Christianity, to receive the gospel; and they had not, did they wish them, the use of schools, and the press, as have modern missionaries. And might not these have been useful could they have been employed? Considering the power of education, it may certainly be a question, whether even the 'seven churches of Asia' would not have been more permanent, had the state of things then been different, in regard to early and thorough instruction, and the use of books. By means of these, a degree of light and knowledge might have been communicated, sufficient to prevent the growth of those monstrous corruptions, the offspring of ignorance and depravity, which so soon disfigured the fair form of christianity, and sent disease and death into the very seat of life.

Did time allow, my own experience would enable me to bring some arguments in favor of early education, from its effects in the mission with which I have had the privilege of being connected nearly seventeen years, and especially of education in free boarding-schools, where heathen children, removed from the direct influence of their idolatrous friends, are brought into a christian atmosphere, and educated on christian principles. For many years, besides the *native Free Schools*, varying from seventy-five to nearly twice that number, and containing sometimes more than 6000 children, there have been usually in connection with the mission, about 200 children and youth of both sexes, supported and instructed; the girls in a *Central School* and the lads in a *Seminary*. Of the former all who have regularly passed through the school, have become hopefully pious, and twenty-nine have been married to christian husbands. They are now shedding the light of a christian example, as wives and mothers, on the darkness of heathen neighborhoods; and it is worthy of remark, that no one from this school is known to have disgraced her profession. Of the lads, who are all instructed in the English language, and the elements of science, as in a College, one hundred and forty have been baptized and received to christian communion, of whom a large proportion are employed as School-masters, Catechists, Preachers, and other missionary assistants in the American and other missions.

Without enlarging further, we may then infer, that, in connection with preaching the Gospel, *Christian education*, especially to qualify *native agents*, and to raise up a *native ministry*; and the full use of the *Press*, for publishing the Holy Scriptures and other religious books, are most important means

to be used by the Church, in the service of its Divine Head. We might add, the remarkable importance of continual supplication and intercession, with giving of thanks—of a truly holy and impressive example—of the public worship of God, especially on the Sabbath, and a due administration of all the ordinances of his house. *Is the church a mother?*—she must travail in birth for her children, and rejoice over them with thanksgiving. *Is she a bride?*—she must be ‘adorned for her husband,’ that He may ‘rejoice over her with joy;’ that He may ‘rest in his love.’ *Is she a light?* This light is to be always burning, in every place; but with peculiar lustre in her sanctuaries and on her sabbaths. On these sacred days, the Church shakes off all her secular cares, and is occupied in the one great concern of glorifying her ascended Lord. She waits in her sanctuaries for the communications of his grace. He listens to her prayers and praises, and pours out His Spirit; so that converts are often multiplied as the drops of the morning. More souls, probably, are born into the kingdom of God on the Sabbath than all the other days of the week; which shows the importance of sanctifying the sabbath, and celebrating all the ordinances of God’s house, in the presence of the heathen. ‘He loveth the gates of Zion, more than all the dwellings of Jacob.’

We trust that many of our readers, while perusing the preceding extracts will remember, with deep sorrow, that the labors of this devoted missionary, in common with those of all his brethren under the patronage of the American Board, are now to be deprived of some portion of their efficiency, in consequence of the failure of the christian community to furnish the requisite funds for their support. When will the heathen world be converted, if christian nations fail to support even the small band of missionaries who are now in the field?

We conclude our extracts with the following paragraph from the conclusion of the discourse.

It is sometimes said that apostolic success, in the promulgation of the gospel cannot be expected, in these latter days, because Missionaries have not apostolic gifts. If by this is meant, that Christianity, without the return of miraculous gifts, cannot triumph even more gloriously than it has ever yet done, the assertion cannot be admitted. The Church has not now the gift of tongues, but she has the power of learning them—she has the means of early, thorough, and pervading education, in large portions of the heathen world. She has the Press, which can speak in ten thousand tongues, in whispers and in thunders, to almost every tribe and nation under heaven—She has not

now the power of working miracles, but they can point to standing nations, and the accumulated evidence of centuries; and can show a moral miracle wherever a child of Satan is transformed into a child of God, and made to bear the name of Christ. This moral reformation, where it is obvious and permanent, is more evidential of divine influence, even to the eyes of the heathen, than would be the occasional witnessing of a miracle; and I am fully convinced that what is principally wanted to insure apostolic success, is not what the church has lost, apostolic, miraculous, gifts, but what if she has lost, she may regain, *apostolic holiness*.

Let the church arise and shine, the light being come, and the glory of the Lord risen upon her, and the Gentiles shall come to her light, and Kings to the brightness of her rising.

TRAITS OF CHARACTER, MENTAL AND MORAL.

FROM DR. COGSWELL'S LETTERS TO STUDENTS.

DEAR BRETHREN: In this letter I shall consider some of the most distinguishing traits of character, mental and moral, which it is desirable that you should possess and cultivate. My object will be to delineate, not all the characteristics which are important, but the most prominent, that your attention may be suitably directed to their acquisition in the highest degree to which you can attain. As habit exerts a mighty ascendancy over us, and is, therefore, often denominated "second nature;" so it is very desirable, that those mental and moral qualities which conduce to your happiness and usefulness, should early be possessed, that they may become settled and extended. Of these, I would name,

I. DECISION.

This is coming to a *firm* conclusion in reference to any matter and remaining in it. Commendable decision implies two things, knowledge of what is truth and duty, and a fixed determination to conform to them in practice, without compromise. A person who has not a full view of duty, at which he is to form an opinion, or to act, will never be undecided, because, as his knowledge changes, so will his opinions and conduct change. He will be tossed to and fro, and be "carried about by every wind of doctrine." He will have no settled

opinion, but he will be in constant fluctuation. The same may be said of the individual who has no fixed determination. Such an one will be wavering and indecisive.—In the natural structure of their minds, some persons are decided and inflexible; others are the reverse. Decision, when considered in relation to any proposition to be maintained, any duty to be performed or practice to be observed, is of greater or less consequence, according to the nature and importance of the subject to which it relates. In regard to matters of religious faith and practice, it is of the highest moment that our decision be right, or the very fact that we are decided, may prove injurious either to ourselves or others. In forming your decisions, then, be not hasty, but deliberate and judicious, especially on subjects of a religious nature. You will always exercise the most stable confidence in God, for “they that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.”

2. Resolution.

This trait of character means fixedness and fearlessness, in purpose and action — a zealous determination to perform some act or to accomplish some object. It is the opposite of that feeling and conduct described by Dr. Young, when he speaks of man, who, prone to procrastinate his reformation,

“Resolves and re-resolves, then dies the same.”

A man strongly marked with this trait of character, will overcome difficulties seemingly insurmountable. Before him the Alps and Pyrenees become plains, oceans seas, and seas fordable pools. It may be adopted as a maxim, true in the general, — a person may be what he resolves to be, or do what he resolves to do, provided he attempts to accomplish his resolution with resolution. This quality of mind ever has been and still is, essential to success in any difficult undertaking. Without it, those objects of interest and magnitude in the arts and sciences, which delight and astonish the world, would not have existed. The various volumes of instruction which contain the labors of the learned, the wise and the good, would not have been produced for the benefit of mankind. Without this, too, the various efforts which have been made, and which are still making, to promote the temporal and eternal welfare of the human family, will not be carried forward to complete success. Endeavor, then, to possess this valuable qualification, and suffer not feeble and irresolute exertions to prevent the performance of any duty.

3. COURAGE.

A proper definition of courage, is *bravery*, intrepidity. It is the opposite of pusillanimity or timidity. A man of this spirit never says, "There is a lion without me. I shall be slain in the streets." Possessed of religious heroism, he is ready to strive with the world, the flesh, and the devil. He who would conquer, must manfully contend; and he is the greatest hero who conquers himself. This trait of character, both in a natural and moral sense, should be diligently sought and cultivated. It is in no way so well obtained as by the promotion of piety in ourselves. "The wicked flee when no man pursueth, but the righteous are bold as a lion." Courage, though not so frequently called into requisition as some other qualities of the mind, is nevertheless of essential service. Occasions may occur when a destitution of this will be attended with serious disadvantages, especially so, when in relation to things of a religious nature, the want of it would prevent one from advancing in the path of duty. He who suffers a fearful or timid spirit to deter him in the works of the Lord, will be instrumental of greatly injuring his cause, and of giving an opportunity to the enemy of souls to triumph. Such an one is unworthy to be an ambassador of Jesus Christ.

4. INDEPENDENCE.

This means exemption from reliance on any one, or control by any one. When properly cherished and exercised it partakes of magnanimity in thought, feeling, and action. A pride of singularity in this, or an ostentatious display of it, is not commendable. Would you possess true independence of character, think and act for yourselves—never reject or adopt opinions or practices merely because others have rejected or adopted them. It has been said, 'No man was ever great by imitation.' Therefore, take no opinion, pursue no course of conduct, on trust; be biased neither by passion nor prejudice in faith or practice, but believe and act on substantial evidence and sound principles, and in such a course be inflexible. Ever be willing, however, to hear suggestions from those who are entrusted to deference and esteem, and who do not coincide with you in views and feelings. But never sacrifice your own opinions and practices in accommodation to them, without full conviction that they are right.

5. PERSEVERANCE.

By this, is meant continued steadfastness, or persistence in purpose and pursuit. It is the opposite of fickleness or inconstancy in endeavor, and yet it is not bigotry nor obstinacy. A

person possessed of this trait of character, is generally successful in what he attempts. True is the motto, *Perseverando vinces*. Without perseverance, the most desirable object to be obtained may be lost, after much exertion has been used to effect it. They who would win the prize must run, and never cease running till the race is over. In every pursuit, then, to which duty calls, notwithstanding the obstacles which may arise to hinder your progress, persevere even to its full accomplishment. You are now not aware what you will be able to perform. Try, — remembering that whatever has been done, may be done again; — keep on trying, and success is almost certain.

6. JUDGMENT.

As judgment is that act of the mind by which we form opinions in regard to right and wrong, truth and falsehood, persons and things, — whatever may aid in rendering its decisions correct should be diligently attended to. This is a quality of mind which, like others, may be improved by cultivation. A person whose judgment is inclined to err, though his motives be good, is constantly in danger of coming to wrong conclusions, by which evils may ensue. While one whose judgment is correct, readily and clearly perceives what is right, and is prepared without delay to follow its dictates. Cultivate, to the highest possible degree, your faculty of judging respecting persons, things, and actions. Though it is not the privilege of every one to possess this trait of character in equal perfection; yet, by careful and diligent attention, it may be greatly improved.

7. COMMON-SENSE.

A good definition of this is given by Mr. Hall, author of the 'Lectures on School-keeping.' He says, 'I mean by the term, the faculty by which things are seen as they are. It implies judgment and discrimination, and a proper sense of propriety in regard to the common affairs of life. It leads us to form judicious plans of action; and to be governed by our circumstances, in such a way as men in general will approve. It is the exercise of reason, uninfluenced by passion or prejudice.' This trait of character is the opposite of one which appeared in a Methodist minister, according to an account I heard given of him at a General Conference of that denomination, when, in conformity with their standing rule, the ministers are appointed for the year. It was said of him, that he did not properly time things; that he frequently chose wrong texts for discussion, and then wrongly illustrated them; that he never hit the

nail on the head; that he preached at rather than to the people, and looked at rather than for the people. Because he was thus destitute of common sense, the Congregance, which seemed to possess much of this excellent quality, withheld the renewal of his appointment. In this characteristic of the human mind, there is a combination of the following attributes—perception, judgment, and executive power, accompanied with a benevolent disposition. This desirable trait of character was possessed in a high degree of perfection by the late Rev. Dr. Samuel Worcester, Jeremiah Evans, Esq., and the Rev. Dr. Ebenezer Porter.

8. SELF-CONTROL.

Self-control is another characteristic, the possession or destitution of which affects not only the happiness and usefulness of the individual who is the subject of it, but is often connected with the welfare and happiness of others. One who, without consideration, speaks or acts from the impulse of feeling, has often, in the hour of reflection, occasion to regret an unguarded word or action, while one who is accustomed to self-control, will easily check the first risings of an inconsiderate and insubordinate spirit. The proper government of one's self, in regard to passions and conduct, is, therefore, very desirable, though contrary to our natural inclinations and difficult to acquire. It should ever be viewed as a Christian duty, and as highly beneficial in its results, as it respects its subjects and others. 'He that is slow to anger, is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city.'

PRINCIPLES IN REGARD TO THIS WORLD.

BY REV SAMUEL NOTT, JR.

The following principles seem most plain, in view of the past experience and future prospects of mankind.

1. *Submission is not the only grace of adversity*; faith and hope of relief and blessing, are also its proper design and fruit. Adversity is the proper mother of faith and hope. The soul cannot too completely submit to what is: it must submit unwisely and unprofitably to what is to be. What is, God sends to call forth our faith, in regard to what may be; so that in adversity, amidst our resignation for the moment, we are encouraged to pray and hope, and even to sing, 'I shall yet

praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God.' What God has laid upon us, we are to submit to, as this will, and as fitted to make us partakers of his holiness; but we are not required beforehand to submit to its continuance. With reference to the future, we are required to meet our heavenly Father with earnest thoughts and prayers, with faith and hope growing amidst the necessities and sufferings which God has sent to produce and strengthen them.

2. *Prosperity, rather than adversity, is not only the actual, but the proper object of desire.* It is not to be set down as *un-Christian* to desire the blessings of this life; or as *Christian* to desire adversity and gloom. What God brings in 'not willingly,' we are not to choose; but rather what he has created as expressions of his goodness, 'to be received with thanksgiving.' True, we should prefer to be 'partakers of his holiness' by every chastening which he, in wisdom, actually inflicts; yet at the moment, we should desire relief with supplies of grace suited to a better day. What God did for the Patriarchs, amidst their prosperity, what he will do for future saints, he can do for us. Prosperity on earth may raise us into sympathy with angels, while in adversity, we may remain without God and without hope; aliens from both earth and Heaven. It is monkery, not Christianity, which chooseth to go naked and barefoot as a means of piety.

3. Prosperity furnishes the principal means and produces the highest graces of a religious life. Let no one say that the great Teacher is unskillful while his mercies exceed his chastisements. Can we doubt that he who learns the longer and better lessons well, will not make the better attainment? Doubtless it is a higher attainment to know how to abound than how to be abased. 'There is none on earth that I desire besides thee,' may express an acceptable piety, in the dark night of affliction, but how much higher is its meaning when it is spoken in the full day of prosperity. He who can so address the ear of his Father is fitted for Heaven. Such a temper abiding the day of temptation, may be greeted as the dawning of the morning, and when the experience of ages shall have prepared a church to give such a welcome to the gospel, the MILLENNIUM may open, heaven may descend to earth; the kingdom of God may come, and his will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.

4. 'To be above the world,' 'to be weaned from the world,' 'to live for eternity,' these phrases express not the

proper essence of a religious life. A religious life consists in living and walking with God amidst present and passing things, is properly part and parcel of a religious eternity. 'Earth is the way to Heaven'; its God 'is the God of Heaven.' In a just sense, he who enjoys this world best, is best fitted for Heaven. It is no evidence of fitness for a higher place, to despise the blessings of the lower; to be *wenned* from the creatures which God has made to be 'received with thanksgiving.' Rather let us welcome them, rise high in holy praise, call upon our souls and all within us to bless his holy name, until we glow with the sympathies of the heavenly world, and can call, to join in harmony, the 'angels who excel in strength.' Then shall we need but to drop the body, and prolong our song, in unison with Heaven.

5. Prosperity and business furnish no excuse for religious neglect or decay. Opportunity, the best and longest lessons, can be no reason for poor results. 'What if some' Christians do not accept the invitation? Shall their unbelief make the truth of God without effect? Nay, let God be true! The admission of this principle would renovate the church, and fit them to be instrumental in renovating the world. Not, that principle admitted, is the actual grace flowing forth—rather, it is the goad, which forces the lingerer, even before he stops, to look forward again for the prize, and again to leave the things behind and press forward to those before.

6. A just view of this world is needful to open a wider door of utterance for the saving gospel. The church, by her own mistaken lamentations and excuses, closes the door against the very gospel which it offers, easing the conscience, and stifling the desires of those to whom she communicates the offers of salvation. Thus, after the teaching and example of the church, all men wait for a shock—which perchance may throw them from the precipice, instead of fastening their grasp upon the hand of the Redeemer. In order to give fair opportunity even to Christendom, the church must lead on a recovery from heathenish views of *this world*. While she promulgates a gospel of recovery, she must declare that she does it in the *school* of recovery—she must proclaim a gospel in the walks of business, and on the heights of prosperity, as well as in the closet of retirement, or the dark vale of adversity.

7. This subject enhances the *fears* which urge every one to accept salvation. A release from earth and the body will not save the soul. This heresy owes its origin in part, to our Or-

thodox mistakes concerning this world—to our Christian Hinduism. Earth and the body do not ~~curse~~ the soul: release will not save it. Going out of the world, will not teach the lessons which are given in it. Death, leisure, paradise, will not save us. If our only claim to heaven be, that we have dropped the body and fled the world, our first act would be to grasp some forbidden fruit, and be cast out forever.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER

From an American Gentleman, now in Switzerland.

. VEVEY, JULY, 1837.

‘MY DEAR BROTHER: I had not the most remote idea that so long a period would elapse before I could answer your truly *kind and interesting* letter. It would, I hope, be a sufficient apology to assure you in *Christian simplicity*, that I *could not* reply earlier without neglecting immediate duties, but our hearts have not been less with you, and could we have *purchased* some intelligence about you and your brother, and your families and our R—— friends, we should gladly have sacrificed even some of our ordinary supplies, if it had been necessary. The Christian heart must be pained indeed, which, in a foreign land, does not yearn with peculiar feelings for the friends and privileges of the Pilgrims’ home. You cannot justly appreciate the consolation and support we derived from the *accidental* knowledge that we were not forgotten in the prayer of our brethren in the church. Thanks to our Father, the *fountain* is ever open, in all lands under all circumstances—and I have found and tasted I trust, of its refreshing waters, even after months of burial in the midst of Catholic superstition. But to our feeble natures this does not supply the place entirely of that communion, of those privileges, which are *the appointed channels* for their conveyance, and it, in the order of Providence, to leave us to feel hunger and thirst for them when they are wanting, in order to excite us to establish and promote them every where; although he still condescends to supply our wants from his own hand when our strength fails, or our spiritual is endangered *in the path of duty*.

‘It is striking indeed to see how Infinite Wisdom has made this very feebleness, and hunger, and thirst, the means of opening fountains in the desert, and planting gardens in the wilder-

ness in this quarter of the world. The British Christians, whom commerce or pleasure, necessity, or health, have brought upon the continent in great number since the fall of Napoleon, have thus been led to establish the ordinances and generally the pure preaching of the Gospel, wherever their lot has been cast. In this way, the traveller meets with the privileges of the Gospel, not merely amidst the corruptions of Naples and the licentiousness of Venice, and the superstition of Sardinia, and the despotism of Tuscany, but even amidst the Papal bigotry of Rome, he may listen to the preaching of the Gospel in three languages, within sight of the Vatican and the Inquisition. The glory and power of Great Britain excite the admiration and awe of most nations on the Continent; and the jealousy with which she protects the rights and liberties of her subjects every where, throws around every individual a paucity of defence which only needs the addition of the wealth they distribute so liberally to ensure the success of every enterprise not directly hostile to the government, even if that, as in the case of protestant churches, in direct opposition to the laws and customs of ages. Would that our government were equally watchful over our civil and religious rights; for I have more than once been mortified in finding my chief protection from being considered from my language an Englishman.

To the developement of these feelings in British Christians we owe it, that we are surrounded here with evangelical Christians and privileges—though not sufficient to supply the place of what we left at home. Twenty years have scarcely elapsed since a dead orthodoxy was almost the only remnant of the reformation, and Unitarianism and infidelity reigned almost without opposition. By the instrumentality of zealous friends of the truth from Britain, the seeds of a revival were sown which has spread over western Switzerland, and has had much effect in the east. Even ten years since, there was only enough of evangelical religion to call forth the spirit of persecution and oppression against which some of our churches protested; and even now, the mass of the people speak of the ‘*Monniers*,’ (Methodists) with contempt. But thanks to Him who has the hearts of all in his hands—the revival has been so general in this canton, (Vaud) that almost all the clergy are evangelical—and the institutions and the officers engaged in forming the candidates for the ministry, and for the common schools, profess and instil the spirit of the Gospel. In place of ‘the letter that killeth,’ (which was the utmost formerly heard in the pulpit)

we often listen to exhortations whose zeal and boldness remind us of the revival sermons of New England. The cantons of Neufchatel and Basle are equally favored—and in the former they are on one point more advanced than we are. In a meeting or association of the teachers of the canton of Neufchatel for mutual improvement, the subject of religious instruction was frequently discussed, and the general opinion was decidedly and warmly expressed, that nothing but the pure and simple doctrines of the Gospel *applied to the hearts of children*, could accomplish the great ends of common school education—the formation of the character and the preparation of the pupils for usefulness and happiness. Geneva is more enveloped in the mists of philosophy; but even Geneva has an increasing number of faithful witnesses to the truth among the laity and the clergy, and even scoffing philosophy is obliged to regard them with increasing respect.

The country in which we now reside is one in which the glorious and beautiful exhibitions of Divine power could not fail to awaken and keep alive the spirit of devotion, if it could be produced and nourished in the boasted temple of nature. But while it is looked upon with comparative insensibility—with general forgetfulness of its author by the mass of those whom it shelters and feeds, it awakens the most ardent feelings in every christian heart that has life, and to whom long habit has not rendered it very familiar.

It would be difficult, I believe, to find in any part of the world so rich and varied beauties; immediately opposite are the rugged mountains of Savoy; with a few villages which seem as if intended to illustrate the insignificance of the works of man, lying at their feet. Beyond them is the rich plain which environs the mouth of the Rhone—the ‘Dent de Midi’ with its perpetual snow, and the precipitous mountains of Fribourg, hang over it, and the narrow opening between them is the only access they leave to the canton of Valais which occupies the narrow valley of the Rhone, and the ravines of its tributary streams. Beneath us is a range of pasture and orchard, and fields of grain, succeeded by a broad strip of rich vineyards extending to the border of the lake, and enlivened by the town of Vevey and the numerous villages which line its waters. The Blue lake itself, seems like a mirror for reflecting all these beautiful objects and combining them into a single picture.

Beautiful however as the landscape is,—no small part of its charm is derived from the ever-varying aspect produced by

the changes of light and shade, of cloud, and sunshine, and storm. It is splendid when, illumined by a bright sun, the lake reflects a cloudless sky, and the distinct outline of the mountains. It has a softer, but not less interesting aspect when the milder light of a covered sky enables the eye to gaze more steadily on its minuter beauties, and when an air charged with vapor seems to render distant objects more near and distinct. We can see the very birth and growth of the storms—the masses of vapor rising from the lake and climbing the mountain sides until they rest like caps of snow upon their tops, accumulating and collecting for hours or days, until the air can no longer sustain them, and then falling in torrents sometimes upon a single spot or a narrow district, and sometimes spreading over the whole lake. It is not uncommon to see a storm a few miles from us with perfect distinctness, enveloping other places in darkness, and seeming to overwhelm them with a deluge, while we enjoy a clear sunshine, and only see the lightning and hear the thunder which are bursting upon the heads of others.—At other times, we are enveloped in the storm, while we see other spots illuminated with the bright rays of the sun. There is much indeed to recall and illustrate the imagery of the scriptures. When we see the mountain tops enveloped in thick clouds and a thick canopy, sometimes seeming to shut out heaven from us—we cannot but think of the passage ‘Clouds and darkness are round about him’—and still add with joy—‘justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne.’ When we see illuminated spots we are reminded of the ‘light shining out of darkness,’ and when the sun itself is concealed from our view, we often see this cheering evidence that it *still shines brightly* and is only hidden by a temporary veil. The rainbow of peace which often spans the mountain and flood, is another token of Divine faithfulness which has cheered my heart after the storm was overpast—or when its last thunders were rolling away. There is indeed enough *every where* in nature to warm and cheer a Christian heart if our eyes were but open to it by education and habit; but we feel our present residence peculiarly favored in this respect.

To a person not familiar with a country of vines the vineyards present striking illustrations of passages of scripture whose force at least, is not otherwise felt. The vine flourishes almost exclusively here in a dry, gravelly, or stony soil, on the side of hills where it receives the full force of the sun’s rays and is sheltered in some degree from the cold winds, in short it is

precisely in those spots which we should abandon as wastes—and in which, in New England, scarcely any thing but the mul-
 len would flourish. The roots of the vine in the spring are
 remarkably crooked, deformed, and withered in appearance,
 and seem to promise any thing but life and beauty, and fruit.—
 It is difficult for one familiar with scripture to see them with-
 out recalling, with peculiar interest, Isaiah liii. 2. ‘He shall
 grow up as a root out of dry ground. He hath no form nor
 comeliness, and when we shall see him there is no beauty that
 we should desire him.’ Yet this shapeless root at the approach
 of spring buds and sends forth beautiful branches.—In the lan-
 guage of the country of vines the root is designated by a name
 for which our language perhaps has no strictly corresponding
 term—but which is referred to in the parable of our Savior—
 and which may perhaps be rendered ‘vine stock.’ The abso-
 lute separation and distinction of the *vine stock*, which remains
 the same from year to year, and the *shoots* or *branches*, which
 are put off and renewed every year gives new interest to the
 comparison.—As soon as the shoots have gained sufficient
 height to show which of them are capable of being fruitful and
 which will furnish most leaves, the process of pruning com-
 mences—and the unfruitful are ‘cut off and withered.’ The
 fruitful branches are carefully fastened to a stake which supports
 them against the wind and the storm; but the *vine dresser*,
 (‘husbandman’) is required to watch, and tend, and prune,
 (‘purge them’) of their excrescences, from that moment until
 the fruit is ripened, ‘that they may bring forth more fruit’ in-
 stead of pushing forth their vigor into new shoots and leaves—
 The unfruitful or withered branches are gathered into bundles
 and preserved for fuel. I need not say how much interest the
 view of all this adds to the xv. John, and other passages where
 the vine is employed to illustrate sacred truth.’

For the Religious Magazine.

THE FIRESIDE.

TRUE AND FALSE KINDNESS.

‘SISTER CATHARINE,’ said should not wear your stout calf-
 Alice W., as she entered her skin shoes again. Will you let
 sister’s chamber, ‘I remem- me give them to a poor little
 ber you said the other day, you girl at the door. She looks

thin and pale, and must be very cold this morning without shoes.' 'Do not speak to me now Alice, I do not know where the shoes are, and I am so much interested in this beautiful story that I cannot look for them.' 'Can you not find the shoes now and read the book another time,' said Alice, as she stood beside her sister's chair; but as she looked up in her face, she saw her thoughts and feelings were far from the little child of want; and that it would be in vain to say more to her. 'I do not love to tell her no,' thought Alice, as she closed her sister's door, 'yet what can I do?' At this moment she thought of a little treasure she had long been collecting. A pile of bright shining silver pieces, amounting in all to a dollar and a half. Her resolution was soon formed, and tying on her bonnet, she took the little girl by the hand, and led her to a shoe store at the corner of the street, and selecting a strong well made pair, she placed them in the hands of the little girl. A smile lit the pale countenance of the child, and her heart felt, 'thank you Miss W.' resounded again and again in Alice's ears as she retraced her steps to her home.

The 'beautiful tale' was finished before Catharine rose from her chair, and she then seated herself at her writing table

and placed a fair gilt edged sheet before her. Upon this she wrote, in a fine graceful hand, a few lines, and enclosing within the paper a costly ring, she directed it to a wealthy young friend whose acquaintance she was desirous of cultivating.

The afflicted mother of the little girl was yet engaged in her daily toils, although the sun had almost set, as her child entered the room. 'Oh mother, mother!' she exclaimed, 'see what Miss W. has given me: now I shall not be sick so often, and can go out when it rains. Are they not beautiful shoes?' A tear fell upon the cheek of the mother as she saw the gift, and raising her eyes, she thanked her heavenly Father, and prayed for blessings to descend on her who had been so kind to them. The next morning as Alice, from her window saw the little girl pass proud and happy, she felt a deep thrill of joy in her heart.

Catharine's gift was received by her young friend from the hands of a servant. She read the note with cold indifference and then looked for a moment upon the ring. 'It is rather a pretty one,' said she, and placing it upon an already profusely jewelled finger, the giver and the gift were alike forgotten.

For the Religious Magazine.

I KNOW I AM RIGHT.

I HAD been staying at the house of a friend for a few days, and one afternoon as I was entering the parlor, the first words that met my ear were *I know I am right* Mary,' I glanced at the countenance of the one who was speaking. She was a very bright girl of about twelve. She was pretty too—but now her face was suffused with the glow of anger, her eyes were flashing with excitement and her whole manner presented an air of defiance to the one with whom she was speaking. I waited anxiously for the reply, nor did I wait long. 'Well, Susan,' said Mary, 'you may be right, but I thought I heard father say that yesterday was the twenty-fifth; but it is no matter which of us is right, father will tell us when he comes home.' 'Well, but can't you believe me when I tell you that I have looked in the almanac, and it says that to-day is the twenty-fifth,' and she repeated her former asseveration, 'I know I am right.' 'Well, please don't talk to me any more now Susan for I can't study if you do.' Susan walked slowly out of the room saying, 'I guess you have just remembered your lesson, you have a very convenient memory certainly.' It was a hard speech for a sister to make, and

I looked to see what effect it had had—I saw her hastily wipe away a tear, and it seemed as though a sadder expression shaded her pensive countenance—I would have given much to know what were her feelings then, but she was extremely diffident—and her mother alone was permitted to be the confident of her sorrows.

A few moments after Susan left the room I was called by her mother, and I did not meet either of the girls until tea-time. One glance at Susan however was sufficient to tell me that the disputed point had not yet been decided. Mary seemed to have quite forgotten the affair, until she met Susan's eye when it was recalled to her recollection. We were soon seated at the table, when Susan said eagerly, 'Father is not to-day the twenty-fifth?' 'The twenty-fifth?' said he, 'let me think a moment. No—don't you remember my telling you yesterday at breakfast, that it was the twenty-fifth, just two years from the day we first saw Niagara? I thought you would remember.'—Never was the appearance of a countenance more suddenly changed. I saw the deep blush of shame and mortification—She did not dare to meet Mary's eye for she dreaded the triumphant glance which she

knew too well that she should have assumed had she been right. I however turned my eyes instantly upon Mary.—There was on her countenance no expression of gratified pride. It seemed rather sorrow for Susan's mortification.—Her father looked at her calmly, but said nothing—he knew her failing but thought the present circumstances might produce as great an effect as if aided by any thing that he might say.—There was nothing spoken for a few moments, when Susan broke the silence by saying,—‘Well, the almanac was wrong then, I know.’ ‘Go and get it,’ said her father. She went with rapid step and brought the book with her finger on the date. Her father looked at it a moment, then turned to the title page, and showed the date of the book. She had taken the last year's almanac. I shall not soon forget her look as she took the book from her father's hand, and returned it to its place. There were very many feelings mingled there. I went away from my friend's house early the next morning. I have never seen Susan since, but I have heard that now she never says, ‘I know I am right.’

A few days after this, while I was walking in the streets of a large and crowded city, I was detained a moment on the side walk, waiting until several carriages should have passed.—

Two young ladies were like myself detained.—They were carrying on an animated conversation, and I unavoidably heard a part of it. The first words that I chanced to hear were, ‘I know I am right Jane.’—‘Poor thing!’ thought I, ‘you have a hard lesson yet to learn,’ but again the voice sounded in my ear low and gentle, and I hesitated. The carriages had by this time passed, but I followed the young ladies, no longer an unwilling listener. ‘Emily,’ said the elder of the two, ‘now do go with us to night. You may not have so good a chance of going to the concert again, and Mrs. Wood is going out of town to-morrow. I don't believe, but that your father would be perfectly willing you should go, were he at home.’ ‘I think perhaps he would be,’ said Emily, ‘but I do not feel certain about it. I do not feel quite sure that I should do right to go—and if I stay at home, though I may lose much pleasure, yet, Jane, ‘I shall know I am right.’ ‘Well, but I don't see that there would be wrong in going to night. You say your father would let you were he at home. I don't think the concert would hurt you any more without your father than with him. Why can't you go?’ ‘I think I have told you all my reasons before, Jane, but if you wish I can tell them again. I am not sure whether the pieces

are such as father would approve of my hearing. I do not know whether he would be willing that I should join the proposed party. Now, are not these good reasons, Jane? Besides I think it would be *wrong* for me to go without feeling sure that it would be *right*.' 'That may all be very well to say, but I think you will be sorry if you don't go. I am sure I should go were I in your place.' 'I doubt whether you would Jane, for you would love my dear father far too well, to do any thing which you thought might displease him and'—Here she stopped, and I thought she would have referred to a higher, a nobler duty, but something restrained her. 'Then you won't go' said Jane. 'No, you know what I have said.' 'Well, good morning, I hope you will not repent being so fastidious.' 'I am not at all afraid, good bye.' Here they parted. As Emily turned round with her last words, I recognized her as the daughter of an intimate friend of mine, and then determined that when her father returned I would ask what would have been his decision respecting Emily's invitation to the concert.—I called on him the next day, and fortunately found that he had just returned. After some conversation I spoke of his daughter, of the concert, and the dialogue which I had overheard. 'Emily,' said he, & mentioned it very soon after I returned. I was very glad that she did not yield to the solicitations of her companions. I told her sometime since, I was willing that she should go to the concert once, and although the pieces last night were unobjectionable, and though I should have given her permission to join the party, yet I was re-joiced to learn that she had strength of mind to do what she *knew* was right.' E.

• From the Vermont Chronicle

THE RENEWED MISSION.

Extract from Elijah the Tishbite. By F. W. Krummacher, D.D., of Elberfeld, in Prussia. Translated from the German.

'THERE was, some years ago, not far from this place, a very gifted preacher, who for several years preached, with great earnestness and success, the doctrine of the cross; but who, on that very account, was violently opposed. One of his opponents, a well informed person, who had for a long time ab-

sented himself from the church, thought, one Sunday morning, that he would go and hear the gloomy man once more, to see whether his preaching might be more tolerable to him than it had been heretofore. He went; and that morning the preacher was speaking of the narrow way, which he did not make either narrower or broader than the word of God describes it. 'A new creature in Christ, or eternal condemnation,' was the theme of his discourse; and he spoke with power, and not as a mere learned reasoner. During the sermon, the question forced itself upon his hearer's conscience. 'How is it with myself? Does this man declare the real truth? If he does, what must inevitably follow from it?' This thought took such a hold upon him, that he could not get rid of it, amidst any of his engagements or amusements. But it became from day to day more and more troublesome; more and more penetrating; and threatened to embitter every joy of his life; so at last, he thought he would go to the preacher himself, and ask him, upon his conscience, if he were convinced of the truth of that which he had lately preached. He fulfilled this intention, and went to the preacher. 'Sir,' said he to him with great earnestness, 'I was one of your hearers when you spoke a short time since, of the only way of salvation. I confess to you that you have disturbed my peace of mind, and I cannot refrain from asking you solemnly before God, and upon your conscience, if you can prove what you asserted, or whether it was an unfounded alarm?' The preacher, not a little surprised at this address, replied with convincing certainty, that he had spoken the word of God, and consequently, infallible truth. 'What then is to become of us?' replied the visitor. His last word, *us*, startled the preacher; but he rallied his thoughts, and began to explain the plan of salvation to the inquirer, and to exhort him to repent and believe. But the latter, as though he had not heard one syllable of what the preacher said, interrupted him in the midst of it, and repeated with increasing emotion, the anxious exclamation, 'If it be truth, sir, I beseech you, what are we to do?' Terrified, the preacher staggers back. 'We,' thinks he, 'what means this *we*?' and endeavoring to stifle his inward uneasiness and embarrassment, he resumed his exhortations and advice. Tears came into the eyes of the visitor; he smote his hands together like one in despair, and exclaimed in accents which might have touched a heart of stone, 'Sir, if it be truth, we are lost and undone!' The preacher stood pale, trembling and speechless. Then overwhelmed with

astonishment, with downcast eyes, and convulsive sobbings, he exclaimed, 'Friend, down on your knees! let us pray and cry for mercy!' They knelt down and prayed, and shortly afterwards the visitor took his leave. The preacher shut himself up in his closet. Next Sunday, word was sent that the minister was unwell and could not appear. The same thing happened the Sunday following. On the third Sunday the preacher made his appearance before his congregation, worn with his inward conflict, and pale, but his eyes beaming with joy; and commencing his discourse with the surprising and affecting declaration, that he had now, for the first time, passed through the strait gate. You will ask what had occurred to him in his chamber during the interval which had elapsed. A storm passed over before him—but the Lord was not in the storm; an earthquake—but the Lord was not in the earthquake; a fire—but the Lord was not in the fire. Then came a still, small voice; on which the man enveloped his face in his mantle, and from that time knew what was the gospel and what was grace.'

LITERARY NOTICES.

AN ADDRESS TO THE ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE MEDICAL SOCIETY OF CONNECTICUT, convened at Hartford, May 10, 1837. By Thomas Miner, M. D. President of the Society. New Haven, 1837. 8vo. pp. 12.

This Address contains an interesting and instructive sketch of the progress of the Medical Society of Connecticut, and of its influence upon the medical profession of that State. It appears that previously to the organization of this society in 1792, the profession, except in the county of New Haven, where the physicians had been for some years associated, was at a very low ebb. Since that time it has rapidly risen in respectability, and has now attained an eminence, probably not surpassed by that of any other similar body in this country.

The tendency to encourage quackery is generally found to be in a great degree, proportioned to the ignorance and consequent gullibility of the people. There are many things, however, which conspire to cherish this tendency. Almost all the patients, whether of quacks or regular physicians, are sure to recover from the diseases with which they are visited, provided the efforts of nature be not counteracted. In such cases, what is due to the restorative powers of nature, is often successfully claimed as the effect of medicine. In cities also, the large fees exacted by regular physicians in high standing, is probably

the principal motive with many, for resorting to irregular practitioners and to the use of patent medicines. There are few who would not prefer the prescriptions of eminent physicians to those of illiterate and vulgar quacks, were not their will determined by the pecuniary motive. It is well remarked by Dr. Miner, that "No body of men among us, not even excepting the ministers of the gospel, do so much by way of charity, and relieve so much distress gratuitously, as the physicians." But notwithstanding this liberality to the poor, there is still a large class of men in moderate circumstances, who find that the utmost efforts of a life of industry are insufficient to defray the expenses of sickness, and who are hence led to encourage quackery in order to save themselves from pecuniary ruin. It is true that in this respect they often make a bad bargain, and find their quack-medicines, neither so cheap nor so safe as they had been led to expect. It would, perhaps, be an improvement upon the present system, if the public were to employ, especially in our cities, such a number of skilful physicians and surgeons as the wants of the destitute poor require, and the rest of the profession were to proportion their charges, not to the supposed wealth of the patient, but to the real value of the time and labor which they bestow. Nothing would have so direct a tendency to prevent quackery as to fill the profession with men of eminent attainments who are willing to serve the public for a fair compensation.

THE SAVINGS' BANK, AND OTHER STORIES: illustrating true Independence and Domestic Economy. Translated from the French. By a Lady. Part IV. Stories from Real Life. New York: S. Colman. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837. 18mo. pp. 139.

The object of these stories, like that of those which have preceded them in the same series, is to recommend the practice of industry and economy, and all the other virtues of common life. As they were written in France, their scene is laid there, and they appear in most respects to be better adapted to that state of society which exists among the French, than to the manners and habits of Americans. Even the morality of most French writers is of a character which it is unsafe for the people of this country to imitate. It has no reference to the revealed will of God, or the love of a Redeemer, but is founded solely upon worldly considerations. Could we catch something of the buoyancy of spirits, and of the light hearted and cheerful gaiety by which the common people, and especially the peasantry of France are distinguished, we should probably be benefited by it, but this is perhaps not very likely to be the result of an intimate acquaintance with the writers of that country. The danger is, that without improving our manners, we shall insensibly lower our standard of morality. We shall look in vain, even in the stories before us, for any thing like the piety or Christian morality of New England.

We perceive that Part 5th of 'Stories from Real Life,' is to close the series, and that this is now preparing. We hope that the scene will be laid on this side the Atlantic, and that its morality will be of a character becoming the children of the pilgrims.

KEY TO THE REVELATION. In thirty-eight Lectures, taking the whole book in course. By Ethan Smith. Second edition. Boston: Whipple and Damrell, 1837. 12mo. pp. 396.

It is well remarked by the author of this work, that 'Our Savior assures us at the introduction of the book of Revelations, that, 'Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein.' No one, in a Protestant country, will suppose that the mere reading or hearing the words of this, or of any other book, will be attended with a blessing, irrespective of understanding and practising its truths. For this reason it seems not less a privilege than a duty for the friends of Christ to study with care this last revelation of their ascended Lord, this last legacy of the glorified Redeemer. That to a great extent the church is failing, by its own neglect, of obtaining this blessing, is sufficiently obvious to all; and she is therefore under great obligations to those who succeed in any degree, in enlightening her respecting the hidden meaning of this inspired book.

The general neglect of the study of prophecy, by which the Christian world is at the present day so unhappily distinguished, may be in some degree attributed to the ill success which has attended so many of the commentators who have undertaken the elucidation of this subject. In too many cases their works have but served to 'add,' as our author expresses it, 'to the many wrecks which line the shores of the apocalyptic sea.' But although in the prophecies, as in the other scriptures, there are some things hard to be understood, and such as may long exercise the sagacity of critics and commentators, there is evidently much instruction which lies upon the surface, and is level to the comprehension of all. The great truth that in all the commotions which take place in the world the Redeemer still protects the interests of his church, will finally save her from all her enemies, and will advance her glory till it shall fill the whole earth. It is one which shines forth on every page of prophecy, and should be studied as the best antidote to worldly mindedness and despondency.

We have not had time for a full examination of the views of our author, which we perceive to be in some points peculiar, and especially so in the prominent part assigned by him to the American church in connection with the train of prophetic events. We have however, read enough to satisfy us that his views are entitled to the most respectful attention on the part of such as are desirous of arriving at the true import of the book of prophecy. The rapid sale of the first edition of the work, notwithstanding the general neglect of such studies, is evidence of the high estimation in which it has been held by the Christian church in this country, and it is moreover recommended to our attention by many of the most distinguished divines in the northern and middle states.

LETTERS TO YOUNG MEN PREPARING FOR THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY. By William Coggswell, D.D., Secretary of the American Education Society. Boston: Perkins and Marvin. 1837. 18mo. pp. 236.

From the preface to this volume, we learn that the 'Letters,' of which it is composed, were originally written expressly, and only for the benefit of those individuals, whom the author was called upon to address, in consequence of his official relation to the Education Society. Such a book, composed by one so conversant as is the author with the situation, trials, and dangers of young men while pursuing their education for the Gospel ministry, stands in need of no recommendation of ours to insure a ready welcome from those for whose benefit it is intended. A diligent perusal of it will, we doubt not, be the means of preserving the health and promoting the intellectual, moral, and religious improvement of thousands of young men engaged in study in the various seminaries of this country. An extract from this volume is inserted at pages 458 to 462, in the present number of the Magazine.

POEMS BY WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1837. 12mo. pp. 134.

From a short advertisement prefixed to this volume, we learn that its author is a young man, and that these poems, the results of his leisure at College, are published by way of experiment. In a hasty perusal we have noticed many passages indicative of poetical genius, of deep and tender feeling, and of habits of calm and serious contemplation. The author is a professed admirer of Coleridge, but appears to us to succeed best when he trusts to his own genius. The following passage descriptive of the day of judgment is from a poem entitled *Thanatos*.

The time will come—aye! it is hast'ning on
With most gigantic strides, when men shall rouse
From their dark sleep of shame, scared by the shocks
Of the convulsed Universe. The sun,
The golden sun, shall darken in mid-heaven!
The earth shall reel! the terror-stricken moon
Shall fly affrighted like some guilty thing
Aghast! while all the planetary world,
The laws annull'd which erst directed them,
Leaving their orbs, shall, with eccentric march,
Dash rude against each other—dire confusion,
And uproar wild, proclaiming the great day,
The day of wrath is come! O, how the soul—
The sin-gorg'd soul, shall tremble at the sound,
And certainty, that judgment has, at last,
And dreadful fear o'ertaken it; while with eyes
Dismay'd at the dread brightness, it surveys
The Savior's glorious advent, to convey
The ransom'd home! O, how the frighten'd fool
Who dared irreverent smother his Maker's name,
Shall tremble too! How shall the satten'd wretch—
The wretch who fattened on the widow's tears,
And orphan's cries! How shall the bloated priest,

Whe merged in avarice his love to God,
 And love of souls, and dared to starve his flock
 To glut himself ! The man who steep'd his hands
 In blood, and bathed them in his brother's heart,
 To feed his greediness ? Or he who wound,
 With purpose most accurs'd and heart of hell,
 His wiles around the flower of innocence,
 And snapp'd its stem ! What fearful terrors now
 Shall grasp their souls, when the loud curse of God
 Shall fall upon them, like the direful shocks
 Of thrice ten thousand thunderbolts !

The following from a poem entitled ' Other Days,' is a favorable specimen
 of the author's style, both in respect of thought and diction.

How many years have passed, since here
 Upon this bald rock's crest,
 I lay, and watched the shadows clear
 Upon the lake's blue breast,—
 Since here, in many a poet dream,
 I lay and heard the eagle scream ?

The seasons have led round the year
 Many and many a time,
 And other hands have gather'd here
 The young flowers of the clime,
 The which I wove, with thoughts of joy,
 About my brows, a poet boy.

And there were voices too ' lang syne,'
 I think I hear them yet ;
 And eyes that loved to look on mine
 I shall not soon forget ;
 And hearts that felt for me before—
 Alas, alas, they'll feel no more.

I call them by remember'd names,
 And weep when I have done ;
 The one, the yawning ocean claims,
 The distant church yard, one ;
 I call—the wood takes up the tone,
 And only gives me back my own.

Still, from the lake, swell up these walls
 Fronting the morning's sheen ;
 And still their storm stained capitals
 Preserve their lichens green ;
 And still upon the ledge, I view
 The gentian's eye of stainless blue.

And far along in funeral lines,
 Sheer to the higher grounds,
 Touch'd by the finger of the winds,
 The pines give out their sounds ;
 And far below, the waters lie
 Quietly looking to the sky.

And still, a vale of softest green
 Th' embracing prospect fills ;
 And still the river winds between
 The parting of the hills ;
 The sky still blue, the flowers still found,
 Just bursting from the moist spring ground.

So was it many years ago
 As on this spot I stood,
 And heard the waters lave below
 The edges of the wood,
 And thought, while music fill'd the air,
 The fairies held their revel there.

A young poet can scarcely be too cautious in coming before the public. If he possesses genius and is destined to be distinguished in future days as an eminent writer, it is scarcely possible that he will not ultimately regret his premature publications. In the present case, though there is much to admire, there is much also which the talents of the author would have led him to improve, had the poems remained longer in his hands, and been subjected to a severer process of erasure and correction.

A TREATISE ON ASTRONOMY, illustrated with Plates. By Mrs. L. H. Tyler. Middletown. 1837. 18mo. pp. 238.

The object of the author, as appears from the introduction, is 'to present the elements of Astronomy in a plain, familiar form ; avoiding on the one hand, extensive and minute details which might tend to confuse and embarrass the young student, and on the other, the fault (common in elementary treatises of this kind,) of epitomizing, so as to convey to him no clear and precise information.'

The work is highly recommended by Professor Smith of the Wesleyan University, who remarks that 'it is not a mere compilation, but bears throughout the impress of the author's own mind. It takes a wider range than is usual with elementary works of this class, embracing discussions of some of the more difficult branches of Physical Astronomy.'

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AND
FAMILY MISCELLANY.

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[No. XI.

AFRICA.

Of the continent of Africa, with the exception of a few points along the northern coast, and in the neighborhood of the Cape of Good Hope, little is generally known even by persons of the best information, either in Europe or America. In most minds it is associated with burning sands, and dismal swamps, the former inhabited by lions and jackalls, with here and there a troop of elephants or a solitary rhinoceros, the latter covered with the poisonous mangrove, and filled with serpents and crocodiles, while the air is infested with myriads of tormenting insects, and loaded with deadly exhalations.

Among the prominent causes of the prevailing ignorance on this subject is the obvious and well known fact, that much of the interior, and no inconsiderable portion of the coast, have never been fully explored, or if explored, have not been described. But this is not the only cause. No description of a country can convey an adequate impression respecting it to a mind wholly ignorant of the very elements which compose its scenery. Who that has never stood in a sandy desert, can form an adequate idea of the scene which is presented to the traveler where the whole horizon brings to view not even one solitary tree or shrub, or humbler plant; not one spot of green on which the eye can rest, when scorched by the intense brightness of the burning sand; not one drop of water to elicit vegetation or to quench his ceaseless thirst? Scarcely less is the difficulty with which the traveler meets, when essaying to describe the more fertile regions of a country, whose features are all unlike the scenes with which his readers are familiar. How shall he convey to the inhabitant of a northern region an impression of the teeming luxuriance of a tropical climate, or of the majesty of those mighty rivers which flow through forests composed of unknown genera of trees, and tenanted by animals such as his reader has never seen? Under all these disadvantages however, the narratives of African travelers have been read with eagerness, and though little may be known respecting the geography, and still less respecting the inhabitants of the interior of that great continent, it is not, we believe, from any want of interest in the subject.

Within a few months past our attention has been often called to narratives of exploring expeditions upon the western coast of Africa, in the region bordering upon the American colonies. We have been filled with admiration at the accounts which we have seen of the surpassing beauty and amazing fertility of the high lands lying upon the east of those colonies, and have been impressed with the conviction that the time must be near, when those lands will be pur-

chased with an avidity strangely contrasted with the present apathy of the civilized world respecting them. It is indeed within our knowledge that, but a few months since, the formation of a company in this country was seriously projected, the object of which was to secure a large tract of land in the neighborhood of the colonies, for the purpose of cultivating cotton and other tropical productions. The present check to commercial enterprise may cause the postponement of this project, but we have no doubt that it will revive, and that the day is not distant, when it will be more difficult to prevent intelligent colored men from emigrating to that country, than it now is to induce them to go.

The following sketch is taken from the *Colonization Herald*, published in Philadelphia, and was written, as we conclude from his initials, by Thomas Buchanan, Esq. late governor of the colony at Bassa Cove. Ed.

' **THE Coast of Liberia** generally presents a low and flat appearance, which would be monotonous and uninteresting were it not for the rich and various verdure with which it is clothed, even down to the white sands of the beach. The lofty hills too, stretching along in a line parallel with the coast, and but a few miles distant, afford a back ground of great prominence and beauty. To one sailing along from Mesurado to Cape Palmas the view of the shore from the low line of green, skirting the edge of the water, to the elevated and irregular blue banks which rise and swell away in the distance, is highly picturesque. The waving foliage of the trees, the verdant earth, and the many hued flowers, give to the scene an air of refreshing coolness, that under the rays of a tropical sun is peculiarly grateful to the feelings.

At different points along the coast, there are prominent headlands extending out into the sea, and breaking the general regularity of surface. Some of these are of considerable elevation. Cape Mount, situated about thirty miles north-west of the St. Paul's river, is the most conspicuous. Its summit is eight hundred feet above the sea, and the whole mountain is distinguished for the regularity of its form and the beauty of its verdure.

Capes Mesurado and Palmas, situated at nearly opposite extremities of the colony, are the next in point of elevation, the former being about six hundred feet high, and the latter about two hundred feet.

Besides these, there are several less elevated points of considerable prominence, such as little Cape Mount, and Tabacconee and Sinou hills.

The country is well watered by numerous fine streams, flowing from the hills, and spreading in different directions over the low land in their way to the ocean. The largest of these are the St. Paul's, which forms the north-western boundary of the

colony, the St. John's, which discharges its waters at Bassa Cove, sixty-five miles distant, and the Cavally which forms the south-eastern boundary of the colony, ten or twelve miles below Cape Palmas, and about two hundred and forty miles from the St. John's. These are broad and noble rivers, navigable, for small vessels, some distance from their mouths, whose sources lie beyond the utmost limits of our excursions inland, up among the distant mountains, or, as the natives tell us, in the great plains east of the mountains, far away in "the long bush."

The soil in the immediate vicinity of the coast is for the most part sandy, but occasionally, about the mouths of rivers, is found a considerable quantity of alluvium, which has been brought down by the force of the stream from the rich lands above, and deposited on its banks. In such cases, where the banks are so low as to be overflowed by the tide, a rank growth of mangrove takes place, from which an exhalation of unpleasant odor arises quite injurious to health. These narrow river-borders of mud and mangrove, confined by the nature of things to very limited bounds, and easily cleared and made dry, are the only realities, as far as my knowledge extends, of the graphic pictures so often drawn of extensive swamps covering the whole face of the country, and loading the atmosphere every where with disease and death—tangled jungles wholly irreclaimable, and insurmountable barriers to the settlement of the country.

As we recede from the beach, the low sandy surface of the country gives place to the swelling undulations of a more elevated region, with a soil of inexhaustible richness and covered with the greatest variety of trees, shrubs and flowers. The luxuriance of vegetation, the salubrity of atmosphere, and the purity of the water combine to render this portion of the country a most delightful residence. The scenery is romantic and full of interest. The broad river sweeping in silent grandeur through the unbroken forest of a thousand years, its bright waves gleaming in the sunshine, or reflecting the sylvan imagery of its thickly covered banks, the clear blue sky above, unclouded and serene, and the spring-like freshness which clothes the landscape with perennial bloom, inspire the beholder, even the coldest, with feelings of delightful enthusiasm.

The climate of Liberia is so admirably adapted to the growth of vegetation, that very little labor is requisite to ensure the most abundant returns to the agriculturist. Though there is a

great difference in the quality of the soils of the coast and uplands, yet the poorest is highly productive, as the gardens of some of the villages abundantly prove, where, though immediately along the beach, are seen at every season of the year the finest crops of their various productions.

No where has nature been more lavish in the distribution of her bounties, than in this highly favored country. Vegetation in all its variety of form continues unchecked throughout the year, and a regular and rapid succession of crops fills up the circle of the seasons. In the mineral too, as well as the vegetable kingdom, are found abundant provisions for the wants of man. The hand of civilization alone is needed to develope her latent resources, and employ them for the improvement of her vast population.

T. B.'

From the Sabbath School Visiter.

'BOSTON LIGHT.'

A FEW weeks since, a steamboat left Portland late at night for Boston. The passage is usually made in less than twelve hours. There are only two or three points of land visible, by which to know just where the boat may be at any given time; and it is always desirable to see them when they are passed. In the night they are revealed by light-houses. But the captain of the boat has made the passage so often, and has so good a chart of the coast, that he knows just which way Boston lies from Portland, and he just sets his boat towards the former city, and as he knows about how fast she will go, he makes his calculations when he shall see Boston. He notices the light-houses on his right—but the particular one he is glad to see is 'Boston Light'—then he seems to know he is safe, for he is near the harbor.

On this passage a fog came on, and the wind also blew, so that, although the boat 'laid her course,' yet we saw no lights, nor head-land. We sailed about twelve hours, and concluded that, unless we had been drifted by the wind, we were somewhere near Boston light; but so dense was the fog, that no object could be seen distant more than two or three rods. Where we were no one knew. The first object was to see if we could find bottom, and of what kind it was—then to sail a few rods and sound again—and so feel our way along to ascer-

tain which way the water was shallow and which way deep. The next thing was to make a noise, to see if there was any body to answer. The bell was rung, but no reply ; the whistling steam brought no answer. The order was given to 'stand by the gun.' A small cannon—for a thoughtful master of a ship always goes well provided with everything that can be a means of safety—a small cannon was quickly loaded and spoke with a smart report. This was the last resort, as, if it was not returned in kind, we were no where near Boston light, for the government have considerably provided a cannon at the light-house, on purpose to reply to guns at sea, that people who travel by sea may have every means of making speedy and successful voyages. It may well be supposed that the preparation for firing a gun—a *signal of distress*—sent a thrill of fear and anxiety through every breast. The gun spoke sharply and loudly, and a breathless silence pervaded every part of the vessel. Long did we listen—every ear was erect to catch some sound—but nothing came, till at last we heard a horn. The bell was rung ; the horn replied. It was a grateful sound, but it soon died away. It was evident it came from a vessel that was passing not far from us. Generous, kind-hearted sailor ! when didst thou ever see a fellow-being in distress and not do what thou couldst to relieve him ! Admirable illustration of the 'golden rule.' But it was all thou couldst do. We were left to the surmise that we were out at sea. 'Stand by the gun,' was again and again repeated, but no gun replied. At last another horn was heard ; it approached nearer and nearer ; our machinery was put in motion, and we soon descried a sail : we fell partly in her wake, and our captain, taking his trumpet, spoke, 'schooner ahoy !' 'Aye, aye,' was the prompt and professional reply. 'Can you tell me where away lies Boston light ?' 'About west.' 'Have you seen it this morning ?' 'Aye, aye.' 'How far is it distant ?' 'About three miles.' 'Thank you.' A bow and a touch of the hat by the master of the schooner concluded this truly sublime as well as polite and affecting dialogue. The effect on every passenger was like removing a load from the back. Anxiety was gone ; we knew where we were, and that we were almost home. One hour more of pleasant sail, brought us to the wharf, and we were soon walking the streets of Boston, and enjoying the society of our friends.

This little narrative has a moral which, no doubt, every thoughtful passenger improved.

Human life is a voyage. It is seldom pleasant and prosperous all the way; but it may be a safe one, and happy in the issue, if we put ourselves under competent directors, and if we study our chart and keep a good reckoning. There may be many dark nights, and many thick, foggy mornings; but, if we keep a look out, we can sometimes see head lands and light-houses. Above all we must keep our eye on the desired haven, and if we do not see indications of it, when we think we ought to, we must *make a noise* that can be heard. For some reason our gun was not heard. It was a pretty, polished, little brass piece, and it spoke right smartly; but what was its voice amid the 'voice of many waters,' foaming and dashing on the rocks. Had it been heard at the light-house, what a sound would have been sent back by that long, heavy, iron, government gun! There is no mistake or doubt when that speaks.

Reader! have you laid your course for heaven? How are you getting along on your voyage? Consult your chart. The Bible tells you all the shoals and rocks and bad harbors. It has all the light-houses laid down. There are the deceitful quick-sands of bad principles, which will all sail you if you cast anchor in them. There are the sunken rocks of bad habits, on which you may dash and split. There are the inviting bays and rivers of worldly pleasure, where you are almost sure to get aground. Just mind the chart and keep clear of them. And if heaven is not clearly seen by faith, cry unto God in prayer, till he hear and answer. Or if, perchance, a christian voyager fall in your way, speak to him. Ask him which way heaven bears from a poor mariner, and whether he has had a view of it of late. He will tell you honestly. Then steer for it, and soon you will be fast moored on its peaceful shores, and be walking its golden streets, and rejoicing with its happy inhabitants, the redeemed from every nation and kindred and tongue.

H.'

For the Religious Magazine.

THE SABBATH.

**THE Sabbath—the Sabbath—the bright day of rest,
'Tis the day which of seven Jehovah hath blest ;
Its dawning comes up o'er the shadowy sky,
While the smile of His presence descends from on high.**

**The stillness—the stillness—which dwells on the air,
As the wide realm of nature seeks heaven in prayer ;
That prayer shall bear onward to Heaven's dread throne,
Its acceptance the bright smile of Godhead shall own.**

**The glory—the glory—which swells on the breeze,
While the sun on the Sabbath looks up from the seas ;
That sun shall go down ere the falling of night,
From souls just awake to redemption and light.**

**How sweetly—how sweetly—floats over the dells,
The glad, sacred peal of the church-going bells,
And touches a chord in the heart of each saint,
Which shall pierce the high heavens in humble complaint.**

**How holy—how holy—the courts of the Lord,
Where the worshipper lives 'neath the voice of His word,
Where the anthem wings praises beyond the blue sky,
And the incense of prayer seeks the presence on high.**

**How stilly—how stilly—from hamlet and vale,
Is that low, cottage music borne on by the gale ;
That sunset hymn tells that the Sabbath is gone,
And laments with soft murmur the sacred hours flown.**

**'Tis over—'tis over—the last ray is spent,
And the record above on Time's pinions is sent.
May the grace which so freely this sabbath has given,
Be our hope, and our guide, all the pathway to heaven.**

**Then ever—then ever—the city of God
Shall be for the ransomed a sabbath abode ;
No sunset hymn there shall the parting hour toll,
Where the light of the Lord is the strength of the soul.**

For the Religious Magazine.

HUMAN NATURE.

'My brethren,' said a bawling field preacher, who had lost the thread of his discourse, and was endeavoring to recover it by continuing his vociferations, 'My brethren, there's a great deal of human nature in man.' The remark, to be sure, had much the air of a truism; but it ought not to be forgotten, that, whatever else may be said of truisms, no one thinks of denying that they are *true*. It is well, also, to remember that common truths, like other common things, are generally more useful than such as require much pains to search them out. It is even so, I apprehend, in the present case. Who has ever doubted that human nature is found in man? Truly no one, when the proposition was presented in its simplest form, but thousands have overlooked it in the business of the world, when judging of their own motives and tendencies, and those of others. 'Though you expel nature, pitchfork in hand, she will presently return,' was the well-known declaration of a Roman moralist, and yet how many have imagined that they, with much less formidable weapons, have so dislodged her ladyship that she will never dream of regaining her dominion.

The permanence of habit is one of the strongest principles of our nature. Nobody is so absurd as to deny this, when the naked proposition is presented. He replies, 'Yes, habit is second nature. It can no more be changed than the color of the African's skin.' Yet how many in practice forget this truth! How many are binding upon themselves that chain which Sampson could not break, while they vainly flatter themselves that, somehow, the laws of nature are to be in *their* case suspended! 'I can drink, or I can let it alone,' says the toper, whose bloated countenance and ragged dress show that at least the former proposition is true, though they leave it uncertain whether he has ever tried the latter. Poor man! he has forgotten the fact that 'there is a great deal of human nature in *him*,' though he sees that there is in other men.

'Light come, light go,' says the man of small earnings, when he sees his neighbor become suddenly rich by a lucky speculation. Sober minded men all over the world have concluded that the permanence of property is apt to depend upon the time and labor spent in obtaining it. Yet who is not in haste

to be rich? Who does not believe that *he* could manage property well, even though obtained by speculation or the lottery? And why should he put such confidence in his own ability? Has he not forgotten that what is true of a species is true of the individuals which compose it? in short, has he not forgotten that 'there is a great deal of human nature in man?'

Is there a thinking, reflecting man in the world who does not fully believe that riches generally prove a curse to those who inherit them; that they remove the principal stimulus to exertion, and break down the barriers which oppose the progress of vice? Have we not all seen in so many instances the inefficiency and profligacy of those who were born in wealthy families, and their rapid and sure descent to the level from which their parents sprung, that we have come to regard this as the settled course of affairs in the world? And yet, with all these wrecks around us, and with the proof that not even piety, and the practice of the largest benevolence on the part of their parents, can save the children of the rich from the pernicious, and often fatal, effects of riches, where is the parent who has determined that he will not become rich? Each trusts that his own offspring will be exempt from the common calamity, and that to them riches will prove a real and permanent blessing. Parents, remember your children cannot escape from the conditions of their nature; 'there is a great deal of human nature in man,' and your children, as well as those of others, are subject to all human tendencies.

What a striking resemblance has been observable in the conduct of political parties in every age! To the party in power what can be clearer than that every farthing of the public money is expended with unrivalled economy and with consummate wisdom? Offices are conferred upon none but the most competent, upon those only who deserve and possess, in the highest degree, the public confidence. They know of no usurpations, no unlawful extension of power. Those who have consented to rule would prefer a private station, and are withdrawn from their loved retirement only by the urgent demands of their fellow-citizens, and their own desire of promoting the public good! On the other hand how uniform are the topics of the party in opposition,—the profligacy and corruption of the government, its abuse of power and patronage, the venality of the presses patronized by the administration and the total incompetency or dishonesty of the men in power!

For themselves they wish for office only for the purpose of cleansing the Augean stable, of driving from office men who are enriching themselves at the expense of their country, and of correcting abuses at the sight of which their souls daily sicken. Are either of these parties honest in their professions? Does the office-holder really believe that the administration is faultless, or does the aspirant for office really intend to reform all abuses? Perhaps they are both sincere; but, warned by the history of the past, let the people—the dear people, remember that such professions are not new, and that there is still ‘a great deal of human nature in man.’

When we see a controversial warfare waged relentlessly by two parties of theological doctors, whose metaphysical distinctions none but accomplished theologians even pretend to understand; when we see one party denouncing the other as heretical, and exerting its whole power to destroy their influence and reputation, we cannot but remember that such has been the employment of too large a portion of the professed teachers of religion in every age, and that the dissensions in the church have usually arisen among those who should have been the principal instruments of healing divisions. The pretences for such bitterness in any case appear of little importance, when we remember that there is probably no dogma which has not, at some period, served as the foundation of such a division, and a sufficient occasion for fierce dissension and variance, even to those upon whom a solemn injunction is laid by the highest authority in earth or in heaven, to love one another. Zeal for the honor and service of God, whom they have not seen, has been the pretence of men in every age for hating their brethren, whom they have seen. There was ‘a great deal of human nature’ in Jehu, when he called upon men to witness his zeal for the Lord of Hosts, while he was driving from one scene of carnage to another; and there is, probably, a very unsuspected amount of the same nature belonging to those in modern times, who imitate his spirit in reviling and casting out their brethren, though they can no longer destroy them by the sword.

These are but specimens of thousands of cases daily occurring in which the truism to which we have referred is applicable. When we hear an ill-bred and awkward man declaiming against the ceremonious manners of polite and polished society, or a poor but proud man decrying wealth, and sneering at its display on the part of his richer neighbors; when we see the

man whose hopes are suspended upon the favor of others, all smiles and complaisance, and the upstart favorite of fortune, who but yesterday found 'none so poor to do him reverence,' strutting in pride and insolence—on all such occasions we are prompted to repeat to ourselves, the adage, 'there's a great deal of human nature in man.'

THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH.

WE insert the following extract from the 'Letter of Dr. Channing to the Hon. Henry Clay, on the annexation of Texas to the United States,' partly for the purpose of showing the *constitutional* bearing of that great question, and partly for the purpose of inviting the attention of our southern readers to the charge, contained in this letter, of a cherished hostility, on the part of the south, against northern men and northern institutions. Whether there is just ground for such a charge, those most familiar with southern men can best determine.

'I now proceed to another important argument against the annexation of Texas to our country, the argument drawn from the bearings of the measure on our National Union. Next to liberty, union is our great political interest, and this cannot but be loosened, it may be dissolved, by the proposed extension of our territory. I will not say that every extension must be pernicious, that our government cannot hold together even our present confederacy, that the central heart cannot send its influences to the remote states which are to spring up within our present borders. Old theories must be cautiously applied to the institutions of this country. If the Federal government will abstain from minute legislation, and rigidly confine itself within constitutional bounds, it may be a bond of union to more extensive communities than were ever comprehended under one sway. Undoubtedly there is peril in extending ourselves, and yet the chief benefit of the Union, which is the preservation of peaceful relations among neighboring states, is so vast, that some risk should be taken to secure it in the greatest possible degree. The objection to the annexation of Texas, drawn from the unwieldiness it would give to the country, though very serious, is not decisive. A far more serious objection is, that it is to be annexed to us for the avowed purpose of multiplying slaveholding states, and thus giving political power. This cannot, ought not to be borne. It will justify, it will at length demand the separation of the states.'

We maintain that this policy is altogether without reason on the part of the South. The South has exerted, and cannot help exerting a disproportionate share of influence on the confederacy. The slaveholding states have already advantages for co-operation and for swaying the country, which the others do not possess. The free states have no great common interest, like slavery, to hold them together. They differ in character, feelings, and pursuits. They agree but on one point, and that a negative one, the absence of slavery, and this distinction, as is well known, makes no lively impression on the consciousness, and in no degree counteracts the influences which divide them from one another. To this may be added the well known fact, that in the free states, the subject of politics is of secondary importance, whilst at the South it is paramount. At the North every man must toil for subsistence, and amidst the feverish competitions and anxieties of the eager and universal pursuit of gain, political power is sought with little comparative avidity. In some districts, it is hard to find fit representatives for Congress, so backward are superior men to forego the emoluments of their vocation, the prospects of independence, for the uncertainties of public life. At the North, too, a vast amount of energy is absorbed in associations of a religious, philanthropic, literary character. The apathy of the free states in regard to Texas, an apathy from which they are just beginning to be roused, is a striking proof of their almost incredible indifference to political power. Perhaps no parallel to it can be found in the history of confederations. What a contrast does the South form with the divided and slumbering North! There, one strong, broad distinction exists, of which all the members of the community have a perpetual consciousness; there, a peculiar element is found, which spreads its influence through the mass, and impresses itself on the whole constitution of society. Slavery is not a superficial distinction. Nothing decides the character of a people more than the form and determination of labor. Hence we find a unity at the South unknown at the North. At the South, too, the proprietors, released from the necessity of labor, and having little of the machinery of associations to engage their attention, devote themselves to politics with a concentration of zeal, which a northern man can only comprehend by residing on the spot. Hence the South has professional politicians, a character hardly known in the free states. The result is plain. The South has generally ruled the country. It must always have an undue power. United, as the North

cannot be, it can always link with itself some discontented portion at the North, which it can liberally reward by the patronage which the possession of the government confers. That the constitutional rights of the South should be prejudiced by the North, is one of those moral impossibilities, against which it is folly to ask security.

We cannot consent, that the South should extend its already disproportionate power by an indefinite extension of territory, because we maintain, that its dispositions towards us give us no pledge, that its power will be well used. It is unhappily too well known, that it wants friendly feelings towards the North. Divided from us by an institution, which gives it a peculiar character, which lays it open to reproach, and which will never suffer it to rival our prosperity, it cannot look on us with favor. It magnifies our faults. It is blind to our virtues. At the North, no unfriendly disposition prevails towards the South. We are too busy and too prosperous for hatred. We complain that our good will is not reciprocated. We complain, that our commerce and manufactures have sometimes found little mercy at the hands of the South. Still more we feel, though we are slow to complain of it, that in Congress, the common ground of the confederacy, we have had to encounter a tone and bearing, which it has required the colder temperament of the North to endure. We cannot consent to take a lower place than we now hold. We cannot consent, that our confederacy should spread over the wilds of Mexico to give us more powerful masters. The old balance of the country is unfavorable enough. We cannot consent, that a new weight should be thrown in, which may fix the political inferiority of ourselves and our posterity. I give you, sir, the feelings of the North. In part they may be prejudices. Jealousies, often groundless, are the necessary fruits of confederations. On that account, measures must not be adopted, disturbing violently, unnaturally, unexpectedly, the old distributions of power, and directly aimed at that result.

In other ways the annexation of Texas is to endanger the Union. It will give new violence and passion to the agitation of the question of slavery. It is well known, that a majority at the North have discouraged the discussion of this topic, on the ground, that slavery was imposed on the South by necessity, that its continuance was not of choice, and that the states in which it subsists, if left to themselves, would find a remedy in their own way. Let slavery be systematically proposed as the

policy of these states, let it bind them together in efforts to establish political power, and a new feeling will burst forth through the whole North. It will be a concentration of moral, religious, political, and patriotic feelings. The fire, now smothered, will blaze out, and of consequence, new jealousies and exasperations will be kindled at the South. Strange that the South should think of securing its "peculiar institutions" by violent means. Its violence necessarily increases the evils it would suppress. For example, by denying the right of petition to those who sought the abolition of slavery within the immediate jurisdiction of the United States, it has awakened a spirit which will overwhelm Congress with petitions, till this right be restored. The annexation of Texas would be a measure of the same injurious character, and would stir up an open uncompromising hostility to slavery, of which we have seen no example, and which would produce a reaction very dangerous to union.

The annexation of Texas will give rise to constitutional questions and conflicts, which cannot be adjusted. It is well-known, that the additions to our territory of Louisiana and Florida were acceded to by the North, though very reluctantly, on account of their obvious utility. But it has been seriously doubted, whether the powers given by the constitution were not in both cases transcended. "At the time Louisiana was acquired, Mr. Jefferson himself was deliberately of opinion, that the treaty-making authority under the constitution of the United States, was incompetent to make such an acquisition from a foreign power, and annex it to the Union, and that an amendment of the constitution would be necessary to sanction it. In a letter to Governor Lincoln he even furnishes the formula of a proposed amendment, for the purpose of admitting Louisiana into the Union; but adds, that the less that is said about the constitutional difficulty, the better. Very little *was* said about it, and there was a general and tacit acquiescence, in consequence of the great and incalculable advantages expected from the acquisition in a national point of view. The purchase of Texas under existing circumstances, might present a very different question."

It is true, that, as a general rule, the right to purchase territory is incident to sovereignty. But the sovereignty of our national government is a limited one. The constitution was a compromise among independent states, and it is well known that geographical relations and local interests were among the

essential conditions on which the compromise was made. We are willing, for the sake of universally acknowledged public interests, that additions of territory should be made to our country. But can it be admitted, that the constitution gives power to the President and Senate to add a vast realm to the United States, for the very purpose of disturbing the balance between different sections, or of securing ascendancy to certain parts of the confederacy? Was not the constitution founded on conditions or considerations, which are even more authoritative than its particular provisions, and the violation of which, must be death to our Union? Besides, a new question is to be opened by the admission of Texas. We shall not purchase a territory as in the case of Louisiana, but shall admit an independent community, invested with sovereignty, into the confederation; and can the treaty-making power do this? Can it receive foreign nations, however vast, to the Union? Does not the question carry its own answer? By the assumption of such a right would not the old compact be at once considered as dissolved?

To me it seems not only the right, but the duty of the free states, in case of the annexation of Texas, to say to the slaveholding states, "We regard this act as the dissolution of the Union. The essential conditions of the national compact are violated. To you we will faithfully adhere, but will not join ourselves to this new and iniquitous acquisition. We will not become partners in your wars with Mexico and Europe, in your schemes of spreading and perpetuating slavery, in your hopes of conquest, in your unrighteous spoils." No one prizes the Union more than myself, as the means of peace. But with Texas, we shall have no peace. Texas, brought into the confederacy, will bring with it domestic and foreign strife. It will change our relations to other countries, and to one another. A pacific division, in the first instance, seems to me to threaten less contention, than a lingering, feverish dissolution of the Union, such as must be expected under this fatal innovation.

I am but one of a nation of fifteen millions, and as such, may seem too insignificant to protest against a public measure. But in this country, every man, even the obscurest, participates in the sovereignty, and is responsible for public acts, unless by some mode of opposition, proportioned to his sense of the evil, he absolves himself from the guilt. For one, then, I say, that earnestly as I deprecate the separation of these

states, and though this event would disappoint most cherished hopes for my country, still I can submit to it more readily, than to the reception of Texas into the confederacy. I shrink from that contamination. I shrink from an act, which is to pledge us as a people to robbery and war, to the work of upholding and extending slavery, without limitation or end. I do not desire to share the responsibility, or to live under the laws of a government, adopting such a policy, and swayed by such a spirit, as would be expressed by the incorporation of Texas with our country.

In truth, if the South is bent on incorporating Texas with itself, as a new prop to slavery, it would do well to insist on the division of the states. It would, in so doing, consult best its own safety. It should studiously keep itself from communion with the free part of the country. It should suffer no rail-road from that section to cross its borders. It should block up intercourse with us, by sea and land. Still more, it should abjure connection with the whole civilized world; for from every country it would be invaded by an influence hostile to slavery. It should borrow the code of the Dictator of Paraguay, and seal itself hermetically against the infectious books, opinions, and visits of foreigners. Its pride, as well as safety should teach it this insulation; for having once taken the ground that slavery is a good, to be spread and made perpetual, it does by that act forfeit the rank which it covets among civilized and improving communities. It cannot be recognized as an equal by other states. On this point the decree of the world has gone forth, and no protests or clamors can drown the deep, solemn voice of humanity, gathering strength with every new generation. A community, acknowledging the evils of slavery, and continuing it only because the first law of nature, self-preservation, seems to require gradual processes of change, may retain the respect of those who deem their fears unfounded. But a community, wedding itself to slavery inseparably, with choice and affection, and with the purpose of spreading the plague far and wide, must become a byword among the nations; and the friend of humanity will shake off the dust of his feet against it, in testimony of his reprobation.'

For the Religious Magazine.

THE MIRROR.

O, wad ~~some~~ power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as others see us !

‘JOHN,’ said Mr. Chester to a young clerk, who was amusing his leisure moments in learning to play upon a haut-boy, ‘I am glad to see you so attentive to music ; you know I am fond of it myself. But, let me tell you as a friend, if you knew how your music sounds to others you would choose a more retired place for practice.’ John has often told me, since he became a man, that this early lesson of Mr. Chester was one of the most useful that he has ever received. It led him to a habit of considering how his actions would appear to others ; and in forming his conclusions upon this subject, he professed that he had been greatly aided by observing how similar actions, on the part of others, appeared to him.

A habit of observing the conduct of others in order thence to derive rules for the regulation of our own, is of inestimable value in the intercourse of life. It is this which gives to its possessor a reputation for *common sense*,—a reputation by no means so common as its name would seem to imply, but far more valuable than that for wit or learning.

This trait of character is sadly wanting, in one particular, in my old friend, Mr. Thomas Gifford, though in other respects he is a man of great worth. He early acquired a habit of speaking, with obvious complacency, of himself and of his exploits. It is of little importance what subject of conversation is started when he is present, he is sure to introduce some illustration referring to incidents in which he bore a distinguished part. His brother, Mr. James Gifford, who is now the senior partner in a thriving mercantile house in Boston, spent a few weeks, many years since, in Europe. As the object of his visit was to purchase goods for the firm with which he was connected, most of his time was spent in Liverpool and Manchester ; and, of course, his opportunities for observation were rather limited. Notwithstanding this, however, every thing which occurs reminds him of what he saw and heard in Europe, and his friends have each spent more time in listening to his reminiscences than he devoted to his visit. Now a moment’s reflection might convince both of these gentlemen, that their habits must be disagreeable to others, since the same habits in others are offensive to them.

A similar want of tact is discoverable in my good neighbor, Mrs. Milford. Her whole conversation turns upon her children, husband, brothers, sisters, cousins or other relatives ; and in no instance has she been known to speak of the excellences of those who were not in some way connected with her. She is like a genealogical table ; all her worthies are of one family.

Our friend, Mr. Bull, has contracted a disagreeable habit of disparaging everything he meets with in the countries which he visits, by comparing it with the productions of his own country. ' These are very fine peaches, Mr. Bull.' ' Why, yes,' replies the old gentleman, who has already made way with a goodly number of them, together with sundry pears of different varieties, a handful or two of plums and a nice pippin, ' the peaches are passable ; but, I don't know how it is, none of the fruit in this country is equal to that found in England.' Now Mr. Bull dislikes a grumbler as much as any man, but he does not see, that what is offensive when practised by others, is not likely to prove less so when practised by himself.

My young friend Clarissa was greatly shocked at the intolerable selfishness displayed by the passengers on board the steamboat, during her recent trip to New York, in their eagerness to obtain the best berths, the best places at table, and the choicest things with which the table was furnished. Since her return, I observed her one evening in the lecture-room, occupying the entrance of a long seat, and putting her sisters of the same church to the inconvenience of passing by her to obtain their seats. Yet she did not perceive that here was a similar exhibition of selfishness to that which she had condemned.

Dr. Presbuteros, is very loud in condemning his episcopal brethren for insisting upon a regular succession in the gospel ministry as essential to a valid administration of the ordinances ; and yet, it is said, that he once voted to exclude from the communion of his church certain of his brethren, because they insisted that men were able to do their duty.

Elder Baptistos is quite scandalized at the uncharitableness of his Episcopal and Presbyterian brethren, but will not acknowledge any man as a christian brother until he has ascertained how much water was used in baptizing him.

Socinus Liberalis has looked with a philosophic eye at all the various sects into which the christian world is divided, and has found that in one respect they are all alike censurable. By none of them are the true principles of christian liberality well understood. He has therefore formed a creed with distinct

reference to this defect in all previous creeds, and purposes to fraternize with all other christians *who harmonize with him* on the subject of christian liberality ; but he is sometimes very bitter in his remarks upon such as are illiberal.

Pacificus Radicalis carries his notions concerning non-resistance so far as to deny the right of civil government to punish even the grossest malefactors. He will not justify retaliation in any case, yet he is the most vindictive man of the age, in the use of his tongue and his pen. He has even invented near half a score of opprobrious epithets to apply to his opponents, having found the old vocabulary of billingsgate far too limited for his wants.

Now, in these, and in all similar cases, the simple remedy to be applied is that suggested by Mr. Chester to his friend John ; to reflect whether the sound of his hautboy was likely to prove as delightful to others as it was to himself ; and we shall always find that the best mode of determining this is, to consider how similar music from other musicians affects ourselves.

M.

HUNTING THE ELEPHANT.

THE following account of the wild scenes in which the hunter spends his days in Southern Africa, is extracted from an interesting volume entitled, "Domesticated Animals," republished with additions and corrections, by John Allen, and Co., Boston, 1835. ED.

'WE have said that the hunter's life is one of peril and fatigue, but seldom shall we find a more interesting narrative of that wild life than in the travels of Cowper Rose, who joined a hunting party among the dusky hills through which the great Fish river flows ; a country thickly covered with bush, and given up to the wild animals that inhabit it.

After wandering with his companion half the day amidst its lonely scenery, they heard a distant shot and saw the smoke rise, and shortly afterwards the hunter joined them, a thin, spare, bony, active man, whose sunburnt countenance and eye of habitual watchfulness marked his hazardous profession. His manners were bold and open, as of one who felt that in such situations the petty distinctions of society ceased. His quick gray eye glanced from beneath the broad rim of the boor's hat ; his powder-horn hung from a black leathern buckled shoulder-

belt, to which his pouch was attached ; he was mounted on an active, well-formed, small horse, and behind him limped nine dogs of every variety of cur and lurcher, for they had suffered severely from a late combat with a wild hog.

Night came on, and partly wore away in listening to the hunter's tales, who lay stretched on a sheep-skin caross and wrapped in a horseman's cloak ; but at length drowsiness stole over the strange group, the fire blazed fitfully, the hunter's story became less intelligible, his words half mingled with their dreams, and all was still. "After some hours I awoke," said the narrator ; "our night fires had burned low, and a thousand stars shone through the dark shadowing boughs. I looked around ; my companion and our attendants, with the hunter, a little boy, and two Hottentot shooters, were fast asleep ; the dogs, too, after the fatigues of the day, were slumbering near the embers, which threw a gloomy light on their half-defined, bony forms. I listened, and heard but the river's rush, on whose banks we had bivouacked."

The first day's march had been unsuccessful, but morning found the party alert and sanguine, each bearing a large elephant-gun on his shoulder. The little boy, too, was also armed ; he was slightly but finely formed, with a fair face and light curled hair, and a blue eye, that in woman would have been beautiful ; his was a figure that Westall might have delighted in, as he bounded lightly forward beneath the weight of his gun.

The country they were traversing was singularly wild ; it was savage nature unreclaimed ; no blue smoke amidst the dark green hills and shadowy hollows told of a habitation ; even the roads were the work of the elephant. Man had never appeared in those tremendous solitudes, save as a destroyer. All was still, yet at intervals there came a toll, and then all was silent again. It seemed to the listener like a convent-bell sounding from amid the solitude of some deep wood. But neither matin nor vesper-bell had ever broken the silence of those wild scenes ;—it was the romantic toll of the pretty snow white campanero.

The party now threaded the elephant paths with a swift silent pace, over hills and through ravines, until, from having been long unaccustomed to walking, Cowper Rose began to show symptoms of fatigue. "We shall soon be among the elephants," said the hunter, "and then we can sit down and watch them." Forward the party went, in shadow and in

light, as they wound through the high bush; the light now glancing on the strange head-gear of the leading Hottentot, now touching the yellow handkerchief that bound the hunter's head, now the blue one that shadowed the fair brow of the boy, and now running in a line along the muzzles of the large guns: then, again, they were lost in the gloom of some dark descent or rocky ravine.

They frequently observed the mighty foot-prints of the elephants, from which the Hottentots told when the animals had been there. "This is three days old." "This is last night." It was curious to observe the marks stamped in the damp earth; the buffalo, the wolf, the timid and various antelopes, and the baboon, were all clearly to be traced.

The only animals they had yet seen were three buffaloes, that rushed down the side of the hill close by, and then disappeared in the deep hollow below. They had passed in their search several bodies of elephants, their bones bleached by sun and shower, showing through the black, shroud-like, shrivelled skin, and at one place the skeleton of a rhinoceros lay close to that of its mighty hunter.

The search was becoming hopeless, when the leader pointed to a distant hill, and announced that a troop of elephants were passing over. Rose looked, but could see nothing; the party then went on with fresh vigor, and again they halted and watched, then silently hastened down the ravine, and marked from what point the light breeze came. At length they threaded a narrow rocky path, which skirted the bank of a small hollow, and came immediately where the huge beasts were feeding. The leader halted; the hunter gave our traveller and his companion lighted sticks, and whispered directions to fire the bush and grass, and to retreat in the event of the huge creatures charging. It was a strange feeling to find himself within twenty yards of animals whose forward movement would have been destruction, but they stood browsing on the bushes, and flapping their large ears, pictures of indolent security. In a moment the shots flew, and an elephant fell. It was pitiable to hear his groans, but they soon ceased; the ball had entered his heart. "Poor beast!" humanely thought the narrator; "were it not for these ivory tusks you might have lived happy and unmolested." Meanwhile the troop had fled down the hill and uprooted every thing before them; branches were strewed around, and the large, palm-like euphorbias, so common in those wild regions, were broken like twigs. Ea-

gerly did they press on, and as eagerly the hunters followed ; but Cowper Rose began to fail, and, seating himself on the ground, requested the hunter to send his Hottentot and horse. "It is impossible," he replied ; "if will be a dark night." "It is of no consequence ; I do not wish to spoil your sport, but I can go no farther." "Were a rhinoceros to come down I think you would find your legs." "No, nothing would make me mount that hill." Finally it was agreed that the little boy should remain with our traveller, and that, when he had rested, they should ascend the hill, lighting fires as they went, to mark their course. The rest of the party followed the wild elephants.

In about half an hour Rose and his young companion went on, and, as they slowly ascended the hill, they heard the heavy gallop of a large animal approaching ; the fair-haired boy was at some little distance blowing a lighted stick. "Listen!" said Rose ; the boy's eyes looked wild, and he fled from the sound, while the narrator ran up the hill, not doubting but that it was a rhinoceros : the heavy tramp was close, and he dimly saw a large dark animal burst through the bush, within a few yards of the spot he had just quitted, and in the very path he was following ; assuredly he did not stop, for, from the glimpse he caught, he believed it to be a rhinoceros. His young companion fired the bushes, which he heard crackling, and in a few minutes came up to him. "What a narrow escape !" he said. "What was it ?" "The rhinoceros." "Did you see it close to you ?" "It turned from the lighted bush." It was certainly a situation of danger, for the boldest hunter dreads and shuns this savage animal, and troops of lions have been known to fly before him ; but there was no time for fear ; every energy was employed to escape. In a gale at sea, on board a small coasting brig, amid the winds and waves of the Cape, though there was probably not one twentieth part of the real danger, our narrator confessed that he had felt more ; for there he was a useless being, and no personal exertions could avail, and memory and thought had time to be busy.

At length evening drew on, the sun was fast sinking, and the surrounding mountains assumed a darker and darker hue. The fair-haired boy lighted the bush and dry grass, and fired repeatedly to tell where they were, but there was no answering shot.

Now the sun sank, but the fires only blazed the more brightly. It was, in truth, a sight of no common beauty, to see the

fire catch the dry, green moss that hung on the withered branches, and envelope the bush in wreaths of light and fantastic flame, while the volumes of smoke, calmly floating on the clear sky, assumed the rich hues of fire. Dark night came on, and with it the heavy dew that prevented the bush and grass from igniting ; and the young boy's spirit, that had been so high during the day, fell amidst the surrounding gloom ; and he still fired and hallooed, with the faint hope of having his halloo returned, and spoke tearfully of being destroyed by wild elephants. Rose tried to laugh him out of his fears ; he might have spoken of One to whom the darkness was as the light, whose eye was around their path. They collected wood for the night-fire, and agreed to watch and sleep till daybreak. Rose took the first five hours' watch, and was soon pleased to hear, from the deep, regular breathings of his young companion, that sleep and fatigue had overcome his terrors.

There was no moon, but the stars shone in brightness and in beauty on a dark sky. He listened, and at times caught wild, remote sounds—the nameless sounds of night ! Who that has passed a night in savage solitudes has not felt how distinct its sounds are from those of day, and has not discovered a voice and language in the night-wind, as it moaned by, different from the rush of any wind on which the sun ever shone—like spirit-warnings from the past ? He listened again, and could imagine, in the distant booming, hollow noises, that hundreds of elephants were crossing the hill ; and again all was still as death : then would come the wild, melancholy howl of the wolf, and its short whoop, the next nearer than the first, till, by sending a brighter flame from the fire, all again would be hushed ; and then the perfect stillness was interrupted by the croak of the night-raven, as it sailed down the ravine, catching the scent of the dead elephant, nor ceased till the creature had reached its prey. There were other sounds upon the gale, and he heaped more dry wood on the fire, until it threw up its bright flame, gleaming with an indistinct and lurid light on the surrounding bushes. Then came a strange noise, as of some animal that was approaching ; it came nearer, and roused the young boy, who said it was the hyæna, with its hideous laugh and chatter ; the most wild, unnatural sound that breaks the silence of night in those tremendous solitudes. The morning star at length rose over the dark brow of the morning—the first signs of day followed. Rose and his young companion took their guns and lighted sticks, and after ascending many a

wild hill, and finding that elephants and buffaloes had been around them, they at length happily rejoined their companions.

Day passed, and the night drew on : the night-fires were again formed, and past adventures discussed. Stretched on sheep-skins, Rose gave an account of his adventures, and finished it by saying, "You, I suppose, were greatly amused in thinking of our situation." "No," said the hunter, "I was far from easy, and your meeting with the rhinoceros might have been serious ; for it is the most savage beast in the country, and dreads nothing except the elephant." He asked whether it had come grunting, and rooting up the turf with its horn ; and on being answered that, as far as Rose could judge from a transient glimpse, it was not so, and that he only heard the heavy tramp, the hunter said, "Then it could not have been seeking you, but had probably been frightened by the elephants crossing the ravine."

To-morrow came, and forth the party set. "I will not trust to my legs," said Rose, "but to those of my horse." "He will be of little use to you near the elephants," replied the hunter ; fear deprives horses of all power ; and I have seen them lie down, crouching under the bush to conceal themselves, like dogs."

The greatest part of the day was spent in a fruitless search, and the shadows had shifted before the quick-sighted Hottentots discovered any elephants ; at length they discerned nine or ten, whose backs rose high above the bush that clothed the side of a deep hollow. The two Hottentots halted and took their posts, while the hunter, Rose, and his companion, pursued their course ; the surrounding bush and large tufts of euphorbia were too thick to admit of a clear view, but they heard the elephants browsing on the boughs of the spekboom, their favorite food. In a moment a shot was fired ; and then a tremendous rush, as the elephants dashed full speed through the bush. Three had fallen ; they were small, the largest not being above three feet high.

The sun was now sinking : all was shadow on the low ground, and the water looked doubly dark from the thick overhanging foliage, while, here and there, the spectre-like form of a scathed and blighted tree shone white amid the surrounding gloom. The path was lost, but it was soon regained ; and on Rose's remarking the quickness with which the Hottentot caught the track from which the party had deviated, "Oh," said the hunter, "that is nothing ! I have known him, in the

heat of a fatiguing day, throw his hatchet into a bush, and after some weeks had elapsed, return to the same bush, and take it up again. Now, in a country where hill and hollow are equally clothed with jungle, that is something."

Among other anecdotes, the hunter related that he had once seen an elephant raise his fallen companion, and still assist him even when wounded. He saw the poor creature killed, rather than desert the one that could not follow; and they both fell dead together. On the narrators observing that, judging from the paths which intersected the country in all directions, they must be very numerous, he said, "They were, and indeed are so still. I have, I dare say, myself seen as many as three thousand in a troop, on the banks of the Fish river; but I should think, in the last three years, full that number have been destroyed." He farther mentioned, as a well-known fact, that those who traversed the country never found the body of an elephant that had died a natural death, though frequently such as had fallen by the hunter's shot.

Rose, who delighted in wild adventures, and the magnificence of pathless solitudes, was surprised to hear the hunter say that he wished to leave his present life, and to settle quietly in his farm. "I should have thought," was the reply, "that this wild pursuit would render a quiet life somewhat sleepy." "No," he answered; "I have a wife now, and young children beside me, and have been driven to this by debt and necessity. I have now nearly got over my difficulties; for in twenty months, I and my Hottentots have killed eight hundred elephants; four hundred have fallen by this good gun, and when I am free I quit it. Scores of times have the elephants charged around me, even within a yard of the bush under which I had crept. Once I had fired on a large group in a deep ravine, one side of which was formed by a steep cliff, which echoed back the sound of the firing; and a hundred elephants, with upraised ears, and loud screams, and tossing trunks, rushed down the narrow pass, and charged the echo, being the opposite side to that in which we had fired, and the one to which we had moved, myself and Hottentots lying in the bush while they rushed by us. The boldest hunter is killed at last. I have, when pursued by a rhinoceros, sprung down a high bank, not knowing its depth, or whether I might not fall on a rock or stump. No, sir, it is a life of no common hardship and danger: I have been obliged to eat the untanned leather shoes from off my feet." "

The following is Cowper Rose's account of a night spent by him alone among the mountains.

‘He had been out among the mountains, within sixteen miles of Cape Town, from an early hour, and both his horse and himself began to think that it was time to return homewards, when the mists suddenly swept around them. They were on the summit of a craggy and precipitous hill ; there was but one path down, and that a very steep one ; but in this path lay their only hope. As long as the rider could see his compass, he sought its direction, and, though often baffled, still continued to make his way over rock and through swamp, until sunset ; and in this country darkness quickly follows. There was a partial light for a moment, a break in the clouds, through which the setting sun gleamed, and towards it the horse directed his course. He seemed to have hopes, and galloped forward, bringing Rose to a spot where the cliffs overhung the plain below : here he suddenly stopped, and the hopes of the poor horse and his rider fell together ; for there was nothing to be done but to pass the night on the mountains. Tired, wet, and hungry, the master dismounted under a rock, which afforded a slight shelter from the rain that now fell fast. He had not occupied his post many minutes, when he heard the long, wild cry of the jackal, and then the short howl of the wolf. They had scented the horse, and were approaching nearer and nearer. Rose was unarmed ; but he collected a few stones, two of which he kept striking together, in order to kindle, if possible, a light, and at the same time shouted loudly. Three or four wolves came near ; but even extreme hunger will not overcome in them their natural dread of the human voice. In this the poor horse seemed to place his sole reliance ; he kept close to his master, thrusting out his head when the terrible creatures approached and snuffed the scent. “ And though,” said the narrator, “ we had never been particularly intimate before, he seemed to consider that we were fellow-sufferers ; he bit my hand, and kept pushing his cold nose in my face, which, inasmuch as it prevented my sleeping, proved useful.”

Shall I detain you, reader, a few moments, to listen to our interesting author, while he narrates the utter loneliness and subsequent beauty of the scene ? He could hear the dull, melancholy sound of the sea beating at the foot of the stupendous cliffs below, while the mists swept by, and the moon, piercing for a moment their denseness, showed a scene of wild and indescribable desolation. The distant booming of the

evening gun soon announced the hour of nine. And as the night passed on, each time that the vapors seemed to clear away he looked to that point in the horizon where the first faint gleam of day would appear, and was as often disappointed ; but the moon that rode on the hurrying rack, like a frail bark on a stormy ocean, now lifted on the crest of the wave, now lost in the whelming hollow, looked down with a cold and ghastly light on the gray rocks that were scattered round ; and then a mass of murky cloud would blot it out, and in darkness he again listened to the dull, heavy sound of the surge. With this mingled the whoop of the returning wolf, and the shrill cry of the jackal, which told that the night was nearly passed ; for the savage animals, after scouring the inhabited country, were once more seeking their lairs. At length the morning gun was heard, and never was sound so welcome ; the clouds dispersed, the sun arose, the rain-drops glittered like diamonds on the shrubs and flowers, and that gloomy and melancholy night-scene became in a moment beautiful and bright. Rose mounted his faithful horse, and ascending one of the highest peaks, found himself far distant from the point he had been seeking ; but then it was day—dazzling day ; the mists no longer obscured, but with their light gray flimsy veil added beauty to the mountains on which they yet clung, and they lay also in the deep valley below, like a calm inland lake ; while the reflection of the sky and mountains seemed to sleep upon it, so perfect was the illusion.'

For the Religious Magazine.

THE FIRESIDE.

It was neither the hour of morning devotion, nor was it evening twilight—seasons when the household circle were used to meet for prayer ; it was mid-day ; the sun was beaming in all his power and majesty ; and in place of a pleasant parlor, the customary room of worship, the family had gathered in the chamber of one who had long been a sufferer. They feared the hour of death had come to take from them their little one ; and the father was offering from the deep fount of parental love, the warm requests of them all. "Father, if it be thy will," and here the old man faltered ; "if it be thy will, Father in heaven," again he said, and

there was silence. But soon gathering anew his wonted firmness, and aided by a heavenly whisper, he added, 'give us back the child of our old age, and may she live before thee; write her name in the book of life; bathe her soul in the blood of a Redeemer, and then, oh help us each to say, not our will, but thine be done.'

Those who had been kneeling beside the couch, then rose; they gazed upon the sick, and, as they feared, the dying one; there was marble paleness there; the blue veins might be traced in all their windings, upon the pale forehead, and the wasted hand, and they felt that hope of life could be indulged no more. But the father's faith fails not. 'Thou who saidst to the dead, come forth; speak but the word, and this sickness can be healed, and this child can be restored; nevertheless, not as we will, but as thou wilt.' He looks again; but no change has come upon her; the mother stands pressing the almost lifeless hand of her child; she gazes, and is silent. Her heart is too full of grief to find relief in speech; she listens to the prayer, and feels—deeply feels each word it utters, but she does no more. Fanny, the sister and the playmate of the sick, stands by her; the tears, unbidden and unchecked, flow from her eyes; her heart, un-

used to sorrow, is now filled with grief, and she feels that this is mystery. Brothers and sisters, from the school-room, from the farm, from home, and from abroad are here; for who would be absent from a scene like this, although so sad?

'We will leave her to a Father's care,' said the white-haired man; 'for he has said he will never leave nor forsake those who trust him; and may the blessing of the Father, of the Son, and of the Spirit, rest upon her, and upon each of you, my children, and upon us forever.' Then he leaves the chamber, for he would gather strength alone, to meet the parting trial; brothers one by one withdraw; she who is sick, is lying there unconscious of their sorrow; her sleep, they fear, is the sleep of death; and they leave her. Her sisters promise to summon all again, should any change come upon the form or spirit. And now the silence and the stillness, which is always known in the hour of death, rests upon all the inmates of the once gladsome household. Some are alone, and are bowed in prayer; some have wept till they can weep no more; all are waiting for the soul's departure. The mother stands by the bed-side, watching if the breath should cease; she has watched long,

but now she thinks there is a change. She thinks, in place of the former deathlike breathings, that her sleep is calmer, and once more she has hope. The father enters, and he, too, gazes with a father's fondness upon the change. Grace soon opens her mild and gentle eyes, and as they meet the affectionate glance of her parents, and of those she loves, she gives a sweet and happy smile, such as she was so often wont to cast upon them in brighter days. And again she falls asleep, and it seems to be into refreshing and peaceful slumbers. 'Let us,' said the aged man, praise the name 'of our covenant-keeping God; let us bring before him our song of thanksgiving. Father, if the cup *may* pass from us, help us to give thee the glory.' And now, the tear of the mother falls, which before refused to give relief, but it is the tear of grateful joy.—'Make her, if thou givest her back, a lamb in the fold of the Redeemer, and let thy loving kindness ever be upon her.'

That evening did they meet for their wonted devotions, with overflowing hearts. The large Bible is in the hands of the old man, and softly, but distinctly, does he read—

'The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in

green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me: thy rod, and thy staff, they comfort me.

Thou preparedst a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointedst my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.'

Not one voice is wanting of the happy family, save that of Grace, to swell their song of thanksgiving; and they find a beauty and a meaning in their evening hymn, which was before unknown.

'Through all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble, and in joy;
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

The hosts of God, encamp around
The dwellings of the just;
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.

Oh, make but trial of his love,
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.'

And the evening prayer; that was an offering of the heart. It was simple and un-

affected gratitude breathed forth for the blessings of the day, and for the hopes of life to the little one, which they might now indulge. Happy, the Lord.

CARLINA.

From the Monthly Extracts of the Foreign Bible Society.

THE WORD OF LIFE.

Belfast, May 3, 1837.

A few days ago when one of the Secretaries of the Belfast Auxiliary Bible Society and another gentleman were engaged in collecting the subscriptions for the present year, they had occasion to wait upon a lady who was in their district. They found her at home, and mentioned their business. She told them, she believed she had been acting wrong for some time, in giving so small a subscription to such an object (five shillings); and immediately gave them One Pound. 'But,' said she 'I have more to give you: it is not much; but the circumstances connected with it are not common. It was collected by a child of six years old, to send the Bible to the heathen.' When about five years of age, the family were sitting round the fire on a winter evening; the weather was tempestuous, and the rain beating against the windows: the child was playing on the hearth rug. He suddenly looked up in his mother's face: 'Mamma, this is a bad night for the poor.' She assented. 'But, mamma, this is a bad night for the rich.' 'Why so, my dear?' 'If they are like that rich man we were reading about to-day, who pulled down his barns to build larger ones, and that night his soul was required of him.' After a pause he again said: 'This is a worse night for the heathen.' 'What makes you say so?' 'Oh, mamma, they have nobody to tell them about Jesus, and no Bibles to read about Jesus!' And running to his father he said: 'Papa, will you give me a halfpenny?' 'What for?' 'To help to buy Bibles for poor heathens who have none of their own.' He got a little box next day. During a year of suffering, he kept his object constantly in view. Unable to go out but seldom, he pleaded with the friends who came to the house for something—anything—'to help to buy Bibles for poor heathens who had nobody to tell them about Jesus.'

He seldom pleaded in vain : Into the presence of the Saviour, whom he loved, he was early removed. Almost his last request was, that his little collection should be given to 'buy Bibles for the poor heathens, who had no books to read about Jesus.' His mother, when near the close of his career, he one day said to his mother, 'Mamma, I love you very much, but I love Jesus a great deal more.'—'You have been very kind to me, and have done a great deal for me ; but Jesus has been a great deal kinder, and has done a great deal more.'—'I like to be with you, mamma ; but I'd rather be with Jesus.'

ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

FOR some months past, the attention of our citizens has been occasionally called to the experiments made by Mons. Poyen and others, for the purpose of illustrating the nature of animal magnetism. Public sentiment, we perceive, is, in some measure, divided on the subject, and combatants upon both sides, are beginning to enter the lists. In this situation of affairs, it is by no means our intention to break a lance on either side, but simply to make known to our readers, the present state and bearing of the subject, without reverting to its early history.

The advocates of the reality of animal magnetism assert, that there is found in all persons, and we believe in all animals, though perhaps in different degrees, a power somewhat analogous to that of magnetism in the mineral world, and which they accordingly denominate animal magnetism. That this power is capable of being developed under certain peculiar circumstances, and of producing effects of a very surprising character, the most remarkable of which, so far as is at present known, is the state called magnetic sleep. That this state is generally brought

about by the voluntary influence of a person who is called the magnetizer, and who then stands in a very peculiar relation to the person magnetized. That the magnetizer, so far as experiments in this country have determined the question, must be one who is capable of considerable mental and muscular energy, while the magnetized must be a young female, whose nervous system is rather delicate, or perhaps slightly deranged. That the magnetic sleep is occasioned by an exertion of the will of the magnetizer, accompanied by some slight manipulations, and by looking earnestly in her face. That during the magnetic sleep, the sense of sight is rendered peculiarly acute, and is not confined, as during waking hours, to the eyes, but is often found in parts quite remote from its usual seat; and finally that persons under this influence have the power of transferring themselves mentally to distant places, and even to such as they have never visited while awake, and of describing the transactions then actually occurring in the places thus visited.

These propositions, we believe, comprehend the principal points to which public attention, in this country, has been called. Each of them, it is obvious, requires its own distinct proof, and is not to be considered as settled in the affirmative, by ascertaining the truth of either of the other propositions connected with it. It will not follow, for instance, in case the state called magnetic sleep is found sometimes to occur, that it is ever occasioned by the mere volition of another person. No more are we to conclude that because persons have been known to possess, under certain peculiar circumstances, remarkable acuteness of vision, that therefore, they or others may see without the use of their eyes.

Of the evidence of a certain state of existence, which is neither that of wakefulness nor of sleep in the ordinary sense, we have, it is supposed, sufficient evidence in ordinary *somnambulism* or sleep-walking. It has long been known, that persons addicted to sleep-walking, are accustomed to engage during the darkness of the night, in such labors as, under ordinary circumstances, require the light of day, and that in these circumstances, they appear to meet with no embarrassment in the prosecution of their employments, in consequence of the darkness. In no case on record, so far as we know, has this fact been so clearly manifested as in that of Jane Rider, usually called the Springfield somnambulist. In her case, it appeared to be clearly ascertained, that, the power of distinct vision remained, not only in the darkness of night, and when her eyes were closed, but also when

they were thickly covered with cotton bats, secured by bandages consisting of numerous folds. As this preliminary fact is of great importance in the discussion, we will take the liberty of making a few extracts from the volume published by her physician, Dr. L. W. Belden, remarking at the same time, that his testimony is fully supported by that of numerous other witnesses of the most unimpeachable character.

‘Though no decisive experiments were at first made to establish the fact, the members of the family in which she lived were very early convinced that she saw both when her eyes were closed, and in the dark. They were irresistibly led to this conclusion, when they saw her, night after night, perform that which seemed impossible for her to do without the aid of vision, when at the same time they could discover nothing which indicated the want of sight. She never betrayed any thing like hesitancy or indecision—there was no groping, no feeling after the object which she wished to lay hold of, but the motion was quick and direct, as if perfectly aware of its precise situation. When obstacles were placed in her way, or the position of a thing was changed, she always observed it, and accommodated herself to the change. This kind of evidence, though perfectly satisfactory to eye-witnesses, is not so well calculated to produce conviction in the minds of others as tests of a different kind.

No direct trial of her power of vision was made until Sabbath evening, Nov. 10th; when it was proposed to ascertain whether she could read with her eyes closed. She was seated in a corner of the room, the lights were placed at a distance from her, and so screened as to leave her in almost entire darkness. In this situation she read with ease a great number of cards which were presented to her, some of which were written with a pencil, and so obscurely, that in a faint light no trace could be discerned by common eyes. She told the date of coins, even when the figures were nearly obliterated. A visitor handed her a letter, with the request that she would read the motto on the seal, which she readily did, although several persons present had been unable to decipher it with the aid of a lamp. The whole of this time the eyes were, to all appearance, perfectly closed.

The second day after this exhibition of her power, she fell asleep in the morning in the act of procuring water from the pump. This was her first attack in the day time. Soon after, on going out of doors, she observed to her companion, ‘what a beautiful day it is, how bright the sun shines!’ It was in fact quite cloudy. When asked by one of the ladies of the family to thread a needle, she refused, saying, “you can do it for yourself.” Soon after, she went into a neighboring house, where there was an elderly lady to whom she often rendered this kind of assistance. This lady said, “Jane, I am old, and cannot see very well, will you thread my needle for me?” She immediately complied with the request, and threaded the needle not only at that time, but once or twice afterwards. She awoke from this paroxysm in the afternoon, and was quite distressed to find the fits beginning to affect her in the day time.

The next morning she fell asleep while I was prescribing for her, and her case having now excited considerable interest, she was visited during that and the following day by probably more than a hundred people. To this circumstance, undoubtedly, is to be attributed the unprecedented length of the paroxysm: for she did not wake till Friday morning, forty-eight hours after the attack. During this time she read a great variety of cards written and presented to her by different individuals, told the time by watches, and wrote short sentences.

For greater security, a second handkerchief was sometimes placed below the one which she wore constantly over her eyes, but apparently without causing any obstruction to the vision. She also repeated with great propriety and distinctness several pieces of poetry, some of which she had learned in childhood, but had forgotten, and others which she had merely read several years since without having ever committed them to memory. In addition to this she sung several songs, such as "Auld Lang Syne" and "Bruce's Address to his Army," with propriety and correctness. Yet she never learned to sing, and never has been known to sing a tune when awake. She was evidently very much exhausted by these efforts, and at times her sufferings were so extreme that she could not be induced to answer any questions.

On Wednesday, Nov. 20th., I took a large black silk handkerchief, placed between the folds two pieces of cotton batting, and applied it in such a way that the cotton came directly over the eyes, and completely filled the cavity on each side of the nose—the silk was distinctly seen to be in close contact with the skin. Various names were then written on cards, both of persons with whom she was acquainted, and of those who were unknown to her, which she read as soon as they were presented to her. This was done by most of the persons in the room. In reading she always held the paper the right side up, and brought it into the line of vision. The cards were generally placed in her hand for the purpose of attracting her notice, but when her attention was excited she read equally well that which was held before her by another. I do not know that she ever read cards which she had never seen, when only the back was presented to her.

Being desirous if possible, to prove that the eye was actually closed, I took two large wads of cotton, and placed them directly on the closed eyelid, and then bound them on with the handkerchief before used. The cotton filled the cavity under the eyebrow, came down to the middle of the cheek, and was in close contact with the nose. The former experiments were then repeated without any difference in the result. She also took a pencil, and while rocking in her chair, wrote her own name, each word separately, and dotted the i. Her father, who was present, asked her to write his name. "Shall I write Little Billy or Stiff Billy," was her reply, imagining that the question was proposed by a little boy of the name of William belonging to the family. She wrote *Stiff Billy*—the two words without connection, and after writing them both, she went back and dotted the i in each. She then wrote *Springfield* under them, and after observing it a moment, smilingly remarked that she had left out a letter, and inserted the l in the proper place.

A watch enclosed in a case was handed to her, and she was requested to tell the time—after examining both sides, she opened the case, and then answered the question. Afterwards, but in the same paroxysm, a gentleman present wrote his name in characters so small that no one else could distinguish it at the usual distance from the eye. As soon as the paper was put into her hand, she pronounced the name. It was thought that any attempt to open the eye would be indicated by the contraction of the skin on the forehead, but though she was closely watched, nothing of the kind was observed.

She also at this time repeated poetry and sung, as before. This she did almost every paroxysm; and though there are some pieces which she must have repeated in this way scores of times, her knowledge of them when she is awake is not in the least improved by the practice. These experiments were performed in the presence of several of the most respectable and intelligent gentlemen in town, and they were all convinced there could be no deception.

While she was in a paroxysm a few evenings afterwards, the lights were removed from her room, and the windows so secured that no object was discernible. Two books were then presented to her which had been selected for

the purpose ; she immediately told the titles of both, though one of them was a book which she had never seen before.

Monday, Nov. 25th, she was removed to my house ; but, though she had several paroxysms in the interval, nothing worthy of notice occurred till the 30th. The morning of that day, as she was engaged in her customary employments, she complained suddenly of dizziness, seated herself in a chair, and immediately became insensible. Soon after, she applied a bandage to the eyes, went to her chamber and changed part of her dress. She then came down, and taking a basket which she had purchased the day before, and which was much soiled, remarked that it was dirty, and she would wash it. This operation she performed with as much neatness and despatch as she could have done when awake.

The room in the front part of the house she had never seen except for a few moments several months since. The shutters were closed, and it was so dark that it was impossible for any one possessing only ordinary powers of vision to distinguish the colors in the carpet. She, however, though her eyes were bandaged, noticed and commented on the various articles of furniture, and pointed out the different colors in the hearth rug. She also took up, and read several cards which were lying on the table. Soon after observing her with a skein of thread in her hand, I offered to hold it for her to wind. She immediately placed it on my hands, and took hold of the end of the thread in a manner which satisfied me she saw it, and completed the operation as skilfully and readily as if she were awake. Having left the room a moment, I found her on my return with a needle threaded, and hemming a cambric handkerchief. She however soon abandoned her work, and was then asked to read a little while aloud. Bryant's Poems were given to her ; she opened the book, and turning to the "*Thanatopsis*," read the whole, (three pages,) and the most of it with great propriety. Something being said about her manner of reading, she observed there were parts of the piece which she did not understand, that she could read it much better if she understood it. The day before, she had procured several *samples* of calico at the shops, portions of some of which had been washed since the commencement of her paroxysm. On their being spread out before her, she not only told the shop at which she obtained each, and named its price, but compared the part which had been washed with the piece from which it was taken, and when there was any change pointed out the difference.

A colored girl came in and seated herself before her : she was asked if she knew that lady ; she smiled and returned no answer. Some one said, "She has a beautiful complexion, has she not?" Jane laughed heartily, and said, "I should think she was somewhat tanned."

At dinner, she took her seat at the table as usual, helped herself to bread when it was offered, presented her tumbler for water, and through the whole time, did not, by her manner or actions, betray the least want of sight. After dinner the bandage which she put over her eyes in the morning, and which she had worn ever since, was taken off, and in its place a black silk handkerchief stuffed with cotton was bound on so as to fit accurately to the nose and cheeks. Though extremely reluctant on account of severe pain in the head, she was at length prevailed on to write a part of the "*Snow Storm*," one of the pieces which she is in the habit of repeating when asleep. She finished one stanza of six lines, and part of a second. In writing she followed for a time the ruled lines placed under her paper, but they having been displaced, she proceeded without them, continuing to write nearly in a straight line. In one or two instances she failed to make a proper division of the poetry into lines, and several times misspelled words which she would not have done had she been awake. Twice she noticed the inaccuracy in the spelling, and cor-

rected it at the time, but when writing the same word afterwards she fell into a similar error. A person standing behind her very carefully interposed a piece of brown paper between her eyes and the paper on which she was writing. Whenever this was done she appeared disturbed, and exclaimed, "don't, don't." For some time I watched her narrowly, to ascertain whether the bandage was constantly in place, but I could detect no change in its position.

A watch was presented to her, the face of which was concealed by a piece of brown paper placed between it and the crystal. Instead of telling the time, she observed, "Any thing but a paper watch!"

In the evening when the room was so dark that nothing but the position of the windows could be discerned by common eyes, a blue fancy handkerchief was placed before her, and she was asked if she did not wish for a beautiful pink handkerchief—she replied, "I hope I know blue from pink."

The next day, during a paroxysm, she went into a dark room and selected from among several letters having different directions, the one bearing the name which she was requested to find. She was heard to take up one letter after another and examine it, till she came to the one for which she was in search, when she exclaimed, "Here it is," and brought it out. She also, with her eyes bandaged, wrote of her own accord two stanzas of poetry on a slate; the lines were straight and parallel.

The following passage from the same work, consists of an extract from the records of the Hospital at Worcester, whither Jane Rider was at length sent, for the purpose of being placed under the care of Dr. Woodward.

'Jane had no paroxysm till the evening of December 6th, the day after her admission. "Immediately after falling asleep, she began to breathe with difficulty, her mind seemed to labor, and she was uneasy and in perpetual motion. She said nothing till questions were asked her. She told the time of day by a watch, in the dark, with her eyes closed—the fire was not extinguished, and of course it was not entirely dark. Her pulse was seventy-two in a minute, and without irritation. She answered questions regularly, but with an air of impatience; and said "they kept asking her to read, but she would not." She declared she would not go to Worcester, and said she was at Mr. Stebbins's in Springfield. Afterwards she complained she was locked up in the Hospital, and did not wish to stay, and that she would not have come here if she had expected to be locked up. One hour and a half after the commencement of the paroxysm, her feet were placed in a bath of the Nitro-Muriatic Acid. In five minutes she became calm, and went into a quiet sleep; in a few minutes more she waked very pleasant."

'From this time, till the 13th, she had from one to three paroxysms daily: in some of which "she repeated passages of poetry very sweetly; sung some tunes with correctness; and, with her eyes bandaged, walked about the house, and from room to room, without inconvenience."

Dec. 13. 'Jane had a more interesting paroxysm than at any time before, since her residence in the Hospital. In a paroxysm the day previous, she lost a book which she could not afterwards find. Immediately on the access of the paroxysm to-day, she went to the sofa, raised the cushion, took up the book, and commenced reading. She read two or three pages to herself. Her eyes were then covered with a white handkerchief folded so as to make eight or ten thicknesses, and the spaces below the bandage filled with strips of black velvet. She then took a book and read audibly, distinctly, and correctly, nearly a page.'

Three days after this, she seems to have lost this preternatural acuteness of vision, which did not return during her subsequent convalescence.

After perusing the preceding extracts, we suppose our readers generally, will be convinced that great acuteness of vision may exist, as in the case of Jane Rider, in consequence of a diseased state of the system. Whether any thing of the same kind may occur in the case of persons in good health, and especially whether it can be produced at the will of another, are distinct questions.

Upon these points, however, as well as upon the preceding, some plausible testimony exists, but for the present, we will allude only to that furnished by a recent letter of Col. Stone, the able and well known editor of the New York Commercial Gazette. We refer to this, because we suppose that more unexceptionable testimony could not be found, upon this, or any other subject, requiring in the observer strict integrity, general information, and acuteness in observing the phenomena presented to him.

It should be borne in mind, that the preconceived opinions of Col. Stone, were wholly opposed to the reality of any extraordinary powers belonging to persons under the influence of what is called magnetism; and that not only was his reason to be convinced, but his prejudices, likewise, were to be removed. In this state of mind he made his visit to Providence in August last, and on the 28th of that month, the occurrences took place which are narrated by him in the letter now before us. At present we quote only that part which is intended to establish the fact of her remarkable acuteness of sight, while her eyes were bandaged in such a manner, as to render it, apparently, impossible for one under ordinary circumstances, to obtain any distinct vision. Here, however, a remarkable diversity appears between the case of Jane Rider, and that of Miss Brackett, the young lady whose case is described by Col. Stone. In no case did Jane Rider see any thing, except when the object was before her eyes, and the only thing remarkable was, that she should have been able to see in the night, and through so many intervening obstructions. In Miss Brackett's case, it is claimed, that she made no use of her eyes on such occasions, but that she presented every object which she wished to examine, to the back of her neck. After describing the process of magnetizing, by which, in nine minutes, the patient was in a profound slumber, he proceeds :

‘It was arranged that the first experiments should be made for the purpose of eliciting some of the phenomena of *clairvoyance*, or mental vision. For this purpose an exhibition was made of various prints, large and small, likenesses of distinguished persons, &c., with which my friend had provided himself from his own house. With some of these the front parlor was hung, before we entered it from the back room, while the smaller prints were thrown upon the centre-table. It must here be borne in mind, in the first place, what has already been several times remarked, that the patient is blind. Her eyelids, moreover, were entirely closed; in addition to which, cotton batts were placed over her eyes, and confined by a pair of green spectacles. It would, therefore, have been impossible for her to see—or rather, any other person would have been involved in the deepest darkness, with eyes thus closed, and then cotton batts over them.

Soon after going into the room she appeared to see the pictures and admire them. This fact was tested in every way. From her repugnance to so much company, however, the little circle drew as much as possible away from her, and her chief conversation on the subject of pictures was held with my friend, with whom, both sleeping and waking, she had previously been acquainted. Invariably, when she studied a picture, she turned her back upon the wall against which it hung. When she took up a print to examine it, she held it at the back of her head, or rather, just over the parietal bone. With my friend she conversed freely, and selected from the small prints a likeness of Mrs. Judson, whose life she said she had read several times. She took up a portrait, while standing on the side of the room opposite to my friend and myself, and putting it to the side of her head, almost behind, as she remained alone, inquired—“Is not this a likeness of John Foster?—John—Yes, it is John Foster.” I immediately passed around the table to her, and held a brief conversation with her respecting the character and writings of Foster—of whom there had not been a word said, before she selected his picture and pronounced his name. Her reading of the names on the prints was very slow, as she read by *lettering*, as the free-masons call it; that is, by studying each letter, and first repeating it in a whisper, as though to herself. But she made no mistakes that were discovered.

In the early part of this exhibition she suddenly exclaimed, ‘why, who could have put that there? It is no ornament to such a room as this.’ Saying which, she stepped across the carpet, and took down a coarsely printed handbill, which had been suspended among the prints over the mantel-piece, by design, but which had not attracted my notice until she thus directed the attention of the circle to the object.’

Upon the preceding extracts, we will only remark, that, though as reported they are truly surprising, the experiments might in our view, have easily been made far more conclusive. Still there is perhaps enough to occasion in the mind of the reader some doubt upon the subject, and if not to convince, at least to cause a suspension of judgment until further evidence shall appear. It is but fair to remark, that this is by no means the only case on record, in which sight has been supposed to exist independently of the usual organs of vision. In the present case, moreover, the probability of deception is greatly lessened by the consideration of the respectability of the reporter, and especially by the fact, said to be well known to her acquaintance, that when

awake, Miss Brackett is nearly blind. Owing to an accident which happened to her head four years since, her health was greatly impaired, and she was afterwards subject to very serious derangements of the nervous system, which terminated in total blindness. Under the magnetic treatment of Dr. Capron, of Providence, her health it is said, has been, in a great degree, restored, and she 'can now, when awake, discern objects like shadows; though she cannot distinguish a man from a woman by the dress.'

All this, however, surprising as it may be, is little in comparison with what is claimed in respect to the power displayed by Miss Brackett, of describing persons and places, never seen by her, except in sleep. Our limits will permit us only to make a few extracts, in relation to this part of the subject, and from these, but a very imperfect view of the whole subject can be obtained. We must, therefore, refer our readers, who may be desirous of satisfying their curiosity more fully, to the entire letter from which the extracts are taken, and which will well repay a perusal.

'Having satisfied ourselves of the wonderful powers of "vision without the use of visual organs," as exhibited upon these objects, and of which I have given but a brief outline, Dr. Capron, by an exercise of the will, withdrew her attention from the whole circle to himself, and then gave her a particular introduction to me. Leading her to a seat, I sat down by her side, and the Doctor transferred her hand into mine, and clothed me with the power of enjoying her exclusive company.

I then commenced a conversation with Miss Brackett, upon ordinary subjects, just as I would have done with any strange lady to whom I might be introduced—talking upon various matters, and she conversing in a sprightly and intelligent manner—invariably using very correct English. I inquired, both of herself and friends, before she was magnetized, whether she had ever been in New York, and was assured that she had not. In the course of my remarks, I now asked her whether she would like to visit New York? She replied that she would—"she should like to go there very well." I then observed that it would afford me pleasure to accompany her, and asked—

"How shall we go? Shall we not take the steamboat Narragansett? It is a very fine boat, and now lies at the dock."

She replied she did not like to go in a steamboat. It made her sick. This remark was noted as affording an illustration of her former ideal voyage, in which she actually became sea-sick, as was reported to me.

"How then will you go?"

"I should like to go through the air."

"Very well," I replied, "we will step into a balloon. That will be a pleasant mode of travelling."

She did not, however, seem to comprehend what was meant by a balloon, and repeated her desire to go through the air. I assured her that I would as gladly accompany her that way as any other.

"But you must not let me fall," said she.

"Oh, no," I replied. "I am used to that way of travelling, and will bear you up in perfect safety."

Saying which, she grasped my right hand more firmly—took my left hand—and pressed upon both, tremulously, as if buoying herself up. I raised my hands some ten or twelve inches, very slowly, favoring the idea that she was ascending.

"You must keep me up," she said, with a slight convulsive, or rather shuddering grasp, as though apprehensive of a fall.

"Certainly," I replied, "you need have no fear. I am used to these excursions." And away, in imagination we sailed.

* * * * *

"There is Bristol!" she exclaimed; stop—we must look at Bristol. I have been here before. I always admired it. What beautiful streets!"

"Very beautiful, indeed," I replied—and we resumed our aerial voyage.

"Oh," said she, "how I like to travel in this way—it is so easy, and we go so quick."

"Yes," I answered, "and here we are at New York. Come, we will descend at the north end of the Battery."

She then grasped my hands more closely, and bore down exactly as though descending from a height.

"Safely down," said I. "There is the dock where the Providence steamboat comes in."

We pass over the visit to the Battery and the Bowling Green, and the various notices taken of objects on either side of Broadway as the Colonel and his protégé proceeded upon their imaginary journey until they arrived at Park Place.

'That,' said I, 'is the College Green.'

'How beautiful!' she exclaimed. 'I must go and walk there.'

'But will you not step into my house first? It is close by.'

'No; I must take a walk there first. But there is nobody there.'

'It is private ground,' I replied; 'but the President of the College is my next door neighbor, and I have permission to walk there whenever I please. The gate is always open, and we will step in for a few minutes.' On reaching the foot of the street,—

'There,' she exclaimed, with a playful smile, 'you said the gate was always open, but you see it is shut.'

'It is not locked, however,' I rejoined, 'as you will see. * * There, you see I have opened it. Now, step in, and we will walk around the grounds.'

'How do you like the College?' 'Very well,' she replied—'but there is nobody in it.' 'Because it is the vacation,' said I; which was the fact.

'How do you like the trees?' I inquired.

'Very well; but there is one of them which is decaying, and should be cut down and taken away.'

I was not aware of this fact, and from my knowledge of the trees, thought she must be in error. On examination since my return, however, I find that one of the trees, in front of the wing occupied by Professor McVickar, has been sadly injured, by being barked in several very large places; and the trunk is otherwise diseased. A canvass bandage, tarred, has been applied to the trunk, and the trunk itself has been smeared with that staple of North Carolina merchandize.

I told her the President of the College lived in the first wing. She replied that there was nobody living there now—the house being empty. On inquiry I find that she was correct—the house being shut up, and the President's family in the country.

After a little time spent upon the way they arrive at Col. Stone's house.

Taking her thence into the street, I said, 'Let us cross over—that is my house—how do you like it?'

She replied that it was a very pretty house—she liked it much; but it was a good deal smaller than the other.

'How many stories has it?'

'Two,' was the correct reply.

'How do you like those windows?'

'Oh, they are very beautiful. It would be so sweet to sit and look out of those windows on the green.'

'Now,' said I, 'let us walk along to the gate, and go in. We have been absent in Providence some time—I have left Mrs. Stone there—and I want now to come suddenly upon them, and see if perhaps they are not playing high life below stairs.'

As we passed along, my companion looked up and said, 'Why, I should think you might as well cut a door through into the street.' This would have been a more important point, had I not some time previously remarked, by accident, that our house had no door on the street; Miss B. might have heard that observation, and she might not.

Arriving at the gate, I again sent her into the kitchen in advance, to take the servants by surprise, a conceit which seemed to please her. The passage into the kitchen from the court, is winding, and she entered with the caution of a stranger. She then said, as if to the servants, in a loud whisper, 'Hist, the Gentleman has come home; I say, the Gentleman has come.'

Calling her out, I inquired how many servants were there. She replied correctly, two. I inquired their ages, and she answered, again correctly, that the cook was a woman who seemed to be just passed middle age, and the other a young girl. In a word, she gave very accurate descriptions of the persons of two servants who had been left in charge of the house. I inquired the age of the smaller; she said she could not tell, but would ask her. She then spoke, 'How old are you? Is that your mother?' Then turning to me, she observed, 'She will not answer me.' She then inquired of the other, 'Is that your daughter? How old is she?' Turning to me again, she remarked, 'Why, she will not answer me either.' I inquired what they were doing? She answered, 'not much of any thing,' which I thought not unlikely. It being washing day, I asked, 'are they not washing?' She said, and repeated, they were not. I asked what kind of a frock the girl had on? She replied that she could not see clearly—the room was rather dark—but she believed it was a dark purple sprig. On both of these points she was mistaken. The cook *was* washing that day, and the frock of the girl was blue, with a small light flower.

From the kitchen they next proceed to the parlor, where the books upon the centre-table and sundry pictures were examined, but nothing occurs of a very decided character.

I now asked Miss Brackett to walk with me into the library—a small apartment built purposely for that object, and in a degree separate from the main body of the house. I told her that I had some pictures in that room, to which I wished particularly to invite her attention—giving her, however, not the slightest intimation as to the character of the pictures. On entering the library, 'this,' said I, 'is my den, my literary workshop, where I can shut myself up

and be as secluded as I please.. I built it on purpose.' 'Oh,' said she, 'it is a nice little place, I should like to shut myself up here too ; come, you go out and leave me alone ; I want to read these books. But,' she continued, 'if you built this on purpose, why did you not make it wider while you were about it ? It is so long and narrow, and so close ; it wants some air.' Now, these are exactly the criticisms upon my private 'den,' made by all my waking friends ; for it so happens, that, in its construction, having but a small lot, I made a sad miscalculation as to the width of the room.

I explained the matter to her, and told her I would leave her with the books as long as she pleased after we had looked at the pictures. I then asked her to look at the upper painting above the fire-place. Now, I must remark in this place, that that was a picture which I had recently purchased, and which had only been sent home on the preceding Tuesday or Wednesday. No person in the room, excepting myself, knew of its existence. She looked at the picture, and became instantly pensive. Presently her bosom heaved with sighs. I asked her what she thought of it. She said she did not like to look at it any more. I then requested her to look at the picture below. She did so, and in a moment was absorbed with curious interest. But, as before, she would not describe it to me, farther than to say it was the portrait of a dark colored man ; but she brought her hand round her head, as much as to say there was something peculiar about the head. I then again directed her attention to the upper picture. She immediately became pensive and affected, as before. The experiment was repeated several times, until, in contemplating the upper picture, she sobbed and wept. 'Well,' said I, 'if that picture affects you so much, Miss Brackett, you need look at it no more. I have here a picture, in this drawer, which I prize highly. and will show it you.' Saying which, I opened the drawer, and handed her the picture. She (in imagination, of course,) took the picture, and observed in a whisper, as if talking to herself, 'oh, it's a miniature.' I asked her what she thought of it ? She replied it was very beautiful—but would not describe it, for the reasons I have already several times mentioned.

I now requested Dr. Capron to take her from me, and resume his sway over her for the purpose of the suggested cross-examination through him as to what she had seen. He took her by the hand, and the following scene ensued :

'Ah, Loraina, are you here ?'

'Why, Doctor, how do you do ? When did you come from Providence ?'

'I have just arrived.'

'I am glad to see you.'

'And I am very glad to see you. When did you come to New York ?'

I forget the reply to this question. The conversation, however, was upon the common topics which would be naturally suggested by an actual meeting of friends, under the circumstances imagined. The Doctor continued :

'How have you been engaged since you came to New York ? Have you seen any thing ?'

'Oh, yes. Mr. Stone has been taking a walk with me, and shown me a great many things.' She then informed him, in answer to questions, of her walk through Broadway ; mentioned the lions, the Astor House, and other matters, not necessary to be repeated for the purpose of this narrative. Dr. Capron continued :

'Well, Loraina, when Mr. Stone was in Providence, a few days since, he spoke to me of some pictures which he prizes highly. Did you see any of them ?'

'Oh, yes. I went to his house and saw a great many. I took down one, and handed it to him ; and, what do you think ? he wanted me to tell him

what it was, when he had it in his own hands ! but I wouldn't, he pestered me with so many questions !

I here suggested to the Doctor, that he should ask her whether she saw a fruit piece. He did so. 'Oh, yes,' was the reply. 'That was the very picture I took down and wouldn't tell him what it was.'

This was correct. From what I could gather, when she began examining the paintings, I supposed she referred to a beautiful fruit piece by Ward, of London.

The Doctor continued, 'Mr. Stone told me there was a painting over the side-board, what kind of a picture was that ?'

'It was a lake, with mountains around it. I thought it very beautiful.'

Such is the fact. The picture is a charming mountain landscape, the scene being a beautiful lake among the Catskill mountains, by Hoxie.

'Well, what other pictures did you see ? What is that picture which Mr. Stone told me was hanging over the settee ?'

'Oh, it was a curious picture. It represents three Indians sitting in a hollow tree, which looks as though it had been dug out on purpose. And the tree is filled with marks.' [Hieroglyphics.]

This was the most wonderful reply we had had yet. The picture is a composition landscape, by Hoxie, containing the portrait of the decaying trunk of an enormous sycamore tree, standing in the neighborhood of Montezuma, N. Y. The artist has introduced a group of three Indians, and has likewise traced a number of hieroglyphics within the open trunk. These hieroglyphics are seldom noticed by visitors, unless specially pointed out. And yet this blind lady, with bandaged eyes, who had never been in New York, nor heard a whisper of the existence of the picture, had discovered them ! The fact seems not only incredible, but absolutely impossible. But, as I believe, it is nevertheless true.

'Did you notice particularly any other pictures ? Mr. Stone told me he had several in his library, upon which he set a high value. Did you see them ?'

'Yes.'

'What were they ?'

Here she again became affected, as she replied, 'One of them was Christ in his agony, with a Crown of Thorns !'

This reply was astounding. The picture is an admirable copy of the *Ecce Homo* by Guido. It had only been sent home a week before, and I had cautiously avoided mentioning it to my most intimate friends present at this extraordinary interview, until she thus proclaimed it.

'What other picture did you see in the library ?'

'There was a portrait of an Indian Chief.'

This was another wonderful reply. The picture is an admirable copy, by Catlin, of a capital portrait of Brant, the Great Mohawk Warrior, which has recently been procured, to be engraved for the forthcoming life of that celebrated chieftain.

'How was he dressed ?'

'Why, I can hardly describe it. His head was shaved, and I don't know exactly whether there was any hair left on or not. There was something on the top, but I could scarcely tell whether it was hair.'

This description was very accurate. The knot on the crown is the scalp-lock ; and the war paint around it, and something like a ribbon tying it, would render it doubtful to a superficial observer, unacquainted with Indian customs and costumes, whether there was any hair there or not.

'Was there no other picture in the library ?'

'Oh, yes : he took out of a drawer, a miniature.'

'Did it resemble the large picture ?'

‘ I thought it did, somewhat.’

[I believe I had put this question to her when she was under my control.]

‘ How was it dressed ?’

‘ It was a very handsome picture, and had a cap and plumes.’

This was another wonderful reply. The picture in question is a very beautiful miniature likeness of Brant, composed by N. Rogers, from two pictures of the chief, taken when he was a young man, and first in London—in his court dress. The picture is designed to embellish the forthcoming work referred to, and lies yet in the drawer, where it was seen and described by Miss Brackett, blind, previously unconscious of its existence, and two hundred miles off when she saw it.’

After a careful perusal of the whole letter, we are constrained to say, that on every point the evidence appears to us quite unsatisfactory ; but we will repeat, what we have in substance remarked before, that we see no reason to believe that any intentional deception has been practised at least on the part of Col. Stone. Still it appears to us, that most of the answers may be accounted for without supposing any power to belong to Miss Brackett, other than what belongs to many persons while suffering from the influence of nervous diseases. The effect of such diseases, in giving clearness of apprehension, and vividness of recollection in respect to facts and impressions which had long since faded from the memory, is well known. In most of the conversation detailed by Col. Stone, it is obvious that his remarks and questions give such a lead to her imagination, that her observations are nothing more than might be expected to result from considerable activity of apprehension, united perhaps with some scraps of recollected conversations. It appears probable, also, that the excited state of the *narrator's* imagination, a state necessary for carrying on such a conversation as he has related, served in some instances to mislead him, and to induce the belief that she was the subject of thoughts and feelings which, in fact, existed in his own mind only.

When these considerations, and others naturally occurring to any mind familiar with the common principles of intellectual philosophy, are duly weighed, we believe that much in this narrative, which at first may seem surprising, will appear entirely natural. Still we are free to confess that there are other facts which we cannot satisfactorily explain. In regard to these, however, it is quite possible that some misapprehension may have existed in the mind of the reporter, or Miss Brackett may have possessed means of information, or materials for guessing, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Before closing these remarks, we ought, perhaps, to say a

few words respecting the moral bearing of what is called the science of animal magnetism. It seems to us an injudicious mode of replying to any alleged fact in natural philosophy, that, if true, its effect will be adverse to morality or religion. The human mind does not possess sufficient power to grasp an argument of this nature, and it has often happened, that in the attempt to reason down the principles of philosophy by their supposed consequences, religion has been forced into unwilling opposition to the progress of sound knowledge. It is, moreover an exceedingly lazy mode of answering an opponent. There were few in the days of Galileo, who were capable of weighing well the arguments for the revolution of the earth, but any one could urge the texts of scripture which seemed to prove that the sun moved, while the earth stood still. We live in a period when no doubt remains that the christian religion is wholly consistent with sound natural philosophy, and with all the facts of natural history. The proper inquiry then is, in every case, What is the evidence of the alleged fact? If decisive evidence appears of its truth, no apprehension need be entertained of its hostile bearing towards the christian religion; and, if false, it may be proved so by other arguments than its dangerous tendency. In the present case we confess, that while we believe that most of those who have given us their impressions upon this subject have been honest in their representations, we strongly suspect, that the actual somnolency of the females who are supposed to be under the magnetic influence, is not well ascertained; and that there is, consequently, no little ground for the suspicion that, on their part, it is wholly or partially a system of deception. Should this prove to be the case, the good city of Providence will scarcely be less celebrated, in future times, for her ready credence of tales of wonder, than is the ancient town of Salem for her belief in the doctrine of witchcraft.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE SPIRIT'S LIFE ; A Poem ; delivered before the Literary Fraternity, Waterville College, and the Porter Rhetorical Society, Theological Seminary, Andover, at their Anniversaries, August and September, 1837. By Rev. Ray Palmer. Boston : Whipple and Damrell, 1837. 8vo. pp. 16.

This poem opens with a comparison of the condition of man in the present world, with that of the shipwrecked mariner, cast upon some desolate shore, far from the endearments and delights of his native home. Though despairing at first of all consolation in his dreary exile, he comes by slow degrees, to lose the gloom which first weighed upon his spirits, and at length learns to call his new abode his home. So man, since exiled from his native Eden, though sighing to return thither, finds, even in this world, some things to console him for his loss, and to reconcile him to his present abode. The author then speaks of our twofold nature, 'the grosser sense allied to earth,' and 'the spirit of an essence half divine.' He is thus led to speak of the proper life of the spirit, which is made to consist in the presence and enjoyment of the Beautiful, the True, and the Good.

A great part of the poem is then employed in describing these sources of spiritual enjoyment, and it concludes with an aspiration after that day, when the spirit shall engage in its proper pursuits, and an exhortation to shun 'sensual life,' and to pursue the proper objects which befit the soul.

We are sensible that from such an outline only, a very faint and inadequate impression can be conveyed of the beauty of the poem, which, of course, consists principally in the rich filling up of the outline, and the elegance and splendor of its poetical diction.

The following passages form a part of the answer to the enquiry, 'Where is beauty to be found?' After describing the beauties of the heavens, and of the fair field of nature, he proceeds.

'Or, leaving nature, fix thy roving thought
On the fair works that human skill hath wrought.
Eternal Rome's proud Vatican go tread ;
Rich mausoleum of the gifted dead :
Where sculpture bids the marble bosom heave,
The lip to utter, and the eye to grieve ;
Give to the wretch Laocoon a tear ;
Or gaze in silence on the Belvidere ;
Pause where, with pencil dipped in magic dye,
Painting transcends all hues of earth and sky ;
And while thy rapt soul feels the mighty spell
Of gorgeous Titian, or bold Raphael,
That fixed in wonder, thou couldst ever wait,
Learn what the beauty genius can create.

' And there is beauty on the classic page ;
Immortal product of each perished age :
Where graphic Homer, master of the lyre,
Or melts to pity, or inflames to ire :
Where Plato, half divine, intensely soars,
And wide unfathomed realms of thought explores :
Where breathes, chaste Virgil, thy sweet tuneful lay ;
Or the thronged forum owns rich Tully's sway ;
Or where Petrarca sighs in later time ;
Or Dante's numbers roll—dark—wild—sublime :
Or our own Milton, with adventurous flight,
Sweeps heaven and hell, and " chaos and old night ;"
Where gentle Addison provokes a smile,
And to fair virtue wins the heart the while ;
Or splendid Burke pours his exhaustless stream ;
Or Johnson kindles on the moral theme.

' But close the eye of sense, and thou shalt find
Yet fairer forms of beauty in the mind.
The inward eye hath vision more serene ;
It sees a world no eye of sense hath seen ;
Ideal all---transcendent---ever bright :
Imagination thither bends her flight ;
Bids the charmed soul 'mid radiant forms to range,
And hues that fade not, yet forever change ;
And there, where soft eternal sunlight gleams,
Find calm repose, and dream bright glorious dreams !'

The following is the conclusion of the poem.

' O come the better day, when every gale
That sweeps from heaving hill or sunny vale,
Shall sweetly breathe of purity and peace !
When passion's rage and party strife shall cease :
When Learning, from her venerated halls,
Shall send forth sons whom no fierce summons calls
To noisy conflict, that lays waste the mind,
Nor leaves one noble sympathy behind :
When, like the surges spent upon the shore,
The waves of tumult shall forget to roar :
Society grow calm ; and men begin,
Withdrawn from outward life, to live within.
That life earth's every joy shall twice endear ;
Give nature language, and the soul an ear ;
Make reason utter truth, the soul approve,
And pure affections the pure spirit move !

. ' Ah ! who would quench the nobler spirit's fire
In sensual life—the life of low desire ?
Who spurn the holy birthright nature gave,
To be ambition's fool, and pleasure's slave ?
Let such, inglorious and perversely blind,
Grasp meaner things, and madly starve the mind ;
Ignoble let them live, and nameless die,
And " Infamy" be written where they lie !

'But ye, whom loftier purposes impel
 To choose the richer meed of living well :
 Who feel the spirit's heaven-enkindled flame
 Mount upward to the source from whence it came ;
 And nerve your fervent souls for worthier strife,
 Instinct with inward energy and life :
 Ye gaze, alternate filled with hopes and fears,
 Adown the vista of approaching years,
 As conscious many a storm shall fierce assail,
 And trembling, lest or strength or courage fail :
 That ye may calm abide, when billows roll,
 Commune with God—with Nature—and the Soul.
 Nurture the Spirit with a Spirit's food :
 Oh ! love the BEAUTIFUL—the TRUE—the GOOD !'

We ought not to conclude these few remarks and quotations, without alluding to the very beautiful typographical execution of this poem, which does great credit to the press of Whipple and Damrell.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. If a 'Subscriber' will favor us with his real address, we will endeavor to satisfy him, that he has not taken a fair view of the subject of which he speaks in his communication. If in the mean time he shall ascertain that it is easier to call chickens than to drive them, he will have made an important discovery in the management of poultry.

We respectfully ask our friends and patrons to exert themselves, if they think the occasion worthy of their exertions, to increase the number of subscribers to the Magazine. We often receive assurances from our readers, of the interest which they feel in the prosperity of the Magazine, and are cheered in our labors by our knowledge of their approbation. If each reader, who values the work, will resolve to add one new subscriber to our publisher's list during the present month, he will not only contribute to the continuance of the Magazine, but will, in the most effectual manner, provide for its progressive improvement. We have no doubt that it is in the power of each of our subscribers, to confer the favor which we have ventured to solicit, and we trust that the effort would be found to contribute not less to their satisfaction than to ours. Let all who think that a monthly publication devoted to the promotion of practical piety is of importance to the church, contribute according to their ability to its pecuniary support, or furnish interesting matter for its columns, and the work would never languish.

THE
RELIGIOUS MAGAZINE,
 AND
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[No. XII.]

THE POOR TENANTS.

AN ALLEGORY.

THERE was a certain rich man who owned nearly the whole of a manufacturing town, with various works ; an extensive flouring mill, two large mercantile establishments, and two large farms, which he cultivated. Besides these, at a great distance from his residence, he had a large tract of sterile land, occupied by some poor tenants, who, with their families, numbered about fifty thousand. This man, finding it necessary in the prosecution of his business, to be absent several years, on a voyage to distant foreign ports, called together the head men of his establishments ; and after fully authorizing them to transact business for him, gave them the following charge :

Gentlemen : You are already informed of the necessity which compels me to undertake a long and distant voyage, which must necessarily prevent me, for several years, from giving personal attention to my business. I have clothed you with full powers for the transaction of the business of your several departments, in a manner which shows that I repose full confidence in your honesty and faithfulness. I have given my whole property, in this region, into your hands ; yet in such a manner, that on my return I can call you to a strict account. You must, however, remember that you are to manage this property *for me, and not for yourselves.** You are permitted to make use of so much of it as may be necessary for the support, comfort, and convenience of your families ;† but you are not to consider it as your own,‡ nor to employ it for your own

* Matt. xxv. 14, 15. 1 Pet. iv. 10.

† Pr. xxx. 8. Luke xi. 3.

‡ 1 Ch. xxix. 14. Ja. i. 17. Lu. xiv. 33. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

benefit, nor set up for yourselves any interests separate from mine.* But, if you faithfully adhere to these instructions, and manage well for me, on my return you shall be abundantly rewarded.†

‘I have given such portions to my children as I supposed their immediate necessities would require ; but they will soon need more, and I enjoin it upon you to supply all things that may be necessary to their comfort.‡ I have also employed a teacher to instruct them,§ whom I have authorized to draw on you for what may be required to give him and his family a comfortable maintenance,|| and to supply all books, maps, furniture and other things which may be needed in the prosecution of his work.

‘I have just heard from my poor tenants, who have lost their crops, that they are in a starving condition. I therefore charge you, without any unnecessary delay, to employ a sufficient number of persons for the purpose, and establish store-houses of provisions, at convenient distances among them, so that they may all be supplied. This is my last direction ; and I charge you to fulfil it promptly and faithfully ; and if you fail of doing it, the blood of these starving, perishing poor, who die from hunger and want, will fall upon your heads.’¶

This charge was listened to with submission and promises of obedience. The persons to whom it was addressed were the two Farmers, who managed the rich man’s farms ; the two Merchants, or clerks, who transacted the business of his stores ; the Manufacturer, who superintended his various works ; the Miller, who had charge of his flouring mill ; two Carpenters and Builders, who had the care of his houses ; and the Blacksmith and Engineer, who had charge of his machinery. But the owner of the property had no sooner embarked, than all these men except the 1st Farmer, 2d Merchant, and 2d Carpenter, began to calculate how they should use his property to the most advantage to themselves. The 2d Farmer determined in the first place to employ all the surplus proceeds of the farm, to purchase more land, so as to increase the income, that he might be able to lay up money for the use of his family, after the return of the owner. The first Merchant was desirous of enlarging his store, and ultimately establishing a branch in the country. The Manufacturer thought that the establishment

* 2 Cor. v. 15. † Matt. xxv. 16—23. ‡ Gal. vi. 10. 1 Jn. iii. 17.

§ Ep. iv. 11, 12. || Lu. x. 7. 1 Cor. ix. 1—14. Ga. vi. 6.

¶ Mark xvi. 15. Eze. xxxiii. 7—9.

might be more productive, if several thousand dollars worth of new machinery were added ; and this was sufficient to consume a considerable portion of the profits. The Miller was desirous of having several new runs of stones ; and to accomplish this he must lay up the profits of the concern. There were several vacant lots on which the first Carpenter was anxious to build houses, to increase his income ; and to this, he devoted the rents and his personal labors. The Blacksmith thought it his duty to provide for the future wants of his children ; and he began diligently to lay up for them every copper that he could secure from his department of business, beyond the bare necessities of life for his family.

It may be readily supposed that these men were too much engrossed in their favorite schemes to think of the perishing poor. But the teacher had received a special charge not to see them neglected ; and when he saw that nothing was likely to be done for them, he took it upon himself to call upon the stewards of his master's property, and urge them to the performance of their duty. By most of them he was coolly received. They were too busy, each in carrying forward his plans for increasing the property, which they now called their own, to attend to such matters. However, the hearts of the 1st Farmer, the 2d Merchant and the 2d Carpenter, were stirred within them ; and they undertook to co-operate with the Teacher. With much effort they succeeded in convening a meeting of the stewards, for the purpose of considering the case of the poor tenants. The Teacher described their sufferings, and read some accounts which he had received ; from which it appeared that some thousands had perished with hunger already ; and that the rest were suffering all the horrors of starvation. This made some impression upon the minds of the stewards ; but this impression was exceedingly faint, when compared with the desire of gain, which had now taken such strong possession of their hearts as to be the 'one idea' which engrossed all the faculties of their souls. They seemed evidently impatient of the discussion. It appeared to them a matter of very small moment, compared with their favorite schemes ; and the execution of them required all their time and energies.

The 2d Farmer was willing to give something ; but he *must* pay his debts ; and he thought a man must be just before he could be generous. But the fact was, that his grasping disposition had led him to go into debt for land, with the intention of using his master's money to pay for it.

First Merchant. This is going to be a very expensive concern. Here are fifty thousand people to be fed. It will beggar us all if we undertake it.

Second Merchant. But you forget, my dear sir, that we have nothing that is our own. This property is only put into our hands to be employed according to the direction of the owner.

Manufacturer. That doctrine will do very well in theory, but when we come to practice it won't work. The property is in our hands ; and the good of the community, as well as our duty to our families, require that we should make the most of it. It is not possible for me to contribute my share of this expense, without abandoning all my plans of improvement.

Teacher. But, sir, here is the order of our common Master, recorded in the book. He has enjoined the relief of these poor people, absolutely, without any regard to the expense. Will it be more pleasing to him to have his property improved in a manner which he has not directed, than to have his orders obeyed ?*

Miller. But where are we to obtain provisions for this great multitude ? The thing is impossible.

First Farmer. Have not you five hundred barrels of flour on hand, neighbor ? And are you not making it every day ?

Miller. I must sell this, and all I can make this year, to pay for setting my new stones.

Teacher. But which is of the more consequence, my dear sir, the increase of your toll, or the lives of these people that are perishing ?

Miller. The improvements I am making are for the benefit of the public. The mill is not large enough to grind all the grain that is raised about here.

Teacher. But cannot the people of this vicinity do awhile longer as they have for years past, with the old mill, better than that these poor people should starve to death ?

First Carpenter. It seems to me to be a piece of folly to go so far to find objects of charity, when we have so many poor in our own town. Let us relieve these first ; and if we have any thing more to spare, then we will send it to the poor tenants.

Teacher. True benevolence regards all mankind as brethren ; and seeks to alleviate the distresses of those at a distance

as well as of those near at hand. But, in this case, we are not left to our own choice. Our master has commanded, and it is for us to obey.

Blacksmith. Charity begins at home. I must provide for my children.

Second Carpenter. How can you call this charity, neighbor, when it is only taking our master's money, and employing it according to his directions ?

After some further discussion, it was concluded that the direction of this matter should be committed to the Teacher ; and that each one should bring to him his share of the contribution. It was agreed, first to send out one man with five hundred loaves of bread, and learn the condition of the people, and how much was needed. The Teacher strongly remonstrated against this proceeding ; alleging that there was no time to be lost, as the people were dying ; and that they ought at once to send out a full supply. His views were seconded by the 1st Farmer, the 2d Merchant and the 2d Carpenter. But the majority overruled the motion.

After this matter was disposed of, the Teacher retired, and the subject of his support was introduced. The 1st Farmer, and the 2d Merchant and 2d Carpenter, were for fixing upon a stipulated salary, such as would be satisfactory to the Teacher himself. The 1st Merchant and the Manufacturer thought he ought to receive a stated salary ; but fixed upon a sum much less than what they spent upon their own families, of no larger size. The Miller thought the Teacher was extravagant. He and his family indulged themselves in many things that might be dispensed with. He thought the salary proposed by the Teacher too large ; though in fact it was much smaller than the sum expended by himself on his own family ; and the articles supposed by him to be extravagant, were less expensive than those of the same description in his own house. Yet, they were both employed by the same person, and supported by the same man's money. The 1st Carpenter was opposed to giving him any salary at all. He thought such a proceeding contrary to the intention of their Master, who did not mean to encourage any man in so mercenary a thing as to *teach for money*. For his part, the very idea was revolting to his feelings. A man received his knowledge from God, and it was the next thing to sacrilege for him to sell it for money. He was willing, however, to assist the Teacher whenever it appeared that his family were in want.

To this the 2d Carpenter replied, that the money the Teacher was to receive was not to be considered in the light of an exchange or barter for his knowledge ; but for the support of himself and his family while he devoted his time to the work of instruction. It was, however, equally true that the Carpenter received his strength and skill from God ; and upon the same principle, it would be sacrilege for him to receive pay for his labor. But, for his part, he believed the workman was worthy of his wages, as well in one pursuit as another ; and he thought it no meaner to pinch one laborer in his wages than another. As to leaving the matter to take care of itself, when the Teacher's family should come to want, he thought it both unfair and unjust. He ought not to be left to come to want ; but his mind should be relieved from care and anxiety on this point, that he might devote himself wholly to his work. ' Besides,' said he, ' has not our master commanded us to support him.' The Blacksmith said it was very easy for men to spend money and talk about liberality when it cost them no labor. He thought the Teacher might *work* as well as himself ; and he did not believe in his being supported by *charity*. But in fact, his labors were as severe and trying, as those of any one of the company, if not more so ; and instead of living on *charity*, the means which supported him belonged to the same individual, by whom they were all alike employed. It was finally agreed that the Teacher should have a salary ; but this was fixed at the lowest amount which, with the strictest economy, would yield his family a scanty subsistence.

TEA-TABLE TALK.

Mrs. James, the 1st Farmer's wife.—*Mrs. Reed*, the 2d Farmer's wife.—*Mrs. Jones*, the Miller's wife.—*Mrs. Corey*, wife of the Manufacturer.—*Mrs. Gray*, the 1st Merchant's wife.—*Mrs. Fish*, the 2d Merchant's wife.—*Mrs. Rose*, the 1st Carpenter's wife.—*Mrs. Rice*, 2d Carpenter's wife.—*Mrs. Grip*, the Blacksmith's wife.

Mrs. Reed. Do you see how proud Mr. Lovett's girls are growing, Mrs. Jones ?

Mrs. Jones. I see they have a great many new things, since their father has got his money. I think he had better saved it ; for they may want bread before it comes time to pay him again ; and I'm sure my husband won't be willing to give him any more salary.

Mrs. Corey. And I know my husband won't. They have enough to live on now, if they would be saving. But I think Mrs. Lovett is extravagant herself. Did you see her new bonnet, last Sunday, Mrs. Gray ?

Mrs. Gray. Yes ; and her new dress too ; and the girls all have new dresses and new bonnets.

Mrs. Rose. They say she is wasteful too ; and I believe it must be true, or they could not spend so much money.

Mrs. Jones. They say they always have the best of things on their table.

Mrs. Grip. Yes ; and they have a great many more things in the house than they need.

Mrs. Fish. Mrs. Gray, will you allow me to inquire how many new dresses you have had this year ?

Mrs. Gray. Indeed, Mrs. Fish, I can hardly tell till I have counted : there's my merino dress, my pink, my satin, my crape, and my three white dresses, with as many calicoes as there are days in the week. My husband tells me to go into the store and take whatever I want.

Mrs. Corey. You beat us all, I think, Mrs. Gray. I have had only five new dresses this year. I don't know but I ought to have more ; but my husband thinks he must get his new machinery set up first.

Mrs. Jones. That's more than I've had. I want a new silk dress, and two or three more calicoes ; but I must have new furniture for the parlor first.

Mrs. Reed. My husband is very much pressed to get money to pay for the new farm ; and so I've contented myself with three new dresses this summer.

Mrs. Fish. What should you say to me, ladies, if I should call you extravagant ?

Mrs. Gray. Why, indeed, I should say it was none of your business. My husband is able to give me what I want ; and nobody has a right to complain.

Mrs. Fish. Why, then, do you complain of Mrs. Lovett ? Has not she the same right that we have, to clothe herself and her children as she thinks proper ? Yet, after all your complaints, there is no comparison between her expenses and yours. I have never seen anything in her appearance or that of her daughters like pride of dress ; but have always thought they dressed with becoming neatness and modesty.

Mrs. Gray. But, surely, you don't mean to say that Mrs. Lovett is able to dress as well as we ?

Mrs. James. I know she is not. But what is the reason ?
Mr. Lovett does not receive his just due.

Mrs. Reed. Why, he get's all his salary, don't he ?

Mrs. Rice. Was his salary ever as much as we should think we ought to have ?

Mrs. Corey. Every one may have all he can get. But, when a man lives on the earnings of others, he ought to spend as little as possible.

Mrs. Fish. But we are all living upon property that is not our own. The same man that employs our own husbands employs Mr. Lovett. A good living is all that he allows any of us ; and to that Mr. Lovett is as well entitled as our husbands. And, instead of living on the earnings of others, he would only receive the just reward of his labors, if he should have a good living. But he is put upon short allowance, by those who are living on the bounties of his employer.

Mrs. Rose. How very nice this fruit is ! Mrs. Jones always has the best of every thing.

Mrs. Rice. Why, Mrs. Rose ! How dare you speak so to Mrs. Jones' face, since you just heard her reproaching Mrs. Lovett for having the best of every thing ?

After the meeting before described, the Teacher took the responsibility of sending out the messenger with the five hundred loaves, trusting to the pledges given at the meeting. He soon received intelligence from the messenger, that the people were in a condition far more wretched than they had supposed, or than it was possible for him to describe. Hundreds were starving to death daily ; and if there was any intention of saving them, one hundred men, with a hundred thousand loaves of bread, and other provisions in proportion, must be immediately sent out ; and the supply must be kept up, until the people were able to live from their new crops.

Soon after the meeting, the first Farmer, the second Merchant, and the second Carpenter, had paid in something for this object. The first Farmer set apart *one tenth* of the income of the farm ; the second Merchant set apart what he thought a *reasonable proportion* of the income of the store. But the second Carpenter was the only one who seemed fully to understand the nature of stewardship, and to appreciate the relation existing between them and the rich man. He sat down every Saturday-night, and made a calculation of the income of his department, together with his necessary expenses, and paid over the

balance faithfully, for the relief of the poor tenants.* He even denied himself many things which would have contributed to the comfort and convenience of his family, in order that he might be able to give more.† If all of them had pursued the same course, there would have been an abundant supply. But the rest of the men paid nothing into the treasury; and the Teacher was under the necessity of employing an agent to call on them for their contributions. This agent was variously received and treated by the different individuals. The first Farmer complained of hard times; said he was in debt for his land, and he had just been purchasing stock—he did not know about these poor tenants; but thought that, if they were as industrious as himself, they might get bread to eat without all this ado. However, he very grudgingly gave a small amount. After being several times put off, the Miller gave him a sum considerably smaller than what he had given his wife the same day, for the purchase of new furniture. The first Merchant and the Manufacturer gave what they considered very *liberal donations*. The sums were considerable; yet they were very much smaller than the amount they had expended in their families for superfluities since the meeting in behalf of the poor tenants. The second Carpenter squeezed out a quarter of a dollar, and said it was very hard to have to support his own family and others too; he had pretty much made up his mind *not to give any more* till he had got his houses paid for. He did not much like the plan of employing agents to collect money for benevolent purposes. If every one would pay in his contribution himself, the expense of paying agents might be saved; forgetting, meanwhile, that he had not paid in his own. He thought the plan of agencies encouraged a certain class of men, who were desirous of getting a living without work. But the agent thought that if all men were like him, the system would soon be abandoned, as the contributions would not be sufficient to pay for collecting. The Blacksmith called him a sturdy beggar, and advised him to go home and get an honest living by hard work as he did himself. And as for the Teacher who sent him, he thought he had better mind his own business, and not undertake any more to dictate to others what they should do with their own money.

The return of the agent was rather discouraging to the Teacher, whose heart yearned over the dying poor. But, af-

* 1 Co. xvi. 1, 2.

† 2 Co. viii. 2, 3.

ter adding to it all that he could possibly spare from his scanty salary, he concluded to employ it as far as it would go; and accordingly sent out five men, with a thousand loaves apiece; which was only a twentieth part of the supply estimated by the messenger. It was evident, however, that this supply could reach but a very small proportion of the sufferers; and that the rest must be left to starve to death.*

Conversation between Mrs. Jones, Mrs. Rose, and Mrs. Rice.

Mrs. Jones. Well, Mrs. Rice, I think we have done pretty well for the poor tenants.

Mrs. Rice. I cannot say that I think we are doing pretty well for them while any of them are left to starve to death for want of provisions.

Mrs. Rose. They say the Messengers are extravagant. I am told that they purchased many things for their convenience and comfort, which they could do without. I think people that are supported by charity, ought not to think so much of their comfort.

Mrs. Rice. I am sorry, Mrs. Rose, that you should speak of them as being supported by *charity*. They are persons employed by us to do our work; and the money they receive is no more ours than it is theirs. It is true, it is in our hands; but it belongs to our Master; and we shall be called to account to him for the manner in which we employ it.

Mrs. Jones. But do you think it right for them to spend any thing unnecessarily?

Mrs. Rice. It would seem a most monstrous and unfeeling thing for them to squander money, while these poor people are perishing for lack of bread. I have no evidence that they have done it. On the contrary, I know that some of them have denied themselves many things which would have contributed greatly to the comfort of their families. Yet it is possible that some of them may have purchased things that they could have dispensed with. But, I would be very glad if you would show me what right we have to indulge ourselves more, or live better, or purchase more superfluities than they.

* The proportion of ordained Missionaries among the heathen is, as nearly as can be ascertained, about one to every million; while it is estimated, at the lowest calculation, that one to every fifty thousand is necessary, in order to give the gospel, in a reasonable time, to all. The actual supply, therefore, is only about one twentieth of the lowest estimate of what is required. As it is, multitudes must inevitably perish without ever having heard the gospel.

Mrs. Jones. Why, I am sure we have a right to do what we will with our own. People have no right to live beyond their income. But you surely do not mean to say that we have no right to live well, if we are able?

Mrs. Rice. I am astonished, my dear Mrs. Jones, that you should seem to be so little acquainted with the tenure by which we hold our property. Our husbands have each of them a copy of the book which contains the articles of agreement; and we ought to understand the subject. We are all the servants of the owner of this property; and all he has authorized us to use, is, what we need for the support and comfort of our families. The messengers sent to the poor tenants are as truly his servants as we are. They are engaged in a laborious and self-denying work; and I can see no good reason why they should not receive as good a living, as we have ourselves; unless we adopt the principle that power makes right. We have indeed, this power, for the property is in our own hands. I do not mean, however, that they have any right to squander their master's money in extravagance, while the poor are perishing for need of it; but I mean to say that we have no better right to do it than they; and that it is unreasonable and unjust for us to put them upon the lowest possible allowance, while we live in luxury and extravagance.

Mrs. Rose. But, do you not really think, Mrs. Rice, that five thousand loaves of bread is a good deal for us to send to those poor people?

Mrs. Rice. I will answer this question by asking another: You have ten persons in your family. What would you say to any one who should propose to you a loaf of bread, as a pretty good supply for your family, for one year?

Mrs. Rose. A loaf of bread for my family! Why, it would only be an aggravation!

Mrs. Rice. Yet you think it is doing very well by these poor tenants, to put them off with a loaf of bread for every ten persons. There are fifty thousand of them; and we have supplied them with only five thousand loaves.*

By this time, the portions left by the rich man for his children were exhausted, and the Teacher called a meeting of the stewards, for the purpose of obtaining a new supply. The discussion at this meeting was of an unpleasant nature. The chil-

* About equal, in proportion, to the supply of missionaries to the heathen.

dren were reproached with extravagance; while it was evident, from the Teacher's statement, that they had suffered for want of many things; for he had delayed calling upon them, with the hope that they would come forward voluntarily, and provide what was lacking. The second Farmer thought they might work, as well as his own children. The first Farmer reminded him that it was their Master's will that his children should be educated; and that they could not labor and support themselves, at the same time; though the Teacher had informed them that they had of their own accord been very industrious, and had done considerable towards their support. The Miller thought it did not become those who were supported by *charity*, to be so very particular about having *all* their wants supplied. He had noticed the children at meeting, and he thought they had many unnecessary articles of dress. But, when the Teacher inquired respecting the dress of his own children, the Miller was silent. The Manufacturer and first Merchant were willing to do something; but they thought the sum required by the Teacher too large. The first Carpenter did not believe in supporting these children at school. He thought it calculated to make them inefficient and incapable of taking care of themselves. 'For my part,' said the Blacksmith, 'I have enough to do to provide for my own children.' The other three were for allowing at once what the Teacher asked. But their voices were overruled; and it was finally agreed to give them a scanty pittance, barely sufficient to keep them from starvation and nakedness.

At length there came on a great depression of business. The second Farmer was still in debt for his land; and now money was so scarce that he found it exceedingly difficult, if not impossible to meet his engagements. The Miller had made his calculations so largely for improving his mill, that now, he was obliged to strain every nerve to keep his business going; and he could hardly repose himself to rest at night, lest he should fail, and bankrupt the mill. The Manufacturer and first Merchant were obliged to *stop payment*. The first Carpenter had mortgaged all the buildings under his charge, to obtain the means for erecting his new buildings; and now he was in unutterable agony, lest they should all be lost. While the Blacksmith, who had carefully laid up all the money he could save from his business, was now taking advantage of the times, to loan it upon usurious interest. These men now thought

they were loudly called upon to make *retrenchments*; and this they began by withdrawing a considerable portion of their subscription for the support of the Teacher and the rich man's children; and by diminishing their contributions for the poor tenants; so that a considerable portion of the supply pledged to the few who had been saved from starvation was withdrawn. Yet, very little, if any retrenchment was visible in their style of living.

If any one should be curious to know how these men were treated, on the rich man's return, we can only say, that the day for his return has not yet arrived, and the final scene has not been developed. We may judge, however, something of what it will be, by understanding that he is a humane and benevolent man; yet, a man of stern and inflexible justice.*

* Matt. xxv. 24—30.

A SABBATH IN A NEW ENGLAND HOTEL.

FROM THE PAPERS OF A GERMAN EMIGRANT.

‘A religious spirit pervades the land, and views of religious truth, characterized by all the sublime conceptions which our forefathers entertained of the government of God, still hold their ground among the millions of their posterity.’

* * * * *

‘AND do you believe,’ said a tall old gentleman, seated by the fireside of one of the Boston hotels on a Sabbath afternoon, with a self-confident smile, and addressing himself to one who sat near him, ‘do you believe that all men evince in their actions a predisposition to sin?’

‘If they live long enough,’ replied the person thus addressed, and was about to continue, when the other interrupted him by quoting in an impressive manner from Holy Writ:

‘That which is born of the flesh is flesh.’

‘And do the Scriptures call upon you to repent of your sins?’ he continued, returning his Bible to his pocket, as if he needed it not in the controversy which seemed to be approaching.

‘No doubt,’ was the answer, ‘in many places.’

‘Nay,’ repeated the other with his former emphasis, ‘but unless ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.’

‘You hold then,’ he resumed in a more conciliatory tone, ‘that by regeneration alone you can be reconciled to God.’

‘I hope so,’ replied the other somewhat abruptly.

‘Verily, verily,’ repeated the examiner in a subdued and solemn tone, ‘I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.’

This course of questioning was continued for some time, and it became soon obvious to those who listened to it, that the person questioned was well-acquainted with the catechiser. Although apparently his equal in age and station he seemed to be desirous of indulging his friend by giving him an opportunity of displaying his remarkable knowledge of the Scriptures, if display it can be called. Soon, however, the road became less smooth; some of the questions seemed to refer to the metaphysics of orthodoxy, more than to the simple truths of the Bible, and the answers became more and more unsatisfactory. Still our examiner was far from being discouraged; every breach he made upon the outworks of his friend he filled up with a quotation from Scripture, which in a pithy manner served as an answer to his own questions. Finally, however, his catechetical course was interrupted;—his friend thought that he had surprised him in a mistake. The question was, whether Christ, after having been crucified, raised himself up again. It had been answered in the affirmative. The interrogator without further reply quoted six passages from Scripture, which went to prove that God raised him up, ‘having loosed the bands of death.’ The other admitted the justness of these quotations, but expressed the belief that somewhere in the Bible this act was said to have originated with Christ himself. They were about to refer to the book of books itself, when a stranger who had been listening to this conversation repeated the well-known declaration of the Savior.

‘Destroy this temple and in three days I will raise it up.’

‘True, indeed,’ exclaimed our inquisitive friend, quoting the remainder of the passage, ‘but he spake of the temple of his body.’

‘I have been in the right, then,’ said the other, in whose favor the quotation had been made, ‘though I would add that I make no pretensions to scriptural learning.’

The conversation was now effectually interrupted by the ringing of the afternoon bells;—the public room which but a few moments ago was full of travellers, was almost entirely forsaken, and bore thus another testimony to the general re-

gard which the people of Boston pay to the institution of the Sabbath.

On the evening of that Sabbath, our friend had resumed his seat near the fire. His companion had not again made his appearance, the reading of his Bible seemed to fatigue him, as it began to grow dark, and he cast repeated and inviting glances at the stranger whom he saw reading in another part of the room. At length he was carried away by his desire to know more of a man who had seemed so well acquainted with the Bible. It is possible, also, that he felt some curiosity in regard to the character of this stranger, for he had become aware that he was reading in a book, printed in a type which was unknown to him. Observing that he was then closing this book in a manner which seemed to show that he would read no more, he approached him and inquired in what language that book was written.

‘It is a German commentary on the Greek Testament,’ was the reply.

This was encouraging. He had only expected to be satisfied on the point he had alluded to. The additional information he had received of course induced him to venture some further questions. Various topics in the field of theology were touched, and the old gentleman found, more and more, that his new acquaintance was neither a stranger to the text nor the interpretation of the Bible. He adhered, however, for a time to his custom of answering his own questions or those of others by short quotations from Holy Writ, until he seemed to be in danger of being defeated even on this ground.

He had spoken of the duty of christians to exert themselves in spreading the Gospel, and in confirmation of his remarks had quoted the following :

‘Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death and shall hide a multitude of sins.’

‘But I keep under my body,’ then continued the stranger, ‘and bring it into subjection, lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast away.’

The manner in which these words were spoken showed that the stranger had principally intended them for his own benefit, and that he felt deeply conscious of the danger to which we are exposed, if we neglect the salvation of our own soul in order to attend to the wants of others. It is probable that this

circumstance would have escaped the notice of most men, but it was particularly calculated to excite the interest of our friend.

‘Pray, sir, who are you?’ asked the latter, apparently unconscious of the unusual directness of his inquiry.

The other satisfied him in a few words.

‘Well, I have got here into deep water,’ said the old man, murmuring to himself; but never mind,—‘when they saw the boldness of Peter and John, and perceived that they were unlearned and ignorant men, they marvelled; and they took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus.’

The spirit of humility in which these words were spoken might well justify him in applying them to his own case; and they might be applied with equal force to the many who in New England more, perhaps, than in other countries are distinguished by an extensive knowledge of the Scriptures. Thanks to their descent from the pilgrim fathers, and to their early history, they possess great activity of mind combined with a strong tendency to exercise it on subjects of a theological or religious character. It is true that this often leads them to engage in inquiries which neither revelation nor philosophy can answer, and that many of their *systems* are based on reasonings which are illogical in the extreme. It is also often the case that an indistinct consciousness of this fact makes them but little inclined to listen to those who by different chains of reasonings have arrived at different conclusions. But these and other errors, into which they occasionally fall, are greatly counterbalanced by a firm and abiding faith in the promises of Scripture. The example of their fathers, and an early and careful study of the Bible, have led them to a consciousness of their true spiritual wants, and preserved their hearts accessible to every one, of whom they hope that he has ‘put on the new man, which is renewed in knowledge after the image of him that created him.’

The old man and his new acquaintance parted with the delightful consciousness that they had both been with Jesus.

TEMPERANCE IN COLLEGES.

It is said that, at the last session of the legislature of North Carolina, a law was enacted forbidding the retailing of ardent spirits within two miles of the University, except by consent of the Faculty. Those who know any thing of the gentlemen composing that Faculty will entertain no fears, lest the demon of intemperance should be again permitted to enter those classic groves, sacred to science, and to the memory of the Father of that College, **PRESIDENT CALDWELL**, who now sleeps beneath their shades.

‘Times change and we change with them’ It is now some fifty or sixty years only, since, as it is said, a committee of the Trustees of that University were sent to explore the central parts of that great State, then almost a wilderness, in order to fix upon a proper site for their projected Institution. In pursuit of this object they traversed the extensive forest lying between Wake Court House and the ancient town of Hillsborough, and at length ascended the high grounds now occupied by the village of Chapel Hill. With an eye quick to discern the beauties of nature, with which they were surrounded, they seated themselves, as tradition informs us, beneath the lofty trees which then sheltered them from the scorching mid-day sun, and which still flourish in all their beauty in this delightful spot. Near them was one of those delicious springs which pour forth their cool, bright waters in such profusion on every side, rendering the shady dells and deep ravines which intersect those hills, and upon whose steep sides the laurel and magnolia, the yellow jasmine and the fringe-tree flourish in wild luxuriance, scenes, which, to a northern eye resemble more the pictures of eastern romance, than those forms of nature with which it has been familiar. After mingling the pure and cool waters of this spring with the more fiery liquors drawn from their travelling stores, they found their relish so exquisite, that they resolved to seek no further for a site for the University. In pursuance of this resolution a stake was driven near the ‘Old Poplar,’ which still lifts its head above the surrounding forest, and beneath whose shade the former inmates of that Institution love, in imagination, to linger, while they recall the scenes and the friends with which they were there familiar. Little did the committee anticipate that, in the course of half a century, the Faculty, and even the students of this College,

would acquire, what to those patriots, would have seemed so strange a taste, as to relish the water of this spring pure as it bubbles from its deep fountain, rather than when mingled with those deadly liquors which it seemed to them so admirably fitted to temper. But so it is; and though scores of young men, in that, as in other colleges, have, in the mean time, offered themselves as sacrifices upon the altar of intemperance, the recent act of the legislature, forbidding the sale of alcohol within the village, is but the consummation of a movement in the cause of temperance, which originated among the members of the University, and which led to the establishment of the 'College Temperance Society,' to which allusion was made in a former number of the Magazine.

A GOOD DAUGHTER.

BY J. G. PALFREY.

A GOOD DAUGHTER!—There are other ministries of love more conspicuous than hers, but none in which a gentler, lovelier spirit dwells, and none to which the heart's warm requitals more joyfully respond. There is little which he needs to covet, to whom the treasure of a good child has been given. But a son's occupations and pleasures carry him more abroad, and he lives more among temptations, which hardly permit the affection, that is following him perhaps over half the globe, to be wholly unmingled with anxiety, till the time when he comes to relinquish the shelter of his father's roof for one of his own; while a good daughter is the steady light of her parents' house. Her idea is indissolubly connected with that of his happy fireside. She is his morning sunlight and his evening star. The grace and vivacity and tenderness of her sex have their place in the mighty sway which she holds over his spirit. The lessons of recorded wisdom which he reads with her eyes, come to his mind with a new charm as they blend with the beloved melody of her voice. He scarcely knows weariness which her song does not make him forget, or gloom which is proof against the brightness of her smile. She is the pride and ornament of his hospitality, and the gentle nurse of his sickness, and the constant agent in those nameless, numberless acts of kindness, which one chiefly cares to have rendered, because they are all unpretending, but all expressive proofs of love. And then what

a cheerful sharer is she, and what an able lightener of a mother's care ! what an ever present delight and triumph to a mother's affection ! Oh ! how little do those daughters know of the power which God has committed to them, and the happiness God would have them to enjoy, who do not, every time that a parent's eye rests on them, bring raptures to a parent's heart. A true love always greets their approaching steps. That they will hardly alienate. But their ambition should be not to have it a love merely, which feelings implanted by nature excite, but one made intense and overflowing by approbation of worthy conduct ; and she is strangely blind to her own happiness, as well as undutiful to them to whom she owes the most, in whom the perpetual appeals of parental disinterestedness do not call forth the prompt and full echo of filial devotion.

THE WORLD TO COME.

AND IS THERE A WORLD TO COME? Who believes it? See that rich man, reposing in ease, surrounded with splendor, sated with abundance, and living only to himself—does he believe it?

See that poor man, pining in want, murmuring at his lot, and envious of the rich—does he believe it?

That man of pleasure, busy only in contriving new means of ministering to his passions and appetites—does he believe it?

The thoughtless multitudes that gaily pass along our streets, heedless of death and judgment—do they believe it?

Yet *there is a world to come*. Conscience gives warning of it; the eager craving, the fond anticipations of a mind that can never be satisfied with earthly good, foretell it; above all, the Bible, the sure word of inspiration, clearly reveals it. Yes, there is a world to come. It is coming *rapidly*. It will soon be here; and you, my reader, and I, shall very soon have exchanged our dwelling here for a habitation in the world to come.

What kind of a world is it? Very unlike this world.

This world is *transient*: 'the fashion of it passeth away.' The dearest objects on which our hearts fasten, perish. Riches, honors, pleasures, friends, are all mortal. The very 'heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat; the earth also, and the things that are therein shall be burned up.' But the world to come is *eternal*. Its inhabitants, its scenes, its destinies, all will last

for ever. Days, months, and years are lost in the boundless duration of eternity.

This world is *changing*. Scarcely any thing remains the same to-day that it was yesterday. Circumstances change—reducing the prosperous to adversity; raising the poor and wretched to competence and joy; sickness and health alternately succeed each other; characters are changed—the virtuous and moral become profligate, and there is hope that the vicious may be reclaimed. But in the world to come all is *unchanging*. Its pleasures and its pains, its sorrows and its joys, and the conditions of its inhabitants, will be the same for ever. Character also will be fixed. ‘He that is holy’ will be ‘holy still, and he that is filthy’ will be ‘filthy still.’

That world is the world of *retribution*—this is the scene of *probation*. God does not visit sin in this world with its immediate punishment; but ‘is long-suffering to us ward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance.’ He has provided an atonement. He sends his word, and ministers, and Spirit to awaken sinners, and induce them to receive his grace. He sets before them life and death; commands them to choose life; and ‘whosoever will’ may ‘come and take of the waters of life freely.’ But O how different will it be in the world to come! *There* he will bestow the rewards or inflict the woes for which men have been prepared in this world. Some will be raised to seats of honor, and glory, and blessedness, ‘at his right hand,’ where is ‘fullness of joy,’ and where are ‘pleasures for evermore.’ Others will ‘depart accursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;’ ‘where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched,’ and where are ‘weeping and gnashing of teeth.’

The world to come is *perfect*. Every thing here is *imperfect*. The best are, in many respects, imperfect, and the worst have some good traits of character, at least as it respects their fellow-men and their condition here. The purest happiness here has some alloy, and the deepest wo some mitigating circumstances. But *there*, every thing will be fixed, settled, perfect. The heavenly city will be furnished and fitted in the most perfect manner to make its inhabitants happy. The world of wo will be perfectly fitted to express the awful wrath of God against sin. The spirits of the just will be made perfect, in character and in bliss. Not a pain, not a sorrow, not a want, not a sin will be found among all the hosts of heaven. And in the pit of darkness not a joy will thrill the bosom, not a hope

cheer the heart. It will be 'the blackness of darkness for ever.'

My friend, *Are you prepared for the world to come?*

Not if your heart is placed *supremely on this world*. The two worlds are so unlike, that he who loves this world will find no corresponding object of affection in that which is to come. Place him in the midst of heaven, and he would be completely miserable; for he would not find in all its glories an object that he could love, or that could minister delight; all his sources of happiness are gone for ever, and there is nothing to supply their place.

You are not prepared, if living in the *habitual commission of sin*. Not prepared, certainly, for the pure society and holy employments of heaven; for 'without holiness no man shall see the Lord.' Nothing can enter the holy city 'that defileth or worketh abomination, or maketh a lie.'

You are not prepared unless you have *experienced a great change*—a change which is called in the Scriptures being 'born again;' 'created anew in Christ Jesus;' having 'passed from death unto life.' If you have experienced this change, you have repented of your sins, humbly mourning over them, confessing them to God, and forsaking them. You have believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, renouncing all dependence upon your own righteousness, and trusting in him alone for salvation. What then is your condition? What says conscience? If it decides against you, your situation is dangerous beyond conception. With all the guilt of a life of wickedness resting upon you, and the law of God denouncing on you its curses, should you now enter the world to come, how wretched, how hopeless would be your doom! Let me urge you immediately to set about preparation—yes, *immediately*, for you have no time to lose. 'This night thy soul may be required of thee.'

Do you ask *what is to be done?* Give up this world as the object of your love. It is impossible for you to be saved, so long as you cleave to this world as your portion. 'Ye cannot serve God and Mammon.' If you cannot give up the world; if its honors, or riches, or pleasures have such hold upon you that you cannot renounce them for Christ; then settle it in your mind that, continuing as you are, your damnation is sure. Renounce your sins. 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him, and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.' Go, then, humbly and penitently

confess your sins to God; and, in the name of Christ, ask his forgiveness. Trust no longer in yourself; but by a living faith commit your guilty soul to the Savior, to be washed and purified through his all-cleansing blood. Resolve at once, in dependence upon the Holy Spirit, that henceforth you will live to God; that you will make his glory the end, and his will the rule of all your future life.

Are these 'hard sayings?' You will not think so when you shall have entered the world to come. You will then see that these were the most reasonable and easy terms that God could give, and the only ones consistent either with his own honor or your happiness. *They must be complied with*, or you are lost for ever. They never can be given up, or softened down. *God will not change. You must change, or die.*

My dear reader, why should you hesitate a moment? You have every thing to gain by complying—every thing to lose by refusing. Why will you die? Your soul is precious. Remember, it is a choice between eternal happiness and eternal woe. *Can you hesitate? O decide for God and heaven; decide now, and forever.* The God of infinite mercy help you to fix the purpose; accept the consecration, and make you eternally blessed.—*Am. Tract Society.*

MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE WIFE ON THE HUSBAND.

FROM THE YOUNG WIFE, BY DR. ALCOTT.

EVERY wife has it in her power to make her husband either better or worse. This result is accomplished, not merely by giving advice, nor by advice and instruction alone. Both these have their influence; and, as means of improvement, should not be neglected. But it is by the general tone and spirit of her conversation, as manifesting the temper and disposition of the heart, that she makes the most abiding impressions. These are modifying his character daily and hourly; sometimes even when absent. The thought of what a wife wishes or expects, especially when a letter or paper is occasionally received from her or from some member of the family, is silently and perhaps unconsciously changing a husband's character.

So obvious is this, that it has become a matter of common observation. Every one is ready to observe the change produced in a husband by a second marriage. Now is it probable

that this change is greater than that which was produced in him at the first marriage, except that in the second case it is less expected, and there are more interested observers? And yet it is so great as to have led to the very general belief that step-mothers have an uncommon—I was going to say a sort of magic—influence.

‘I tremble for the man who does not tremble for himself,’ was once said in reference to the temptations which exist in this country of abundance, to become intemperate. In like manner, I tremble for the woman who, in view of the nature and extent of her influence on man—and primarily on her husband and family—does not tremble, lest it should not be so good an influence as it ought to be—such, indeed, as she may wish a thousand ages hence it had been. It is truly a solemn subject, and I envy not those who can make light of it. They will not make light of it when standing by the bed of death, or when their own hour of dissolution has arrived. They will not make light of it when they stand in the judgment, or when they come to inhabit eternity.

It has been said of the wife of Jonathan Edwards, that by enabling him to put forth his powers unembarrassed, she conferred a greater benefit upon mankind, than all the female public characters that ever lived or ever will live. A similar remark might be applied to the mother of almost every great and good man. Woman’s true greatness consists, so it seems to me, in rendering others useful, rather than in being directly useful herself. Or, in other words, it is less her office to be seen and known in society, than to make others seen and known, and their influence felt.

I might give numerous examples and illustrations of the principle I am endeavoring to sustain, both in this country and elsewhere. I might speak of the mother and the wife of Washington, of the mother of Dwight, Franklin, Wilberforce, Whitefield, Timothy, and hundreds of others; for it was by the exercise of the duties not only of the mother, but of the wife, that these illustrious characters were brought forth to the world. But I will confine myself to a single instance; and that one in which the influence upon the husband was direct.

The case to which I refer, is that of Sir James Mackintosh, whose fame as a jurist, a statesman and a writer is well known, not only in Europe and America, but in India; and whose efforts in the cause of science and humanity have rarely been equalled. Few men have done more, in the progress of a

long life, than he ; and few have, at any rate, been more distinguished for extensive learning, large views, and liberal principles, in law, politics and philosophy ; but especially in his favorite department of the law. It was he of whom Sir Walter Scott said, on a certain occasion, that he made ‘ the most brilliant speech ever made, at bar or in forum.’ Yet this great man, if we may believe his own story, owed no small share of his greatness to the assistance and influence of his wife. Of this the following extract from a letter of his to a friend, describing her character, after her decease, will most abundantly prove. The last clause includes, it will be seen, a passing tribute to another person—probably his mother—which doubles the value of the extract I have made in exhibiting the influence of two females in the formation of character, instead of but one.

‘ Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion, and a tender friend, a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection ; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught frugality and economy by her love for me.

‘ During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation ; she propped my weak and irresolute nature ; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me, and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am ; to her, whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentments, for which I but too often gave her cause, (would to God I could recall those moments,) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender and constant.

‘ Such was she whom I have lost ; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast to each other—when a knowledge of her worth, had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its origi-

nal ardor. I lost her, alas, (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes,) at a moment when I had a prospect of her sharing my better days.

‘The philosophy which I have learnt, only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings, and that their loss is irreparable. It aggravates my calamity, instead of consoling me under it. My wounded heart seeks another consolation. Governed by these feelings, which have in every age and region of the world actuated the human mind, I seek relief, and I find it, in the soothing hope and consolatory opinion, that a benevolent wisdom inflicts the chastisements, as well as bestows the enjoyments of human life ; that superintending goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature, and hangs over our prospects ; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man ; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish ; that there is a dwelling place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man. The sentiments of religion, which were implanted in my mind in my early youth, and which were revived by the awful scenes which I have seen passing before my eyes in the world, are I trust deeply rooted in my heart by this great calamity.’

Who—what wife, especially—can read these paragraphs, without feeling a desire enkindled within her to be distinguished in the world, not so much in her own name as by her influence on her husband and family, and through them on others ? She thus becomes not so much the instrument of human amelioration, as the moving agent.

But a little explanation may be desirable. I am not inculcating Mohammedan or Pagan notions in regard to woman. I still insist on her having a distinct character ; and no one is more forward than myself in opposing the idea of her merging her own individuality in that of her husband. I insist on her forming for herself a character quite independent of his ; and a perfect one too. In becoming a wife, I say again, no individual is to dispossess herself of any trait of character which was hers before. She is still an independent woman, notwithstanding ; just as I am none the less an independent man, by becoming a member of some association. My new character and the new duties are superinduced—added to the duties which existed before. In the same way we lose nothing—dispossess ourselves of nothing—when we form new relations. No person is

the less a brother, a sister, a child, a neighbor, or a citizen, because he or she has entered into the bonds of matrimony. New duties are indeed added, and new obligations imposed ; but the old ones remain. We have, 'in effect so many different characters to sustain ; and marriage only adds one—though a very important one—to the number already existing. The wife, in becoming one with her husband, and forming, in one point of view, a new and more perfect character, loses nothing, of necessity, of her individuality ; nor does her husband. Nay, more—much more than all this—the latter is, or at least ought to become so much the more perfect by it.

Perhaps, after all, there is nothing peculiar in the sentiments I have advanced ; but as the language was open to a little misconstruction, it was thought desirable to render it as intelligible as possible. The necessity for doing this, seemed to me to be greater, in consequence of the efforts which have been made, for some time past, to encourage woman, either directly or indirectly, to think more of her individual influence, both literary and political.

I do not know that any direct attempts have been made to disparage woman, as a wife and as a mother, but such has been the tendency of things indirectly. Hannah More, and Felicia Hemans, and Harriet Martineau, and Miss Somerville are lauded, not so much because they are excellent wives, mothers, daughters or sisters, as because they are excellent poets, moralists, or mathematicians ; and it has been publicly asserted as a blessing to the world, that Hannah More never entered into married life ! As if her labors, valuable as they are, would bear, for one moment, a comparison with those of the wife of Jonathan Edwards or James Mackintosh.

Nor is this all. It is not men alone who have complimented the aspirations of the other sex to literary or political fame. Females themselves are beginning to make claims. 'Henceforth,' says Miss Martineau, 'when men fire at the name of Flora McIvor, let women say—There will be more Floras when women feel that they have political power and duties.'

The truth is, that these characters, however valuable to the world they may be, would be more valuable if more devoted to their appropriate sphere. But has not the custom of lauding to the skies such individuals, while thousands in useful domestic life have been overlooked and forgotten, been one reason why so many young females of the present day have such

aversion to the kitchen, and gravely tell us they would almost as soon die as have their hands employed in dish water ?

Having thus expressed my views, in a general way, I may now be allowed to enter into a little more of detail. My object will be to mention a few particulars in which the young wife's influence on her husband will be especially valuable.

Most men are too much devoted to money-making. Nor is this the worst. They are not merely desirous of becoming wealthy, in a reasonable time and in proportion to their own diligent efforts ; for were it so, the evil would be more tolerable. But they are *in haste to be rich*.

There was a period in the history of our country, especially in the New England division of it, when a few individuals might be found who could join in the prayer of Agur—'Give me neither poverty nor riches.' But how strangely are the times altered ! Where is now the man who can, from the heart, utter this prayer ? Where is he whose prayer is not—I do not say his words, but his real prayer, his *desire*—Give me riches ; and give it to me immediately : I cannot wait.

Once it was only a few individuals in the community who could hope to acquire wealth, unless born to its possession. There were few Solomons or Cræsus. It is even so now, in some parts of the world. The nobles are comparatively few. But what was once the sin of the prince or the tyrant who controlled the community, is now the sin of nearly every individual composing it. Especially is this true of the community in which we live. The matter of liberty has indeed descended to us from our fathers ; but for what ? What, indeed, but that we may use our liberty in making haste to be rich—and in taking every advantage of doing this which the letter of the law, or of public sentiment, which is nearly the same thing, does not positively prohibit ?

Hence the spirit of *speculation*, which every where prevails, and which has even seized on the hearts of many who profess to be governed by better motives. I fear there are some professing christians who do not hesitate to enter into any sort of speculation which the public sentiment does not denounce, provided they have a strong hope of filling their pockets by it.

The following sentiments, from the editor of a paper in this city, so well express my own views on this subject, that I have obtained leave to copy them for this place :

'We do not mean to be understood, in our remarks, as censuring the ordinary exchange of one commodity for another,

at a reasonable profit, but that grasping after enormous advances, and profits in trade, by which men are continually making haste to be rich. How variously this unhallowed spirit has developed itself within a few years past, let the history of those years tell. It is enough to say, that money, lands, houses and merchandise have all been subjected to this unnatural and unholy mode of transfer, until speculation has almost usurped the place of honest trade. Thousands have left a respectable calling, in which they were reasonably prosperous, to embark in speculation ; and many of them have been ruined by it. They made haste to be rich.

‘ It is a lamentable truth, that professing christians have extensively engaged in this species of gambling. One of the great evils which results from this unholy love of gain, is, that it secularizes the feelings of those engaged in it, and thus becomes an opposing principle of the gospel ; the object of which is, to destroy the worldliness of the heart, and make it spiritual and heavenly. This secular spirit is brought into the church ; it pervades its councils, and throws its influence over the body of worshipping saints. A few who breathe it, soon bring the feelings and policy of that branch of the church with which they are connected, to a perfect conformity with their own, and a system of worldly wisdom and prudence takes the place of the gospel rule of duty, while *faith* and *humility* are trampled in the dust.

‘ All the love of God which has shed itself abroad in the hearts of his children, all the mercy which gathered like a halo around the cross of Christ, all the incentives to hope and gratitude which eternity unfolds, as well as the terrors of the second death itself, have been unavailing to induce men, and even professing christians too, to relinquish their grasp upon earthly things, or banish from their hearts the unhallowed love of gain.

‘ What a spectacle is here presented ! A community which owes its existence to, and professes to derive its support from certain spiritual truths, obsequiously bows itself down to the government of worldly maxims ; and meanly submits to be directed by the art and cunning of unsanctified men. But this is, and ever must be the result, when those upon whom are the vows of God, make haste to be rich.

‘ The effect is, if possible, worse on individual minds, than on the body of the church. Not only does the watchfulness and anxiety, the bustle and confusion, attendant upon speculation, clash with the peaceful spirit of piety, but the heart thus

accustomed to worldliness, becomes indurated with it ; and when the effect is once produced, powerful indeed must that influence be, which can soften and mould into the image of God, the petrified soul.* With how little weight does the word of the Lord come upon the ear of such a man. Accustomed mostly to instruments conveying property or securing it, the awful truths of the Bible cease to have their own simple, native force upon the mind. Speculation destroys the moral sense ; shuts up the avenues of the soul ; and encases it in an armor, which is proof against the shafts of spiritual truth.

‘ And while it does this, it at the same time takes the christian from his place by the throne, and bears him where his feeble voice cannot reach the Almighty. It shuts up the way to the mercy seat. How can any man confide in Christ, while the fact flashes full in his face, that he walks by sight, and not by faith ? How can he believe, while he knows he is daily disobeying that command of God—‘ Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth ? ’ How can he have access to the Father, while he knows his whole life is the opposite of the apostles, who looked not upon the things which are seen, but upon those which are unseen ? As the spirit of speculation hinders access to the throne in prayer, and shuts up all the avenues to the soul, how soon does the light of God become extinct in the heart.’

Is it asked how this concerns the young wife ? Surely such a question is not necessary. Has she no influence in continuing this lamentable state of things ? On the contrary, is it not in her power to extend and promote, or to limit and even to suppress it, at her option ? Has God given her the power to mould the character of her husband almost as she will, and has she no sort of control over his love for making money ?

That it may require a great deal of time to turn the current of thought in a worldly young man—such as most young men are supposed to be, at marriage, and give it a more rational direction, is most true ; but that it cannot be done at all, no one will pretend who has the least knowledge of human nature as it is, or of the motives which govern human action. And when I see a man go on from the day of his marriage to the end of life, in one continued series of effort to lay up property, as the principal object worth possessing, and when, above all, I see aged men, like aged trees,

‘ Strike deeper and cling closer their vile roots,
Still more enamored of this wretched soil,’

I cannot forbear to conclude that no effort has been made, worth the name, to prevent such a state of things, and to *fear* that the mania has possessed not only the husband, but also the wife.

The last suggestion—suspicion rather—may be revolting to some minds. Female avarice is, I confess, particularly shocking. But such a thing there is, shocking as it may be. There are females, there are wives even, to be found, not a whit less avaricious than their husbands. For the honor of human nature, however, we may hope their number is not large.

There is a class of persons in society, who, though they see and feel the enormity of the evil I have mentioned, do yet, in their ignorance, sustain and encourage it. Nor is their number very small, either. Tell them this, and they will shudder. And yet nothing can be more true, as I shall now endeavor to show.

These individuals may possibly think they can say with Agur—Give me neither poverty nor riches. They may suppose they only desire a competence. But their ideas of what constitutes a competence differ greatly from Agur's. Besides, I doubt whether they really believe they could utter—from the heart—his prayer. They probably believe, as is the more general belief, that riches are in themselves a blessing. What they shudder at, is the idea of being so devoted to them, as to take wrong, or at least unchristian methods to procure them. Against these, they would protest; and against these, they may not fail, from time to time to caution their husbands. They will do it, moreover, in the sincerity of their hearts. They regard an over-anxiety to get or lay up money as not only abhorrent in the sight of God, but absolutely vulgar.

Such, I say, are their feelings when they contemplate the subject of buying, and selling, and laboring, merely to get gain. That is, in the abstract, they disapprove of avarice altogether, and they do not hesitate to beg their husbands never to fall under its influence.

Now, I hardly need repeat here, what has been more than once insisted on already, that it is not our precepts that form character so much, even in the relation of husband and wife, and parent and child, as our example. It is the spirit which we manifest; the tone of our conversation; the language of our looks, habits and actions.

A young wife says to her husband—and in sincerity, too, no doubt—I hope you will not enter into any sort of speculation, or run any large risks, like Mr. T. and Gen. L. Do let us be contented with a small income; and if Providence gives us

more than we need, we know of charitable uses enough to which we can apply it. I do hope, moreover, you will not make a slave of yourself. After being employed a reasonable number of hours daily, it is your duty—and I need not tell you how much it will contribute to your own happiness, and the happiness of others—to spend the rest of your time with your family—conversing with and instructing them, and occasionally visiting your neighbors.

But of how little avail is such language, when she seizes on every convenient occasion to speak in the highest terms of Mr. T.'s beautiful house, and furniture, and garden, and grounds, and of his elegant horses and carriages, and convenient *help*; and contrasts these often with their own? Or when she speaks often of Gen. L.'s industrious habits, commends him for his thrift, and says it is doubtless owing, in part, to the fact that he is constantly in the shop from five o'clock in the morning till nine at night—is not her meaning obvious? Does any husband, who is not an idiot, misunderstand such language? And when it is reiterated from day to day, when it is introduced with greater ease, dwelt upon with greater pleasure, and continued longer than almost any other topic of conversation, must it not have a powerful influence upon him?

He loves his wife, and loves to see her happy. And though he may disapprove of her devotion to externals, yet he finds her high estimation of them has become inwoven, as it were, in her very constitution; and though he labors zealously to remove it, he finds, to his regret, that early impressions on this subject, as well as on most others, are with very great difficulty effaced.

Actions, it is said, speak louder than words. A female may show what her inclinations are in regard to houses, furniture, equipage, servants, food, dress, &c., without saying much about them. Most husbands know enough of the character of their wives to know on what their hearts are set, without the assistance even of language.

But it is in vain for the wife to say one thing, while in her heart she means another. Her good counsels, like the foregoing, cannot have a very deep or lasting effect, while the husband perceives, as clearly as he sees the sun at noon-day, that though she thinks she despises wealth, in the abstract, she fondly hankers after that which wealth alone can procure or enable her to use. And is there any doubt in regard to the

course of conduct which, under such circumstances, he will pursue?

Should these thoughts meet the eye of any individual who is thus unconsciously luring her husband along the downward road to misery, and robbing herself and others of the pleasure and advantages of his society in the journey of life, I beg her to stop and reflect before she goes farther. Let her consider, I say, her own present happiness and the happiness of those around her; but what is of still more importance, let her cast a thought forward to the great future, and consider what will be the consequences of this love of possession, not to one or two or half a dozen persons, but to great multitudes, hundreds of ages hence. Let her, in one word, try to form some correct notion of the nature and extent of human responsibility.

Not a few young husbands, in a country where all may aspire to the highest offices, will be found on the list of office-seekers. Now advice here may be less necessary to the wife than on most other subjects; and yet who shall say that she is in no danger of falling short of her duty, and even of her own ultimate wishes, in the course she may be led to pursue?

She does not indeed advise him to seek to be distinguished in this way; for she cares less about state or national affairs, in themselves considered, than we may sometimes suppose. There is certainly something true in the saying of a learned physiologist, that with woman 'a man'—her husband especially—'is more than a nation;' by which is meant, not that she is totally regardless of national affairs, but that her husband and his respectability at home are everything to her, comparatively speaking, and the nation only a secondary matter.

And yet, as a means of attaining to that felicity which they suppose a certain condition in regard to externals will procure, there are not a few excellent women who will not only refrain from discouraging their husbands in the pursuit, but will even encourage them, at least indirectly, in their efforts at distinction.

Now let that female who is not only willing but anxious that her husband should obtain an office and a salary, remember that almost all civil offices in this country are very dearly bought. Let her refrain from encouraging what may at best prove a snare—morally—to all who are or may be concerned in the results. Let her not only do this, but let her make every reasonable effort to discourage an inordinate degree of ambition, by turning his thoughts into some other more favorable and useful channel.

But as I have said in relation to the mania for money-making, so I say in regard to office-seeking—it will be of comparatively little use to talk to a husband against the folly or wickedness of seeking office, while you show, plainly, if it be only by your eye and the tone of your voice, that you are deeply interested in the external circumstances of Mr. B.'s family, since they came into the possession of a salary. You must first purify your own heart; for it is out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh; and if the heart is inclined to parade, it will not fail to show itself, though you may not go so far as to say a single word on the subject.

Perhaps your husband is in danger of intemperance, or you fear he is. He stops occasionally at doubtful places, or falls in occasionally with doubtful company. Will you therefore rate or scold him? Can you do more than to make home as agreeable as possible, and allure him to it by your cheerful, sprightly conversation, your love of study, and your fondness for his society in preference to that of all others?

I have said enough elsewhere of the importance of making your husband's home a happy one—a scene of the purest pleasure and the most exalted improvement. If this point is not gained, remember that nothing is gained. All else goes for nothing, while home is not pleasant, and while one regards it as but doing penance to be there.

In short, unless you love your husband as you ought, and have caught the spirit of improvement, you will never succeed in finding anything worthy the name of happiness below the sun. But with this love and this spirit, and a good fund of plain common sense, you will not, you cannot fail to be happy. With this, all external circumstances will be pleasant—at least comparatively so. Life will be such as will be likely to secure life's great end; and death will be but the door to a better and more enduring state of happiness.

I cannot close without saying a few words in regard to one thing of which I may not yet have spoken with sufficient plainness. I allude to personal piety. The desire for improvement must include the desire of being everything which God made us to be, and of rendering others such, or it falls far short of its highest object.

Is there anything which can ornament female character, whether in the single or the married state, but especially the latter, like deep, heart-felt, practical piety? What like this can make woman, frail as she is, so much like an angel on earth?

What, like this, can render the vale of tears she is destined to pass, in any tolerable degree comfortable? Amiability, in all its forms, is attractive and lovely; especially when accompanied by a well-cultivated and well-balanced mind. Yet what is it without piety?

The same remarks may be made, and with still greater force, in regard to beauty. This, when accompanied by a refined mind, is almost irresistible. Yet what is it without piety? Dr. Young says that wit without sense is worse than nothing; since it only 'hoists more sail to run against a rock.' So is it—or rather much worse—with beauty, when alone. It serves but to foster weakness, vanity and pride, and to become a lure to a species of idolatry—the worshipping of self.

Such, I may again say, is human nature, that without piety its evil qualities are ever ready to break out in their worse shapes. Amiability has its charms—beauty too is charming—and virtue is above both; but piety excels them all. Piety is like a diamond in the midst of pearls. It is a sun, that enlivens, cheers and warms all around it.

All that I have thus said would apply to the female in every condition of human life; but it is especially applicable to the wife. It is so in every point of view which concerns herself. It is so, also, in reference to the influence she is to exert upon her husband.

Is it too much to say, that every wife holds, in this respect, an almost absolute power over her husband? Is it too much to say, that the influence of her example is beyond the power of human calculation? Is it beyond the truth to say, that piety in a young wife, who is truly beloved, is irresistible?

And yet all husbands, it will be said, are not pious, even though they have pious wives. True; but all husbands do not love their wives. There is much of marrying for other and more ignoble purposes than genuine affection, or even solid esteem.

There is, however, another consideration. All wives are not pious who seem to be. We must be cautious, therefore, about deciding on the inefficiency of true piety, when embodied in constant and consistent female example. Have we full evidence that such preaching—where true affection is not a stranger—was ever permanently and successfully resisted during the whole of a long life? On the contrary, do not the numerous examples of reformation which exist where female piety, impressed by consistent example, and recommended by the most tender love,

allow us to infer, that, if not absolutely irresistible, it is little short of it?

Has the influence of woman in the work of human redemption, received the attention which it deserves, even from christians? Her agency in the fall is duly acknowledged, and perhaps duly felt. But is it not the proud prerogative of the pious wife to be as efficient in the work of restoring, as she was in the work of ruining the race? Is she second to any but the christian minister in the great work of an educator—in the sacred employment of elevating the noble part of man, and directing it to the blissful abodes for which it was originally created?

THE FIRESIDE.

RUTH K., gay as a lark, had been singing in suppressed and happy tones, as she sat in her chamber, playing with a new game, she had just received as a birth-day gift. Sister Jane was sitting at a table beside the prattler, engaged in giving the last and finishing touch to a drawing, which for some time past, had employed her hours of recess and pleasure. Sister Mary, the last of the little group, was transferring some of her papers and books, from the drawer in which they were formerly contained, to a writing desk, her father had purchased her, and each of the party, seemed for the while, lost in her own private amusements. Ruth's voice was the first that disturbed the silence. 'There, Jane, I've tried half an hour, and more than half an hour, to put together this picture, and make the parts all meet together; but I have not made them yet. Here is the man and the dog, that ought to stand beside the tree, and I cannot make him fit in there; he is as stubborn as stubborn can be, for I believe, he is determined not to go in, and I am determined to put him there. For the tree, that should stand just before the old man's house, I have put behind it, that it might not shade the house; and now I can't make this piece fit it. Please, sister Jane, do it for me.'

Jane lifted her eyes from the paper and looked for a moment upon the work of Ruth. 'Why, Ruth, what you have done already is wrong, and I do not wonder the rest will not come right. You must take it again in pieces, and begin anew. I am sorry for you, Ruth, for

you have been trying very patiently—but you will soon learn to put them together correctly, and have it done in a few moments beside,’ and again taking her pencil, and bending to the print before her, she left Ruth to repeat all her former attempts. ‘Can I do it all over again, before tea,’ said Ruth, ‘oh, I did want to have it done, that I might show it to Pa, when he comes in. You know, he said it would be some time before I could do it myself, and I wish I could finish it to-night.’ ‘So do I, Ruth, but I do not think you will be able to make it again, and I would give it up for the present; try again to-morrow, can’t you. Ruth, and now, do not speak to me again, for I fear my own picture will not be completed.’

Sister Mary had stepped from the room, during the conversation; for she found some papers which she wanted, were missing, and remembering she had left them in the parlor, she had gone to obtain them. She now came in, having been successful, and seated herself, diligently employed as before. Ruth had been gazing steadfastly for one or two moments upon her picture; a tear had gathered in her mild eye, but as Mary entered, a smile chased the sadness off her countenance. She soon looked more happy, and softly stepping from her chair, and moving carefully behind the seat of Jane, she came, and stood beside Mary.

‘Can you come one moment, sister,’ said Ruth; ‘and will you help me a little, a very little.’ Mary laid aside her employment, and taking the hand of Ruth, went with the little girl, as she desired. ‘There,’ Ruth, said she, ‘let me change this last piece with the tree upon it, and let me move this one from the corner, and you can make it fit in yourself.’ So I can, Mary,’ said the delighted Ruth, and it fits exactly. Oh, it is almost done. And you can go back, now, Mary, to your desk, for I can do the rest alone.’ Mary returned to her former employment. Soon Ruth was at her side, and her glad and sparkling eye assured her sister of her success.

‘Now, Mary, may I help you,’ said she: and then you will be done too, and we can go down to the parlor together: for it will soon be time for us.’ Mary thanked Ruth for the offer of her assistance, but as she had a decided preference for her own taste in the arrangement of her desk, she kindly declined its acceptance. ‘No, Ruth,’ she said, bending from her work to kiss the little girl, ‘I shall soon be ready; you can run down first, and it will not be long before I am there too.’

Tea was soon ready, and the family met together for

their evening repast. The hour of prayer then followed, and all, from the father of the flock, even down to the gentle voice of Ruth, were heard joining in their evening vespers, and chanting the praises of him, who had kindly watched over them, during the hours of the day. This scene over, it was time for Ruth to leave the circle: 'good night' was whispered to father, brother, and sisters, and hand in hand, with her mother, they both retired to her chamber.

Ruth's last thoughts seemed to turn upon her birth-day gift, and even in her joy at the praise her efforts had gained her, from her father's lips, the kind act of Mary could not be forgotten. 'Mother' she said, as her mother stood beside her, 'sister Jane always tells me, she is sorry for me, and I know she feels so; Mary never told me so in her life, mother, that I remember, but she will leave whatever she is doing, and help me in my trouble. And sometimes, I think I love Mary the best, she is always so kind. And is it wrong to love her better, mother?' Ruth waited not for a reply, but as she had often before done, hastened on to other thoughts and questions, till she was all prepared for sleep, and then, her mother, advising her to leave the remainder of her conversation till the morning, descended again to join the quiet group, who were below. Ruth, though left alone, remembered Mary's kindness, and even in her dreams, she could still hear the kind voice, and feel the helping hand of her sister Mary.

CARLINA.

From the New Haven Herald.

METEORIC SHOWER.

MOST of our readers are doubtless aware of the fact, that for some years past a remarkable shower of Meteors or Falling Stars has occurred annually upon the morning of the 13th of November. From the following article from the pen of Professor Olmsted of Yale College, it appears that a similar shower, though less remarkable than on some former occasions, appeared the present year. The following evening was rendered remarkable by a fiery appearance in the heavens, the nature of which could not be determined on account of the dense clouds with which the sky was at that time overspread. ED.

THE fact of an occurrence of an extraordinary exhibition of meteors, or shooting stars, on the morning of the 13th of November, every year for six years past, afforded sufficient rea-

son, independently of every theoretical consideration, for watching the heavens attentively, on the night of the recent anniversary. The result has justified our anticipations; and we are able to say, that *the annual meteoric shower of November has been repeated the present year.* The scale, indeed, was vastly inferior to those of some other years, but still the phenomenon was marked by such distinctive peculiarities, with respect to the number, origin, directions, and trains of the meteors, as to leave no doubt of its identity with them.

In order that every part of the firmament might receive its due share of attention, the four quarters of the heavens were parcelled out among eight persons, two to each quarter, one to observe and one to record.

The early part of the evening of the 12th afforded some signals of promise. A copious rain, which fell on the previous night, attended by an easterly wind, had given place to a serene sky, with the wind at the west; from the setting sun diverged large columns of a peculiar rose colored vapor; and, before six o'clock, an auroral pillar, of a crimson hue, presented itself in the northwest; but before seven o'clock, every unusual appearance had vanished, and left an unclouded sky.

The full moon, however, shone with so strong a light as almost to hide the stars, permitting none to be seen below the third magnitude; of course, no meteors, but those of unusual brightness, could be visible.

No shooting stars were observed until five minutes past one o'clock, when they began to appear at considerable intervals, emanating as usual from the head of Leo, which constellation was then ascending the eastern sky. The meteors gradually increased in number and brightness until day-light. Nearly all as they darted forth, left visible traces of their paths. Some of these were brilliant, and all must have had a high degree of brightness to have overcome so strong a moonlight. Indeed, in such a state of the sky, it is rare on common evenings to see shooting stars at all. These traces were in most cases to be regarded, not as *trains*, arising from the deposite of luminous matter, but as mere *lines of light*, owing to the velocity of the meteors, which was so great that a continued impression was felt on the eye, like that of a stick ignited at one end, and whirled in the air. Trains remaining after the extinction of the meteors, (which made a conspicuous figure in the meteoric shower of 1833,) are rarely luminous enough to be visible in

full moonlight. Only two were observed on the present occasion.

The whole number counted during the night was 226. Of these, all but 10 or 12 either radiated from a point in the head of Leo, or moved in lines, which, if continued, would have passed through that point. The position of the *radiant* was at first near the Lion's eye, (at the star *Mu Leonis*) but afterwards moved southward and eastward a little, and soon after 3 o'clock became stationary, near Epsilon Leonis, (right ascension 146° , declination $24^{\circ} 30'$) within half a degree of its position in 1836.

The maximum, or period of greatest frequency, has usually occurred about 4 o'clock: but on the present occasion, after 3 o'clock, the numbers rapidly increased and remained nearly uniform for the next three hours, averaging nearly one per minute.

The various meteorological instruments were attentively inspected during the night, but nothing remarkable was observed. The *Zodiacal Light* was, until lost in the light of the moon, very conspicuous in the morning sky. On the 8th, when last seen, just before the morning dawn, it presented a broad pyramid, faintly luminous, having its vertex a little below Regulus. Up to the 29th of October, the last time when, on account of the moon, observations on it could be made in the west after sunset, no trace of it could be seen. Will it in a few days withdraw itself from the east and rise rapidly in the evening sky towards the constellation Capricornus and Aquarius?

The *spots on the sun*, (which some have supposed to have connection with the zodiacal light,) are very remarkable at present, and peculiarly deserving the attention of astronomers. Yesterday, (the 13th) eight distinct groups were visible on the sun's disc, even to the smallest telescopes. These, with larger powers, could be resolved into more than sixty distinct spots.

LITERARY NOTICES.

OUTLINE OF THE PLAN OF EDUCATION pursued at the Greenfield High School for Young Ladies, with a Catalogue for the year 1836—1837.

The Greenfield High School for Young Ladies has been for several years in successful operation under the care of the Rev. Henry

Jones as Principal, with the aid of several assistant teachers. The course of instruction appears to be that which has been most generally approved in New England. Its basis is the same as that on which the education of young men has long rested—a basis which can never be shaken, while the human mind continues the same—a careful study of language and of the exact sciences. Mr. Jones observes:—

‘ Our fundamental principle is the following. In all education the first object should be the discipline of the mind; the second, the acquisition of knowledge. It is true, indeed, that the one does to some extent involve the other, as there is obviously no mental discipline which does not imply progress in knowledge. Yet this affects not the propriety of the distinction. It is certain that as we make one or the other of these objects our primary aim, the kind of knowledge we pursue, and still more the mode in which we pursue it, will essentially vary.

We adopt the study of Geometry in the rigid manner of Euclid, not merely in reference to the subsequent application of its principles in physical science. We regard principally its immediate effects.

It demands the constant exercise of fixed attention and of accurate discrimination. It produces a familiarity with abstract thought, a clearness of conception and a precision of language, which tend to unseal the lips of the scholar in the expression of pertinent sentiments on all subjects, and to form a general character of reflection and self-reliance.

It has a direct tendency to strengthen the reasoning faculty. This indeed is almost its prerogative. There is certainly no other study in which logical arrangement forms so essential and prominent a feature; and there are probably few who cannot trace their earliest definite impressions on this subject to the demonstrations of Euclid.

The Physical sciences come in for a large share of our attention. It is the peculiarity of these sciences that, when properly pursued, they cherish a habit of minute and accurate observation, than which perhaps there is no intellectual trait of higher value. In all these our method is the same. The most approved text-books are put into the hands of the pupil, and illustrated at successive recitations, as the subjects may require, in the way of experimental lectures and demonstrations.

It may be expected that we should say something of lectures as forming a part of our course. The truth is, we have little confidence in the system. Experimental and practical illustrations are indispensable wherever they can be applied. But formal, systematic lectures can have little use excepting in the most advanced stages of study, and then, mainly as directing future inquiry. Whenever, on the contrary, the passive kind of instruction which they afford is substituted for active application on the part of the scholar, the principal end of education is sacrificed. This is a sort of royal road to learning which is exceedingly specious. Yet it will remain forever true that without personal exertion there can be absolutely no mental discipline, and little valuable acquisition.

We wish that the study of the Latin were better appreciated in female education. We would earnestly recommend it as absolutely essential to a philosophical view of the grammar of our own tongue, and as forming the best of all preparations for an easy and thorough acquisition of the modern languages of Europe.

In instruction we proceed as far as possible on the principle of a division of labor. All our teachers are devoted each to one or more specific branches, for which from nature and previous discipline they are specially qualified.

In conclusion Mr. Jones remarks:—

‘It will be seen that on the plan which we have thus attempted to sketch, the teacher puts himself in loco parentis; and were we to give a name to the kind of education we design, we would term it, both in reference to its spirit, and to the variety of its objects, Parental Education.

It deserves a thought, to how great a number of pupils this parental influence and supervision may be extended and still retain their efficiency. If we may speak from our own experience, we should say thirty is better than forty. With a greater number than this last, it would be impossible, we should think, to become possessed of that intimate acquaintance with the peculiar temperaments, habits, and capacities of individual scholars, on which the success of the scheme essentially depends.

Another question occurs in this connection; ought the education of young ladies to be claimed as the exclusive province of females? In view of the kind of education we have been contemplating, the idea seems fraught with absurdity. Is a father’s influence to be regarded as useless in the formation of a daughter’s mind and character, and so to be superseded and excluded? We put the question to every mother, and especially to every widowed mother, whose heart has yearned over her orphaned ones.’

NEVER DESPAIR: A Tale of the Emigrants. Founded on fact. New York: Scofield & Voorhies. Boston: Whipple & Damrell. 1837. 18 mo. pp. 164.

In his preface, the author informs us that he ‘has endeavored to present, in an imaginative dress, some of the many interesting facts with which he has become acquainted during his intercourse with the German population in this country. They will suggest, he hopes, some useful principles of action to the Americans who may be brought in contact with them, and to that portion of the German population who can be reached through the medium of books.’

The object of the author is to point out to the numerous German emigrants to this country, some of the principles which it is necessary for them to regard, in order to secure those advantages for the attainment of which they left their native shores. These principles, that they might possess the greater attraction, are embodied in a narrative detailing the adventures of a German emigrant and his wife, who sold their small possessions in their native country, in the

hope of improving their condition by settling in the western states of America.

The plan is good, and though there is probably rather less of action than was necessary to render the narrative in the highest degree attractive, it is perhaps sufficiently so to accomplish the higher purposes of the author. Wherever read, it must prove highly serviceable to the emigrants for whose use it was intended.

THE YOUNG WIFE; or Duties of Women in the Marriage Relation. By William A. Alcott. Boston: George W. Light. 1837. 18mo. pp. 376.

The concluding chapter of this book, we have presented to our readers at page 550 of the present number, and are glad of this opportunity to recommend the work to our readers. Many of the views of Dr. Alcott, in this, as in his other works, are original, and in some degree peculiar; but they are not, on this account, the less entitled to attention. Even when the reader may differ from him in opinion, he will still find much to arouse his mind to investigation and reflection; but in most of his views he will probably discover the elements of truth, and will be convinced that the world would be greatly benefited by a nearer conformity to the sentiments of the author. We think the present volume will add to the reputation of its indefatigable author, and we are not surprised to learn, that the first edition was sold within a fortnight from its publication.

EDITORIAL NOTICE. *As the present number completes the volume of the Religious Magazine and Family Miscellany for the year 1837, the editor takes the opportunity afforded by its publication of returning his thanks to the patrons of the work and to the public, for the indulgence which they have extended to his labors during the present year. He has now the satisfaction of announcing to those who have hitherto so kindly sustained the work, that he has just completed an arrangement, by which several gentlemen well known to the Christian public, are hereafter to be associated with him as joint editors, among whom are Messrs. JACOB ABBOTT, HUBBARD WINSLOW, JOHN S. C. ABBOTT and NEHEMIAH ADAMS. Each of the gentlemen thus associated, no less than the present editor, will hold himself responsible for the manner in which the Magazine shall hereafter be conducted, and the work will constantly be enriched by the productions of their pens. In addition to the labors of the associated editors, the assistance of other friends of Evangelical religion in this city, and in other parts of New England, is confidently expected; and no effort will be spared to render the Magazine in every respect worthy of public patronage.*

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